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THE

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## EDITORS:

CONSTANCE WINSOR McLAUGHLIN

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

NATALIE KENT

MARY VAUX WHITFORD

RUTH WINIFRED SEGGERMAN

ELIZABETH MANGAM

ELISE NINA STEYNE

CHARLOTTE BELL CRANDALL

AGNES ISABEL PIKE

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

RUTH WALCOTT

BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

MARGARET ROBERTS SHERWOOD

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ISABEL MACNABB

RUTH ADELAIDE PERRY

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## RUSSIAN CHORAL MUSIC AT SMITH

ROGER HUNTINGTON SESSIONS

The most striking feature of our American Musical life is doubtless its cosmopolitanism. The musicians of former generations were almost exclusively German trained; they flocked to Leipzig, Vienna or Munich for instruction which at that time was considered indispensable to the serious musician; and the rapidly growing chauvinism of Germany tended to obscure for them the fact that much of the finest music of the world comes from nations other than Germany. We have during the last twenty years been experiencing a real and glorious education in this respect. The extraordinary achievement of the modern French school helped to re-

veal to us its background in the rich musical art of seventeenth and eighteenth century France; for the musical renaissance in France is characterized by the work of men who are great scholars as well as great creative artists. And it is even more recently—during the past eight or ten years only—that we have begun to realize the worth of Russian music, and to value the spirit of the great Russian classics. While Tolstoy, Gogol and Dostoevsky have for many years been names to reckon with in the literary world, Mussorgski and Glinka, Borodin and Rimski-Korsakov have appeared to us as great moderns rather than as contemporaries of Berlioz and Wagner.

Russian music differs from that of other nations chiefly by virtue of the fact that it is the music, not preeminently of great individuals, but of a whole people. For this reason Tchaikovski, for all his musical gifts, seems, in many respects to those who know Russian music as a whole, European and cosmopolitan rather than Russian. His musical training, influenced as it was by Italian and German ideas, lent to his work a refinement and sophistication which is alien to the true Russian spirit, and this fact coupled with his peculiar genius has given him recognition in advance of his more intensely national artistic brethren; so our discovery of the national music of Russia has been like the discovery of a new art.

On the other hand it must be remembered that we have received our knowledge in somewhat diluted form. The Russian ballet represents the upper class of Russia only, a class which fell with the Tsar; and, in a much greater degree than the music of Tchaikovski, has misled a certain large portion of the American public. It comes really from Paris, and its genuinely Russian productions, such as the ballets of Stravinsky and Borodin, are in the minority. The rather cheap pseudo-barbarism of the *Scherazade* ballet is no more truly oriental than is the music of Saint Saens; while most of the ballets, even some of the music, were no more than an extremely belated exposition of the more delicate French Romanticism.

But America has had one rare opportunity which she shared with no other nation except Russia herself. In the liturgical music of the Russian orthodox church is embodied an art which has no parallels in the music of other countries; and through the generosity of Mr. Charles R. Crane, the eminent manufacturer, New York has for the past six years been the home of one of the two or three finest Russian choirs in the world, under the direction of Mr. Ivan Gorokhoff, who has recently accepted an appointment as Instructor in choral music for the coming year at Smith.

Mr. Gorokhoff began his career as a choir boy in Moscow, and had the unusual experience of singing successively all of the principal voices. Having begun his career as a boy soprano, he sang successively the alto and tenor parts, until finally he entered the choir master's school at the Russian Seminary in Moscow as an accomplished bass singer. After his graduation he filled the position of choir-master in the Kazan Cathedral at Moscow, until in 1911 Mr. Crane's efforts brought him to New York. Under his direction the now famous Russian Cathedral Choir of New York sang its first service in February 1912, its first public concert in Aeolian Hall two months later.

The Russian service is even more largely musical than the Roman; and unlike the Roman service, its music is the work, not only of tradition, but of the finest Russian composers. But its real distinction lies in its embodiment of a choral art which is totally unlike that of Western Europe. It is very difficult to describe its effect. Profoundly emotional, yet at the same time dignified and intensely religious, it has neither the somewhat inconsequential solidity of most Protestant church music, nor the complex formal beauty of the Roman contrapuntal and Gregorian music. But it is also based on a totally different technique, which springs from the nature of the Russian voice and Russian vocal training. One of its most impressive effects is the "sub-bass," a part which descends more than half an octave below the ordinary bass compass, and which when sung by trained Russian singers produces a tone of indescribable sonority and power. The

choral writing of the upper voices is characterized by a warmth and variety of tone color which we have been accustomed to think of as orchestral, but which the Russian choral composers have proved to be characteristic of choral writing at its best.

The department of Music is to be congratulated on having acquired the services of Mr. Gorokhoff; it is an event which may well prove to be epoch-making in the annals of choral music at Smith, if not, indeed, in the history of American choral music.

### SEMAPHOR

CATHARINE SMITH

A jolly fat pollywog  
Lived in a pond.  
He wriggled and basked in the sun.  
His tail it was beautifully  
Wavy and long—and his  
Head and his body were one.  
To his tutor, the bull frog,  
He wiggled one day,  
“Pray tell me” said he, “without fail—  
Where’s a recruiting station—  
I want to enlist and  
Wig-wag semaphor with my tail!”  
“Well, my son,” said the bullfrog,  
“Your idea is fine,  
And worthy of one of my school—  
Go, collect all your brothers  
And cousins and friends—  
We’ll teach every wog in the pool  
To wig-wag so well  
That the government will  
Send squads of you out in the ocean  
To signal approachings of bad submarines  
And stop *untersee* locomotion.”  
The pollywogs came  
In hundreds and more  
And were taught the first movements to make.  
And they’re practising still—  
If you look now you will  
See branch-schools in each pond and lake.

## THE PAINTED PANTHER

SARA BACHE-WIIG

The trouble began when the twins were sent to boarding school. Up to that time they had been quite untroubled by artistic convictions, beyond a firm belief in the decorative value of bright colors. The expression of this taste, in so far as it was not suppressed by various elderly relatives, was to be found in their personal adornments. Peter's ties and Janet's hair-ribbons were equally conspicuous for brilliancy of hue and originality of color combination—that is to say, the ties and bows which they selected, not always the ones they wore. As for expending any energy on the decorating of their rooms, no such thought had ever occurred to them, probably because the twins never stayed in the house when they could possibly manage to be out-of-doors. So it was plainly to be noticed that, to the extent that matters of taste affected them at all, they were, as in everything else, sympathetic and admiring.

But, as aforesaid, a change came when they went away to school. The first symptoms appeared Christmas morning, when they opened the gifts that each had given to the other. It was a family tradition that these presents were always to be opened last of all, and at the same time. The whole family took an interest in the proceedings, watching the excited twins who were quite oblivious to everyone else, divided as they were between hearty appreciation of the present they had received and keen anxiety concerning the one they had given. But on this particular Christmas morning the unexpected happened. Peter and Janet had failed to please each other; that was apparent beyond any powers of politeness to hide. Janet stood contemplating a flamboyant school banner of the "skin" type—an entire hide of a deep purple dye, with white kid lettering and a coat of arms; while Peter held in his hand a framed colored print, predominantly pale blue, showing a man, a few stunted trees, and some birds. Mr.

Burnham saved the situation by a judicious administration of chocolate bonbons; and after a few days of out-door fun together, the twins were sufficiently recovered from their disappointment to get and carry out the brilliant idea of exchanging presents, so that the banner was restored to Peter while Janet became the possessor of the print. The rest of the vacation was spent in joyous companionship: they even made fun of their own choice. Yet the single episode of the Christmas presents was full of meaning.

It meant that Janet had gone to a school which cherished a firm belief in the study of art. Besides including in its already copious curriculum weekly illustrated lectures beginning with the art of Egypt and ending with Whistler, the school encouraged visits to art galleries, and reduced the room decorations of the pupils to a chaste simplicity by a system of rules and inspection. The fact that Janet had reached the study of early Italian art just before the Christmas vacation therefore led to her enthusiasm for the print which she had presented to her brother, while her horror of banners of all kinds was traceable to the influence of the school supervision of rooms. As for Peter, the school which he attended did not concern itself with the teaching of art and left the boys to their own devices as regards rooms. The result was striking. The walls soon became covered with a medley of photographs, banners, and pictures of hunting scenes, interspersed with trophies in the way of birds' wings and squirrel skins, and as much athletic goods as the walls could hold.

It was to be expected that this difference in school environment would in time make the tastes of Peter and Janet diverge still more, and, in fact, as time passed this effect became more and more noticeable. Not that they ever again gave each other Christmas presents that appealed purely to their aesthetic sense, that was not to be thought of; but they had spirited discussions and unendable arguments whenever a question of taste in art came up. Finally they realized the futility of it and lapsed into a silent intolerance, knowing that the results of their talks would always be the same. The thing that Peter preferred would be called by Janet "crude"

or "common"; while Peter would characterize what Janet liked as "high-brow" and "queer." Their mutual lack of sympathy troubled them both, but it persisted.

For example, there was the time when they had their rooms refurnished. In their original state, the rooms had been very much alike. The simple yellow furniture had been chosen for its sturdiness rather than its beauty or comfortableness, and the walls were hung with Copley prints expressive of their parents' conception of what a child's taste ought to appreciate. While Peter and Janet were still away at school they were given the privilege of having their rooms at home furnished as they wished, the directions being given by mail so that the rooms were ready at the beginning of summer. The twins came home on the same train, and rushed upstairs to make their inspection. Janet's room came first. Many and ardent were the owner's exclamations of delight over the graceful white furniture, the blue hangings, and the three colored prints in their narrow, carved frames. But Peter was silent and Janet suddenly became aware of it.

"Why, Peter, don't you like it?" Peter looked uncomfortable.

"It's—nice. And it'll be ever so much better when you get all your pictures up."

"All my pictures! Why, I'm not having any more. Can't you see that it's just right?" asked Janet, with some impatience. Peter shook his head sadly.

"No, I think it's awfully cold and bare."

"But look, Peter, isn't this little desk lovely?" asked Janet, determined to have something appreciated. But her brother was looking around with a puzzled air.

"Where in the world are your books?" Janet smiled.

"Oh, they're in the closet in a book case. I couldn't have them in here, of course, because that wouldn't fit in with the period."

"Sa-a-ay! That's too much! But come on, let's go and see mine."

Silently they turned and walked to Peter's room. Here

the furniture was comfortable and conglomerate. There was a wide window-seat heaped with pillows, a green morris chair, a rocker, and several deep leather arm-chairs; besides an efficient-looking desk of quartered oak, an old mahogany dressing-table and a new brass bed. The walls were covered with an assortment of things like those he had at school, except where a book-shelf running entirely around the room and hung just within comfortable reach made an interrupting line. Peter walked around wearing a broad grin of proud ownership.

"Pretty fine, eh?"

Janet wrinkled up her nose fastidiously. "Isn't it rather a mixture, Pete? There aren't two things in here that belong to the same period, or that—"

Peter looked disappointed and provoked.

"Well, it's my room, isn't it? It wasn't furnished for either Queen Anne or Chippendale and I don't ever expect to entertain them, either."

Janet shuddered. "No, thank heavens. And then, Peter, you've got so much on your walls!"

"Not a circumstance to what I wanted to have. It's a first-rate, comfortable room."

Janet only sighed, and went back to exclaim over her own room.

And that is the way matters stood when Peter entered college and Janet, after graduating from her school, came home to stay. Cheerful confidence in their own choice, and lack of comprehension, slightly tinged with contempt, for each other's choice was characteristic of their attitude. Their discussions on the subject would even creep into their letters, making the tone of them a bit dogmatic and superior, at times. But as the year passed, Peter's letters became different. They dealt more and more with military drill, trench-digging, the fellows who were enlisting, and less and less with football and rooms, initiations and examinations. They were short letters, but they well expressed his restlessness and his dissatisfaction with college life, growing out of his increasing preoccupation in the great longing to play his part in the

war. Finally there came a postal-card, saying: "Coming home next week to enlist. I couldn't stand it any longer. Just to see a man in uniform made me ashamed and unhappy."

He came, determined and radiant. Janet and the rest tried to be as cheerful as he, but it wasn't easy.

"But Peter, you're still so young!" said Janet suddenly that evening when they were walking together.

Peter looked at his sister, reproachfully.

"Sa-a-ay! Take a look." He drew himself up and saluted. "Six feet, one and a quarter, all in A-1 condition." Then, as though realizing that something more was necessary: "And I have enough brains to come in out of the rain." Janet didn't say anything. She put out her hand and Peter and she "shook on it", solemnly.

The next day found Peter deep in his trunks and boxes, unpacking and putting away the numerous and varied accumulations of his years at school and college. While Janet was reading in the library he suddenly appeared in the doorway, strode across the room, and with a look of infinite pride deposited in her lap a heavy, greenish-brown object, about as long as a rabbit.

"This," he announced, "is what Jack and I had on our mantel-piece. Corker, eh? You can have it!" And he was out of the room as quickly as he had come.

The surprised Janet sat looking at the offering. It was a three-foot plaster of Paris cast of a ferocious beast of the cat family, creeping on its belly, with jaws half open and the cruel eyes narrowed. On its personal merits it found no favor in Janet's eyes, but it found a great deal for Peter's sake. Clasping it in both arms she walked upstairs to his room.

"Thank you, Peter. It's perfectly great of you to give it to me."

Peter beamed. "We bought it from Johnny Spaghett, a funny old Italian fellow who peddles them. We got a lot of things for our room from him, but this was the best."

"Come in and see it when I get it placed," was Janet's part-

ing invitation as she left to go to her room. She sighed inwardly. It was by no means easy to arrange the monster in its new environment. The desk and the dressing-table were out of the question. The round corner table was already occupied by a little ivory shepherdess, and was so small that when the big cast was placed on it, it appeared to stand on an ill-matched pedestal. Janet was in despair: it had to stand somewhere. All at once she thought of the book-case in the closet, and after a sharp, inward struggle, that despised piece of furniture was dragged into the room, its top becoming the resting place of "the painted panther" as Janet named the cast. Peter was brought in to see it all, and he admired the effect exuberantly.

On the third day Peter left home. He had been offered the position of ambulance driver in the newest unit sent out by his college, and since the training for this position would take only a few weeks as against the many months of army training, he had decided in favor of it rather than of enlistment. He could "get into things quicker" that way.

The weeks of training passed quickly. Afterwards the long, anxious days when Janet knew he was on the transport ship, and finally his letters from France began to arrive.

Meanwhile Janet's tolerance of the big beast that had found a place in her well-regulated room grew. To tell the truth she had at first cherished a little plan in the back of her mind, namely, to put away the panther when Peter had left. But she did not follow it, partly because it did not seem loyal to her brother and, later, because of an increasing feeling of toleration toward the big cast. She came to look upon it as "not so very bad." In the morning she would lie and look at it, following with her eyes the long lines of the sinuous body, the intentness expressed by the graceful and powerful muscles. She enjoyed watching it. "Crude, but full of life," was her somewhat patronizing comment. In the evening, when the light from her fireplace passed flickeringly over the surface of the bronze paint, making the crouching figure tawny-yellow, glowing, and alive she liked her painted panther best. And there was something in the slender, well-

muscled body that reminded her of the lithe strength of Peter. That, she told herself, was in a great measure the basis of her fondness for the once-despised object, a fondness of which she was still half ashamed.

There came a day when one of Mrs. Burnham's friends, a woman of rather well-founded claims of taste in matters of art and of an extreme candor in expressing her views, came on a visit and was shown Janet's room. Janet's first impulse was to run ahead upstairs and hide the panther—the book-case would have to face the situation. It was partly an impulse of shame over an inartistic object, partly the fear that Peter's gift would be ridiculed. But in one swift moment of thought she decided to leave it as it was; and, if the worst came to the worst, she would rise in defence of its presence. She walked up with the guest to witness the inspection. The visitor stopped just inside the door and looked around.

"Pretty," she said tersely. "Pretty. And not too colorless in its adherence to period. But"—here her lorgnette went up and her eyes became fixed on the panther—"how extraordinary." Once more her eyes shifted to glance all around the room, thoughtfully, while Janet stood, half respectful, half defiant, waiting breathlessly for the verdict. It came, as the lorgnette was closed with a snap.

"Still, I rather approve. There is originality and daring in the touch. And, after all, Rodin is at home in any environment."

Janet stood still, in amazement, while Mrs. Burnham and her guest turned and walked down stairs. So this once-despised "beast" was a copy of one of Rodin's studies, this cast that she had described to herself as "crude, but full of life" represented a master-piece! And Peter, the much-hectored Peter, had picked out with natural good taste a work which she, with all her pretensions, had come to like after months of daily study. There was perhaps truth in Peter's assertion, made long ago, that she loved only the tagged and labelled things. But it was funny, undeniably funny, and it made a very good subject for a letter to Peter. So she straightway wrote one, a charming, whimsical, honest con-

fession of her discovery of the artistic beauties of the panther, and its consequences. It was quite the best letter she had ever written.

The queer thing about it was that this letter crossed on its way a letter from Peter to Janet, quite the best of all his bright letters to her, which contained a page that read as follows:

"By the way, I've been wanting to tell you something for quite a while but I was sort of ashamed of it, I guess. You know your old cast of a panther—well, I was wandering about in the camp library one evening and I ran across a book with its picture on the cover. It seemed the nearest thing to home that I'd seen in a long while, so I just sat down and read it, then and there. Good stuff, all about art; and when I'd finished it, I looked for more. Nosing round in that same corner I found another young fellow and he and I scraped up acquaintance on the spot. He's an art student from New York, now a husky young sergeant. We got to talking about pictures and things. I didn't have much to say, but he was worth listening to and he got me more interested. After that we went to Paris together for our furlough, and he took me around to various places to look at pictures and furniture. Don't think I'm getting high-brow, but I certainly have decided to fix up my room a bit when I get home, and I hope you'll help me, for I'm beginning to see that you've had the right idea all along. And Jan, I'm sending you a better copy of that panther, in bronze. He's quite a hefty fellow, but a lot better looking than the plaster-and-paint affair I left with you."

Janet looked up at the panther and let her hand glide down its muscular back:

"Good old panther," she said affectionately, "aren't you really something finer than plaster and paint?"

## THE RIDER

DOROTHY BUTTS

Out of the plains you ride,  
And joyfully, laughingly ride  
Into the glare of the sun that lights your face  
And glints in your hair, and shows the grace  
Of your rhythmic fall and rise and fall.  
I hear the beat and the beat, and your call  
As you fling and catch your hat, and sway,  
Riding, riding, into the day!

Into the plains you ride,  
And thoughtfully, silently, ride  
Into the flush of the sun, a silhouette  
Of rider and horse now westward set.  
With a rhythmic lurch you slowly go,  
A rider and horse with heads hung low.  
Then,—you gallop wildly out of sight  
Riding, riding, into the night!

## TO A MOTH

ELIZABETH MANGAM

Frail shivering wings of fairy velvet made  
White as the pale Madonna lily's cup,  
Soft as where in the coolness of the glade  
Hepaticas push their furred stemlets up,  
Where the proud purple iris gives you shade  
Cling, royal vagrant, till damp night doth fade  
And kind sun dries your wings.

Silken antennæ, questioning the air,  
Like gossamer that glistens in the moon,  
Eyes marvelously made for all that's fair,  
The flowers have spread their petals to high noon.  
Fly kiss the orange poppy's center, where  
The joy of one bright moment is more rare  
Than life to human kings.

## BROKEN PIPES

CLARINDA BUCK

It was sultry, and in those hours when the night is turning, through the quiet monastery of St. Stephen there passed a stir of restlessness. In the little chapel the martyred saint stirred in his shrine and the virgin mother seemed to bend more closely to soothe the swaddled infant in her arms. The faint odor of incense, still lingering, penetrated my room through the closed doors. Rising from the floor on which I had been sleeping I went to the window and stood gazing out through the bars. It was moonlight but not so bright that it stole the shadows from the earth. Under my window curled a path on the outermost edge of which clung two scraggy bushes. Beyond that slender limit came a drop of about four hundred feet, and there down in those shadows, out and out over the limits of the horizon, flowed the Great Thessalian plain. In that light you could feel rather than see that endless expanse of undulating land. Rising out of the plain on either side shadowy pinnacles towered, wind swept crags like that on which our monastery stood. There in the starlight they looked so piteously weary of their unprotected struggle, so alone in their eternal silence, so infinitely weary of their endless watch.

Somewhere in the night there was a pulsing, waving sound, yet it was hardly a sound at all but rather a throbbing in the air. When it grew louder I thought that it was something out on the plain crying, but it seemed too near for that. Indeed, though it was at no time very loud it seemed to come from directly under my window. I looked down, and there by the lone bushes, dangling his feet over the precipice far from his natural haunts by the rivers sat the goat god, the tender, half wistful Pan of my Wind in the Willows. At first I thought he was alone, playing to the crags, but half hidden in the shadows a woman stood leaning on a spear. Pan ceased to play, shaking his head as he looked at his companion.

Without moving or shifting her gaze from the plain she said:

"Play again—surely they will hear." Again the god put the pipes to his lips and this time the strain, only slightly louder, seemed to bear an imperative summons to someone or something. The note died away, and the night lapsed into its former silence, a stillness in which every stir could be heard. Gradually up from the grey abyss a rustling and sighing came, a noise as if something were starting to life on the plain, stretching itself and wakening. I strained my eyes to peer through the darkness; but it was some time before I fancied I saw dim lights flickering, and here and there on the plain a larger flare as if from a camp fire. Once I thought I heard, so hushed was the world, a sound of steel clanking.

"You see they come." It was the woman that spoke.

Pan nodded, "Aye—aye, they hear me just as they heard on those dim nights when Philip's hosts swept over them, were pushed back broken, and swept on again victorious the next year. I drowned their moans with my piping and they thought me heartless. I played to the new king and his son, for Greece was broken and she needed their strength and Thessaly dreamed I had forsaken her. Ages have taught them and tonight they come; orderless, leaderless, confused they rise in the night. But where is he who ruled you? I thought that he would answer if Greece called to him in shame. Has he too forgotten?"

Surely that was a bugle calling out on the plain. Again, and the tiny lights began to shift and file past below. A dull vibrating sound as of heavy marching came floating up and still the lights moved steadily across the plain. Pan had not moved. His companion, stooping, asked:

"Are you not satisfied?"

The crouched figure moaned, stretched his hand out over the cliff, and sighed.

"Dead warriors come to hear my piping sleep again. Satisfied? If memories could fight, O Hellas! Shadows, only shadows when Greece is calling for her men. She has no heroes, only a glory past. Her gods are gone. We are alone. We are her past, helpless today."

He crouched lower; the moon gleamed on the pipes, his fingers clenched together, they splintered and lay crushed in his hand. For a few moments he paused looking down on them and then he flung them from him down through the night. As they fell there floated upward a low haunting sweetness, a tremulous laugh, a sobbing breath, a moan of anguish.

The pale lights died on the plain, and over the hills of the horizon the faint red streaks bore the hot dawn onward.

### RESTRAINT

HELEN HOYT

Oh far and high and wide and dim,  
The windy world of stars and sky  
Rolls out into the happy dark;  
But I must wait till bye and bye  
To scan the valleys of the wind  
And walk the ranges of the night.  
Though I would love the gleaming shade  
I must stay housed in walls and light.

### IS GOD MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN FIRE?

HELEN HOYT

Is God more beautiful than fire?  
And is He fairer than all light?  
Can He be kinder than the dark  
That hides my tired heart tonight?  
And is He stronger than the wind  
That twists my heart to melody?  
Can He be sweeter than the songs  
That earthly sunsets bring to me?

God is fairer than the fire,  
And stronger than the wind's desire.

## WHEN ROBERT COMES TO CALL

MADELINE MURPHEY

Mother says that it's all right for two daughters to receive callers on the same evening, but when it comes to three, she thinks that somebody ought to draw the line,—either that, or the house should be enlarged. I quite agree with her. Until last week, matters went smoothly. Mother and Father spent their evenings in the Library, Virginia and Herbert had the Den, leaving the Living Room for Ed and me. In that way, traffic was not at all congested. It did not occur to us to take Maud into consideration. We were so accustomed to have her run up stairs to do her studying or to read until bed time, that the fact that she too would want to have a caller did not enter our minds.

You see, Maud is only a Sophomore in High School—a mere child. Gin and I are very proud of our little sister. We feel that if she were less feeble, she would develop into a very clever and efficient woman. This feebleness manifests itself in various ways—one of the most common being a curious feeling of fatigue that comes over her whenever Mother asks her to wipe the dishes. She appears as though she finds it extremely difficult to drag one foot after the other, and it becomes a matter of necessity for her to sit down to wipe. This state of exhaustion lasts until after the dishes are piled in the pantry. Then she revives long enough to carry on an animated conversation on the telephone with members of the Sunbeam Circle. This society was organized for the purpose of family uplift. Maud told us that the members had solemnly agreed to be little sunbeams in their homes. Mother was very enthusiastic until she discovered that her idea of a sunbeam was not the same as Maud's. She had a feeling that sunbeams were of use—that their shining might be concentrated on piano legs. It seems that she was mistaken. The Club is far too noble to care for materialistic things. It believes in adhering to those of the Spirit. The principal

thing is to smile. So smile Maud does, no matter how straightened the circumstances may be. This takes up so much energy that the very sight of a dust-rag overcomes her, and the necessity for sitting down increases.

"I'm so tired," she explains patiently as she dives for a chair. "I'm just *Dead*."

Gin not being a member of the Sunbeam Circle, allows exasperation to get the better of her.

"The way that child acts is beyond words," she says to Mother. "Why do you allow her to behave this way?" Then turning to Maud:

"The trouble with you is that you're nothing but lazy. If I were Mother, I'd give you a good big spanking."

The Sunbeam Circle is distinctly feminine. In fact, Maud's "crowd" has always ignored boys, and it is extremely difficult for us to imagine that our youngest has at length gotten to the beau period. Families are sometimes not as keen as they imagine themselves to be. I confess that Maud's attitude of a week ago towards the opposite sex was a complete surprise to me.

We were sitting at the dinner table when the telephone bell rang. Father was telling us of the effort that was being made to crush the Double Platoon System, and we were all listening except Maud who was running her napkin ring up and down the table, in spite of Mother's frowns. Maud rarely listens when Mother or Father talk. She dislikes being told that her bureau drawers need cleaning out, or that there are spots on her school skirt. Politics too bore her. But as I was saying, the telephone rang, and Gin who was expecting a call from Herbert, got up to answer it. A moment afterward, we heard her call: "Maud—Maud." Then appearing in the doorway she uttered the astonishing words: "It's a—*BOY*."

We all looked at Maud with surprise.

"A *BOY*," chuckled Father, "Well, well."

"Perhaps it's Mr. Ewing, wanting to know where Dode is," I said.

"Hurry up," said Gin, impatiently. "Don't talk long. I'm expecting a call, myself."

As Maud vanished from sight, Father continued his explanation, but did not get very far, for our youngest had reappeared—very red—very embarrassed, but with a noble attempt at nonchalance.

"Who was it?" Father asked, as she sat down and began cutting her meat forcefully.

"Oh yes," came the family chorus, "Who was it, dear?"

Maud swallowed some water, and got up.

"I guess I don't want any dessert," she explained. Then as she walked towards the door, she added in what was meant to be a careless tone, "Oh,—er, Robert's coming down."

Mother looked at me with surprise.

"Who is Robert?" she inquired.

"Perhaps she means Robert Pease," I suggested.

"Oh yes," said Father, "nice boy." [He beats Mr. Pease at golf.]

"But Alonzo," said Mother, "Don't you think that Maud is a little—young to have a caller?"

At that moment Maud burst into the room.

"I haven't a single thing to wear," she said in a despairing voice.

"Dear me," said Father, "that's too bad. Did someone steal my baby's clothes?"

For the moment the Sunbeam Circle was forgotten.

"I guess it's not very funny to be the youngest," she wailed. "You'd not like it either if your sisters got everything and you had to take the left overs."

"Now Maud," said Mother, "I think you have said quite enough. Go right upstairs, and put on that nice blue taffeta."

"Nice blue taffeta," echoed Maud. "I couldn't possibly wear it, Mother. It's 'way too short. You know it is."

Father began to frown. "You heard your Mother, didn't you?" he asked. "Mind—at once!"

When Father speaks in that tone, we usually obey. It did not take Maud long to get out of the room. Mother turned to Gin:

"Couldn't you let her have one of your nice shirtwaists, dear? That dress wasn't a great success, I'll admit."

"Why of course," said Gin. "Only, I do think that it's simply terrible the way all of us spoil that child. Now if I had her to manage—"

Fifteen minutes later we found Maud in the throes of dressing. She donned the shirt waist with great pride while Gin and I stood around offering suggestions.

"Where are you and Robert going to sit?" I asked as I tucked in a wisp of hair.

"Why—why, I hadn't thought," said Maud.

"You see, dear," said Gin, "Herbert and Ed are both coming down. Why not take him to a Movie?"

Maud's eyes filled with tears.

"That's what you get being the youngest," she said. "Here the very first time in my life that I ever had a chance to have a caller is spoiled. Am I to blame because there aren't rooms enough? Is it my fault that nobody wants to sit together?"

I looked at the clock.

"Well, nothing can be done now. If I had known that there was going to be all this trouble, I would have 'phoned Ed not to come. Cheer up, Maudie, you can stay with us."

The doorbell rang, announcing the arrival of one of the swains. Maud peered over the bannister, and giggled.

"You go down, Jo," she said. So down I went. It was Robert. I often wonder why young boys go calling. Perhaps they have a good time, but if they do, appearances are deceiving. Robert seemed very melancholy. As he asked for Maud, he glanced furtively about, first at the ceiling, then at the floor, and when I suggested that he hang his hat on the hat-rack, he gloomily complied. I was aware that my efforts to make conversation were pessimistically received. He was completely absorbed in his shoes. When Maud appeared on the stairway, his face brightened a trifle. I must confess that her attitude astonished me. Was this, indeed my baby sister? She talked incessantly, as if to ward off those dreaded silences—asking a question, and then answering it herself.

"Don't you adore to dance?" she would say, "Oh, of course you do!" "Isn't it simply *heavenly* that vacation comes so

soon? I think it is." Once he made an attempt at punning, and she went into a gale of laughter. In fact, she laughed nearly all evening.

"Dear me, you're such a flirt," she said at one time. "Ha ha!"

Robert looked down at his shoes uncomfortably.

"Yes, you are," she insisted. "Now don't deny it."

When Ed came they had put a record on the Victrola, and were in the midst of a complicated dance. At least, it was complicated for Robert. He seemed unhappier than ever, but Maud continued to smile. When they finished she led him to the kitchen to make fudge, still conversing fluently.

Twice he attempted to go home, and twice he was met with firm opposition.

"Oh dear, you *mustn't* go," she protested. "It's *much* too early," and Robert sorrowfully sank back in his chair. It was not until Ed left that he ventured to take his hat from the rack. When the door closed upon him, Maud sighed wearily.

"It isn't awfully easy to entertain callers, is it?" And I heartily agreed.

That, I thought, was the last of Robert, but I found that I was mistaken. Evidently he had enjoyed himself, after all. Evidently he wished to come once more. When Father a few evenings afterwards, inquired jokingly whether Robert was coming to call, Maud blushingly assented. It seems that he had called up that morning.

Of course, we are all delighted that Maud is happy, but I wonder if we must go through the same performance week after week. Just how are we going to dispose of Maud's gloomy beau? Where, I wonder, are we going to find a place for him to sit?

## SKETCHES

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### "THE BROAD ROAD FOR THE BRODIE"

MARGARET BROAD

We had called ourselves the Clan ever since that summer when great-uncle Andrew Brodie visited us. He was my grandfather's brother, a wiry, white-haired little man, active and brimming over with dry, chuckling humor in spite of his sixty years, and with an unfailing gift and endless capacity for telling tales of the Scottish Border which even the demands of his great-nephews and nieces could not diminish. He had lived all his life in the great, gray old house of Brodieholme, where the lairds of Brodie have been born and died ever since they led their clan which was known as the most daring and lawless on the Border to settle down to the less romantic but more peaceful and useful life of agriculture, to raise their own cattle instead of "lifting" them from the exasperated Lowlanders or the law-abiding English across the Tweed. The elder brother, who had subsequently become my grandfather, had left the calm, time-ordered life of Brodieholme where the only occupations considered open were the ministry and the law, equally distasteful to the lad who had made the kindly old minister and the family lawyer shake their heads forebodingly at the rumors of certain youthful pranks which had almost resulted in the "sending down" of this unruly young sprig of the Brodie family from the University of Edinburgh. While he was finding his dreams realized in the freedom and opportunities of the New World the younger brother, Andrew, was giving up his dream

of studying music on the continent, to stay in the old house in the shadow of the Eildon Hills and take care of the invalid father and two sisters. Now the father was dead and Elspeth, the younger sister, married to a doctor in Edinburgh who had discarded the family carriage for a motor and lived in great style. Jennie, the elder, after having reached the age when retrieval from spinsterhood is considered well-nigh impossible, had astounded the parish by marrying, while on a visit to a cousin in Durham, the Bishop's curate.

"And to think", Uncle Andrew would say with a mournful shake of the head, "that she who might a had the pick o' the countryside when she was a lass, to wait until na' fit age and then to whisk off with an Englishman at that!"

So Uncle Andrew had left the gray-walled garden where the rooks cawed and the burnie lipped along over the stones and had set out on the one adventure of his life, his trip to the states to visit his brother whom he had not seen for so many years.

We children lost our hearts to him at once. He had a true Scotch burr in his speech which we tried to imitate with varying degrees of success, but with such determination that our parents wondered if we should ever regain our natural American accent, and our black mammy considered us entirely bereft of all reason. He would even, if properly coaxed, sing several songs in real Gaelic, of which we understood not one word but listened with rapt attention to the wild rhythm and uncouth sounds because they had once called the Brodie clan to battle or lamented their dead.

It was the stories that we loved most, the stories of that old Border clan, the Brodies of Brodie, of which our own great-grandfathers and their great-grandfathers had been the chieftains back to the time when the name Brodie grew from the deep brotha, sometimes called broda, or moat, which surrounded Brodie castle. There were tales of midnight dashes across the Border, of raids that swept the cattle from under the very eyes of the English soldiers, of clashes with the soldiery, of feuds with other clans, and of the final union with their former enemies in a last desperate resistance to

maintain their independence of all governmental authority. In the accounts of clan loyalty and personal bravery we absorbed eagerly much more Scottish history than could have ever been forced into our stubborn young heads through the medium of book or school, for the Brodie clan existed definitely when the Normans set foot in England and continued to play an important part in the turbulent affairs of Scotland ever since. I have a strong suspicion that those sons of the Border might to-day run the danger and ignominy of the accusation of cattle-stealing, but if that had been suggested to Uncle Andrew his short white hair would have fairly bristled with indignation and pride in his gallant ancestors, "the braw lads," he would say, "that keppit burnin' the licht o' liberty and darin' lang after the cantin' English had smothered it to ashes." And every one of his grand-nieces and nephews would have been equally vigorous in their defense of those kilted freebooters who by the swirling of their bagpipes, their deeds of intrigue and daring and their free and lawless life had completely captured our romantic imaginations and filled our souls with the determination to carry on in our wide-awake little American bodies the spirit of the Scottish clan to which our ancestors had pledged allegiance and for which they had lived and fought and died.

And so we called ourselves the Clan and swore on the fiery cross. The cross, I remember, we had smeared, since real fire was forbidden and real blood decidedly difficult to obtain, with vermillion lake from my paint box, heroically offered for the occasion. I have forgotten just what we swore, but the substance of it was that we would always be loyal to the Clan and never bring disgrace upon it by any act of meanness or cowardice. I know that it was all very solemn, with Uncle Andrew administering the oath and Alan as chieftain, because he bore the name of the great laird that had fought and died so gallantly at Falkirk, and myself with a flute filched from the music room imitating, though not even the cannliest Scot would have recognized it, the bagpipe rendering of the Brodie pibroch. There were five of us in the Clan, my three brothers, Bob and Hugh, eleven and twelve respectively, and

Jim, who was four, Alan fourteen and myself ten. Alan was our cousin who, since his father and mother had died soon after he was born, lived all the time with Grandfather, whom we visited only in the summer. There was at first some question of my being allowed to enter the Clan since I was the only girl—"only the girl" my brothers would probably have said—but I held forth the example of Margaret Brodie, who had been the active and loved head of the clan during the five years that her father was held captive at Stirling. So I was allowed to swear on the fiery cross and was regarded as a bona fide clansman.

It was surprising how different the life of the Clan was that summer from the preceding years when it had been nothing more definite than the crew of a pirate ship or a tribe of blood-thirsty savages. Mother received with amazement the request of all of us, even Alan, who was fourteen, for kilts, and I shall never forget her look of horror struggling with a strong desire to laugh when Bob started to eat his steak with his knife one night at dinner, calmly explaining that the clansmen always did that when they were out on the braes with naught but their dirks in the way of silverware. The change extended even to our names. We decided that Hugh's name was too old-English, "sounds Tudor," as Alan remarked, "or makes you think of Robin Hood or good King John," so he was summarily rechristened Dugal. Bob became Rob and Jim, Jamie, his first protest against the "sissiness" of the title being swept away by Alan's convincing, "Well, the Young Pretender didn't mind bein' called Charlie, and it's the same thing." Alan's and my names were Scotch enough to suit everybody, though it was only my threat to cut up the kilts with Mother's scissors that prevented the shortening of Margaret to Maggie, which I always associated with Burns' old mare.

All that summer the garden, the orchard and the strip of woods along the creek echoed to the ancient war-cry that had startled many a highland glen or lowland farm, "The broad road for the Brodie!" We never tired of living over again the stirring tales that Uncle Andrew would tell us. Alan was

always the leader, not only because of his name and age, but because he possessed a certain innate gift of leadership which we instinctively recognized. It was Rob and Dugal—unconsciously I use the Clan names—who performed the mighty feats of arms, who killed five or six Campbells at one sword thrust or carried off a whole sheep under each arm, like the hero of "Lorna Doone." It was Jamie, because of his extreme youth barely tolerated at times, who generally brought up the rear as representing in his one small person all the rest of the devoted Clan and their allies, or was posted in the apple tree to watch for beacon fires along the hills. It was I, somewhat handicapped in the eyes of my brothers because, through no fault of mine, as I always protested, I had the misfortune to be a girl, who served as the distressed maiden who must be rescued—the influence of the King Arthur adventures of the previous summer still cropped out occasionally—or, because I alone could coax anything resembling music from the flute which served as the bagpipes, who was allowed to be near the front as the pipers. But it was always Alan who leaped out first as we sprang from the ambush of the syringa bushes on the unsuspecting enemy; it was Alan who thought of the stratagem whereby we five, armed only with our claymores, took the Douglas stronghold; it was Alan who led the charge into battle, while Rob and Dugal followed unhesitatingly wherever he led.

Our favorite story was that of Alan Brodie at the battle of Falkirk. The rose garden was Falkirk Wood out of which Alan Brodie and his clan, worn out from marching all day to rally with the other clans against the English, had rushed onto the battle field just as the tide of victory was turning toward the English. How many times we had heard Uncle Andrew tell how their leader, seeing as he reached the edge of the wood that the other clans were in full flight and that there was no hope for the Scots, had leapt forward with the Clan-cry, "The broad road for the Brodie!" to fall with an English bullet in his heart. I can see as plainly as though it were yesterday the long, smooth stretch of the lawn that we used for the battle field, the Clan rushing madly through the rose-lined

paths, while a few feet ahead of us Alan flings himself over the hedge, his black hair ruffled in the wind and his gray eyes gleaming with excitement that constant repetition of the scene could never quench, runs forward on the open ground just long enough to throw back his head and shout the war cry, then falls suddenly in a still heap on the grass. I always knew what was coming, I always knew that the next minute he would be up again, calling out to Dugal, "watch out so you won't trample all over me next time," but I always felt a sudden hurt as I saw his straight little figure crumple up and lie motionless, and nothing could keep me from feeling for a moment that he would never move again.

That was the last summer that the Clan was all together. Grandfather died that fall and Alan went to live with Uncle Andrew in the old home at Brodieholme. I remember how we envied him for being able to see all the spots that we must reconstruct for ourselves from Uncle Andrew's descriptions, how eagerly we seized the snapshots he sent of Brodieholme and the glen nearby where the clan had fought their last fight, and how we devoured his letters telling of how Uncle Andrew had taken him to see Falkirk field and had actually let him hold the great claymore that had been drawn for the Pretender. Gradually the letters grew farther and farther apart as we grew interested in different things, the old Clan names slipped away and we forgot about the fiery cross and the games in the garden. But still the old Clan spirit lingered, for every anniversary of Falkirk, Alan sent to us a sprig of white heather, a bit of the Brodie plaid and a slip of paper bearing in his scrawling hand, "The broad road for the Brodie!" and we sent across to Brodieholme, not heather, for we had no moors, but a purple thistle and the plaid and the message. It was a queer little custom that we should keep up, we who scorned the idea of sentiment of any kind, but no year passed without it. Among the boys at Brodieholme, at school and at Edinburgh University Alan was still the fiery, impetuous spirit of the born leader, as Uncle Andrew's letters, full of pride in his "braw laddie," as he called him, painted him to us.

In the spring of 1914 Uncle Andrew died. Alan was to graduate from the University that year and come to us for the summer. He was delayed, however, with settling his uncle's affairs, until August. And then came the war, sudden, overwhelming. For the first week we wondered when Alan would sail for America, and until the cablegram to Father announced that Alan had enlisted in a Scotch regiment and was on his way to the front. To us, as to many others, the war seemed some bad dream, some mistake, that must be over in a few months. So, while Mother worried a little over Alan's not having anyone to look after his things and Father expressed the hope that "the young rascal wouldn't blow himself up teaching those fool highlanders how to throw a hand grenade instead of a dirk," Bob and Hugh were envying him the "jolly luck of being lieutenant in one of those swanking kilted regiments, Brodie bagpipes and everything."

And then, before we had become used to the idea of Alan in a war which was becoming more real every day, came the other cablegram, a bare announcement of the death of Lieutenant Alan Brodie, in action. Father left immediately for Scotland and it was from his letters that we learned how Alan died. Father had met a man from Alan's regiment who had known and loved him in the University and the brief time they had been in the army together. Their regiment, he said, had been one of those thrown before the advancing Germans in the heart-breaking effort to hold them back until reinforcements might be brought and Paris saved. They had been forced back until they had come to a small wood which offered a little shelter from the shells that were cutting their lines into fragments. The Germans had entrenched themselves in a meadow, a little way from the wood. There was a lull in the German fire; the English ammunition was low, very low, so the order of bayonet charge was given, a last desperate effort. There was a momentary pause while the Scots gathered themselves together for the charge. Then out from the wood, ahead of his men, leapt Alan, and out rang the cry that meant more to those men than anything in the world, "The broad road for the Brodie!" Suddenly there rises be-

fore me the lawn at Grandfather's, the rose garden, the hedge and the straight boyish figure leaping out, head back, to shout the ancient battle cry, then crumple into a still heap on the grass. But the field where Alan Brodie falls is not Falkirk, but France, and the bullet through his heart is not English, but German.

## AT DUSK

MURIEL MERTENS

It is dusk, my little pigeon,  
Rest awhile.  
For the fragrance of the wild rose  
And the glimmer of a star  
Call you far from sultry noontides  
To a land that lies afar.  
It is dusk my little pigeon,  
Rest awhile.

Come away, my little pigeon,  
Twilight falls.  
And we'll find a moonlit forest  
Where the breeze is fresh and cool,  
Where the waters softly murmur  
As they slip into the pool.  
Come away, my little pigeon,  
Twilight falls.

Are you weary, little pigeon?  
Sleep is sweet.  
It will still that restless yearning,  
It will cool those eyes so burning,  
It will rock you softly, gently,  
In a summer evening's dream.  
Are you weary, little pigeon?  
Sleep is sweet.

## FIGS FROM THISTLES

WINIFRED MACKAYE

There is a world in New York, shut off by impassable barriers and known to outsiders as "the slums." A variety of types exist there, just as they do in the other world; there are geniuses and drunkards, idealists and "existers," all huddled together in eight-by-four rooms, growing in confusion like weeds and flowers in a forgotten garden.

The McKallicak family in tenement number 801 was characteristic of the slums. Nobody, wishing to try, could ever find out how many there were of them.

It was a losing battle that Mrs. McKallicak and her husband were fighting. The children's demands, never ceasing, seemed to be pushing them with slow irresistible force over the "poverty line" into the sea of pauperism, of begging and wandering from one tenement to another. Mr. McKallicak's weak and unstable wage, their only prop, seemed to be breaking under the strain. They both maintained that they loved their children, but to the inner mind of Mr. McKallicak they symbolized his losing chance, the barrier against comfort and relaxation; to Mrs. McKallicak they were her life's burden.

William Howard McKallicak, called by his associates "Rusty," was the youngest of the family, the most hated and the most loved. Because he was the youngest, a grudge was borne against him for adding to the burden of the family. He was the most troublesome, the most irritating, the most in the way, the last straw,—and yet, as Mrs. McKallicak would say, "he's kinda soft-like to talk to when yer near dead wi' worryin'."

Rusty was a philosopher. His squinted grey eyes saw and understood full well the ins and outs of slum life, and his twisted grin was ever ready to cheer and, in an apologetic way, to make up for being a burden upon the world. His favorite expression was: "Aw, wot's life anywyre?" to which he would answer with a lift of his shoulders, "Gettin' outa a scrape and gettin' in again."

One evening late in spring Rusty, feeling that the pangs of hunger could no longer go unsatisfied, wound his way

through the crowded streets, shoving aside crawling babies and Italian fruit-sellers with practiced skill, and entered the dilapidated building of number 801. He felt his way along the dark hall, and stumbled up seven flights of broken stairs to apartment 28. There at the door he stopped, for sounds of sobbing and of his mother's voice raised to an angry pitch came to him. Experience warned Rusty not to go in, for it was at a time like this that the family grudge against him was most plainly shown. He turned back to sit on the stairs, but a wave of faintness made him almost fall, and with a whimper of distress he burst open the door.

"Ma," he cried, "I'm empty—for Gawd's sake gimme a meal!" His mother's answer was only to burst into a fresh fit of weeping and rocking backward and forward to sob, "Oh why were ye born to us, ever? All ye do is eat, eat! Here,—" and snatching a thick slice of greyish bread from the table she forced it into his hands, "ye take all we have, but eat this while yer mother starves!"

Rusty seized the bread and shrank back toward his corner of the room, but Mr. McKallicak, his face distorted with rage, approached him swiftly.

"Ye trouble-bringer, ye curse o' my home, it's your fault we're in this luck. Just because you were draggin' us down to beggars I went to the boss to ask him for a raise—an' wot did he do?" Here Mr. McKallicak's voice broke hoarsely, "Wot did he do, I say, but kick me out!"

With this he fell against the table sobbing and Mrs. McKallicak became hysterical.

Rusty crept to his pile of old clothes in the corner and lay down. His small eyes were round, his face white, and his bony little frame shaking with fear. Every slum-child knows what it is to have the head of the family lose his job and Rusty faced an eternity of even greater misery, feeling that it was all his fault. His mother's sobbing, now dying down, tortured him, and he tossed restlessly back and forth. All at once when the room was quiet a thought flashed across Rusty's brain. A plan formed itself, a plan tricky and cunning, evolved from the knocks and rubs of the slums, a plan selfless and brave, born of—who knows what?

The next morning Rusty was unusually sweet-tempered. He kissed his mother over and over, telling her not to worry, that everything would be all right, for *he knew*. He helped her clear up the room, ran several errands for her, and then about noon he wandered out into the street and was lost in the crowd. There was an almost spiritual melancholy in his face incongruous to his twisted grin and small keen eyes,—a look which caused those who noticed him to chuckle and say, "Cheer up, Kid!"

He walked over to Second Avenue and stood on the curb watching the unending stream of traffic. Far up the street, gliding gracefully by the heavier and more clumsy vehicles came the car of Miss Alice Wright, taking her on her Saturday morning errand of mercy to the poor. Rusty watched the car approach admiring it and the woman in it, both aloof and beautiful. It reminded Rusty of a heavenly chariot coming to earth, bearing an angel of mercy.

He stepped out from the curb and walked slowly into the middle of the road. The car rolled on, coming nearer and nearer. The lady smiled faintly at the little boy standing there and then she frowned sharply. The car honked, then honked again. There was a crash of brakes, a scream from a woman near by, and Rusty rolled over and over in the road. A crowd collected at once; a doctor appeared as if from nowhere and with skilled hands examined the battered little body.

"About five minutes," he said briefly, "get his mother."

Mrs. McKallicak was summoned in a miraculously short time, for everybody knew Rusty with his cheerful grin and squint eyes.

"Rusty! Rusty!" his mother cried, seeing his face white and twisted with pain. "Oh, God, what now, what now?"

Rusty's lips moved. The doctor bent toward him.

"Speak to Ma," he mumbled. Mrs. McKallicak knelt beside him and pressed him to her breast.

"Ma," he whispered, his breath coming in feeble gasps, "Ma, are you wise? Sue for damages!"

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### SCANDAL

HELEN GUTMAN

Chemistry is an immoral study. It requires intimate knowledge of subjects quite unfitted for youthful minds. Consider, for instance, the investigations one is forced to make into family life. Prying of this sort is to be discouraged at best, but when one is asked to trace a scandalous career such as that of the Halogen family, it becomes positively corrupting. Strength of will, free love, divorce, affinities, are these fit topics for the Freshman classroom or for any New England college class? No, I reiterate, no! I blush to repeat scandal of this sort and yet I feel it incumbent upon me to sketch the case of the Halogen family as proof of my point. My maiden sensibilities must stand the strain that other innocent girls may be spared painful experiences, for surely, no mother once informed of the true nature of this ungodly science, will ever permit her daughter to be corrupted by it.

You may think I exaggerate. Well, let me describe an actual instance of this infamy. I came into the laboratory one day and received a printed sheet headed, "The Halogen Family." The first part of the hour went smoothly. I was introduced to each of three brothers in turn. The fourth, Florine, was not presented, however. I was informed that he moved only in commercial circles. Chlorine was a strong, self-willed chap, rather too much in evidence, for it was impossible to forget his presence when he was in the room. His

insistence upon attention was a trifle rude, I thought. Bromine had many of his older brother's characteristics, though to a less marked degree. He also might be called a masterful man but there was no doubt in my mind that Chlorine was the stronger of the two. Iodine had a family resemblance to the others but his nature was very different. He was the poetic one, far from attempting to attract attention, he seemed at times to forget the presence of those around him and to pass into a trance-like reverie. "Subliming" was, I believe, the term others applied to this romantic mooning.

Well, as was to be expected, the romantic member of the family was the first to be married. When I was introduced, he had just wedded a charming, active young lady named Potassium. It was a fine match. They seemed very fond of each other and their characters seemed dissimilar enough to form good complements. All would have been well if the modern tendency for psychological research had not wrecked their peace. Innocent as I was, a mere tool in the hands of my instructor, I can never forgive myself for the part I played in that disaster.

Let me explain. I was told to introduce Bromine into their midst and to make sure that he mixed thoroughly with them; then to note the result. Had I known Bromine better, I should never have done it! My Chemistry professor ought never to have suggested it. HE certainly knew what to expect. What could you expect when a high spirited girl was constantly forced to compare her weak willed, indecisive husband with a big, burly overbearing man?—There, I am making cynical remarks. See what this sad experience has done for me.—To continue, Bromine gave the girl no chance to forget the difference between himself and her husband. He had decided that he was going to have her and he knew the power of a strong will. She resisted faintly at first but was soon in his power. Iodine realized the state of affairs when it was too late. His wife's honor was gone. He was displaced. She had united with another. He was no match in strength for his brother. It was useless to resist. Dissolved in tears of carbon disulphide, he left them. The illicit lovers joined in fast embrace.

"Shocking!" you say, but the scandal does not end here. There was no lasting tie between these two. Potassium, mesmerized by the will of her enticer, had succumbed, but she did not truly love him. She realized this as soon as the hypnotic influence was lessened. Now that he had attained his end, her seducer ceased to exert the strength of his will upon her and she saw him in his true light. Scarcely had he won her when he began to entice Hydrogen for whom he had always had a strong natural affinity. Not only was he wicked, but boring too. To be sure he had physical strength, but oh what a fool he was as compared with her first husband. There could be no intellectual companionship between a girl of her type and this man. He was beyond doubt the head of the bromide family and she felt that association with him was making a bromide of her.

She must have other company to save her mind. Let Chlorine be added to the combination," said my directions. I hesitated. Finally, I decided to obey. "Surely she has learned the lesson of her last folly," I thought. "She will not err again. At least, Chlorine may help to amuse her and lighten her trouble." Ah, but I was still innocent. Little did I know that far from learning a moral lesson, she had lost all moral sense. Little did I know that Chlorine, having witnessed the triumph of his brother, would not rest till he too had triumphed. I was not well acquainted with masterful men.

Why tell the rest in detail? Again Potassium was torn from the arms of one and united with another. Again for her sake, brother wronged brother. I did not follow her further. I had enough of chemical and psychological experimentation. I had lost faith in human nature, almost in divine power. May others be spared my experience! May Chemistry cease to be taught!

## NOTE-TAKERS

RUTH WALCOTT

Just as there are notes and notes, lecturers and lecturers, so there are note-takers and note-takers. They fall into one of two classes, in general, independents and dependents. The independent note-takers are wonderful. They have great fascination for me. Is it not awe-inspiring to find that there are those, who, with perfect fearlessness, and studying confidence in their own brains, dare to take notes all by themselves? They sit in the classroom, the embodiment of fervor "through repose." Sometimes they look at the teacher, as if they had a secret understanding with him, as if he had told them before the class just what they ought to do. Some of the time they look out of the window to show other people how easy it is to do two things at once, but they are always "right there" when it is time to take any notes. Their pens are always full, and seem to flow easily and in an orderly manner across the paper. Their pen points never scratch, and they always have time to use a blotter before turning the page. Never hesitating, nor faltering, but with a calm smile on their lips they jot down the right things, and sometimes even underline very neatly those words which are most valuable. The strangest thing is that they always know what is best to underline! When a list is given out they always have it numbered, and anyone can see it there in their books, neatly arranged and numbered. They never stop being careful, and if the teacher brings up something which he gave last week in a lecture, they turn quickly to a certain page, and behold! there it is. Now all this commands respect, but is distinctly irritating.

The dependent note-takers are more fascinating still in their fearful helplessness! Their days are spent in misery, I fear. They are never known to sit still for a moment during the hour. First, you may recognize them when they come in, because, they never have any ink in their fountain pens.

Of course this fact does not occur to them until the lecture has really begun, and the professor is giving out the assignment for the next day. At this juncture, they begin to look around, anxiously, fearfully, until they see the "independent" girl two rows behind. Then, in persuasive tones, they begin, "Oh, would you mind very much giving me some ink? Have you enough to spare? Really? Oh, I hate to take it, but—no, now let me fill it." There follows that most thrilling of moments when the ink is being transferred from one pen to the other, when the class holds its breath to see whether the ink rolls slowly down the sides of the pen, onto the hands, or the note-book, or the skirt of the owner. Whichever happens an apologetic "oh, oh, I'm so sorry. How could that have happened?" bursts from the dependent note-taker. Having secured ink, they cannot find the place in their note-books where the last lesson ended, and for a while they rustle leaves and snap rings while they put in the new sheets of paper borrowed from their nearest neighbor.

When the lecture begins they do one of several things. Some transfer automatically to paper every word, just as it comes out of the mouth of the professor, which as everyone knows is an almost impossible task. Their heads pop up and down in regular motion, their pens scratch across the paper, and often they look up and scowl so despairingly when the words come out too fast, that the teacher feels positively un-Christian if he does not repeat the precious words.

Some are better than others in this art of transferring words to paper. Others, not having skill in this direction, have troubles even worse! You see they become agitated, and very nervous when they see their independent neighbor, who sits in sweet serenity, oblivious of any trouble. The dependents give a critical glance and in a moment decide whether or not they will serve the purpose. If they "have the air" they are immediately pestered by the dependents. At first, with occasional surreptitious glances they look at the notes of these neighbors, and take them down as so much precious truth. This works successfully, they become bolder, and openly glue their eyes upon the neighbor. She writes, and

they write, she stops and they rest too. The teacher waxes forceful and says emphatically, "Now I trust that you have this point clearly in mind," whereat the dependents are terrified and ask frantically of the girl on the other side of them, "Did you get that? Just what did he say then?" Sometimes the girl ignores them, which is very trying, and they are obliged to look all around the class until they find a kindred spirit who "didn't get it either," so that these two can look at each other, scowl and shake their heads in true sympathy.

The dependents have large gaps in their note-books which have to be filled in after class, by comparison with what everybody else wrote, but particularly they must consult those who are hurrying to get to another class down at the other end of the campus.

I leave it to you which you prefer—the smiling, serene, self-confident souls whose own judgment is royally perfect, and who are never troubled, or the poor palpitating, pen-scratching dependents, with their many fears and the humble feeling that whatever others say is right.

## REVIEWS

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*The Earthquake.* By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Nocturne.* By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The war has caused so profound a change in the life of the average American that any description of this change which approaches in vividness the real condition of affairs is certain to be of wide interest. *The Earthquake* is just such a description, and although its application may be criticised as being somewhat specific, it touches many things which concern everyone. The new New York, sprung into being since our declaration of war, is well pictured and the change which to most of us who were there throughout the winter was gradual, appears overwhelmingly sudden. John Stanton, the well-to-do New York broker comes home from a six months' cruise in the Orient to find, instead of a smoothly running, profitable business, a quiet office with one of the partners in Washington in government service and his income reduced by a little more than a third. A large part of the book is devoted to his own efforts and those of his family to adjust themselves to the new mode of living necessitated by this reduction of income. Some things formerly regarded as mere parts in the ordinary scheme of life now become luxuries, others impossibilities. New responsibilities are discovered, and Mrs. Stanton rises admirably to meet the test. Before Stanton's return to America his son had gone to Plattsburg and won his commission, now what seemed an impossible joke becomes an imminent possibility; his funloving, irresponsible boy is a man, trained to lead men, and about to go overseas to fight for his country. There is a slight suggestion here of Barrie's "The New Word."

Stanton's wife and daughter are dealt with in other chapters; the former devotes her time to canteen work and the latter decides to take a business course in order to become a government stenographer. There is nothing extraordinary about any of the Stantons; the author makes them typical of the average New Yorker, giving them no individuality.. At length Stanton awakens to the fact that he is the sole idle member of the family and, like all business men who once ran their own affairs, he seeks work which will suit his convenience, only to find that he must learn to suit the government's convenience.

On the whole this book sums up the essence of all the patriotic posters, drives and movements of the day. The articles may be regarded as merely descriptive and as such are excellent and true to life; on the other hand, one finds a strong tendency toward a mild form of propaganda. The last three chapters are filled wth patriotic and idealistic generalities and there is an elaborate summary of reasons why the United States went to war, with many excerpts showing in admirable detail the German philosophy and "Kultur" which we are fighting. Mr. Train concludes with a description of the city rescued by the war from the social evils by which it was gradually being overcome, in which city dwellers are compared to the inhabitants of decadent Rome, and are represented as having been cleansed and raised to the status of real human beings by the fire of war. How far this is true it is impossible to state at present, but it is a pleasant bit of idealistic optimism. The book has a strong current interest and one suspects that much of the material of the first chapters is taken from the experience of the author, the latter articles being attempts to generalize.

In strong contrast to a work of so temporary an interest is a book to which H. G. Wells has written an introduction. Mr. Wells does not scatter his literary praise broadcast; so one reads with great expectations anything which he commends as highly as he does Frank Swinnerton's *Nocturne*. Whereas Mr. Train delights in the subjective style, Mr. Swinnerton writes with a complete and detached objectivity seldom at-

tained, though he does not sacrifice the careful analysis of his characters in the slightest degree. The action occurs in the space of one night, there is no "plot," and yet the whole is a perfect picture complete in itself. There are only five active characters, but each is a living breathing person with likes and dislikes, desires and affections and all the other human characteristics which make up real individualities and not mere figures in a story. Mr. Wells discusses the book from the technical point of view of another author, who sees how skilfully effects are gained and climaxes obtained. He admits the perfection of art exhibited; we see the perfection of result. Nowhere is there a discordant note; perhaps we find the beginning of Keith and Jenny's evening a bit hard to comprehend at first, but that shadow is cleared away by the later developments.

Pa is a perfect portrait, the object of the girls' care, pity and contempt, but nevertheless the tie which binds them together when every tendency in them is pushing them apart. He is at the same time the master figure and a nonentity. Jenny is a sympathetic person, whose "weltschmerz" we understand, but Emmy's troubles are apt to appeal to us as the result of many days of washing dishes and cooking stew. We are exasperated with her pettiness, but we rejoice pityingly at her poor little romance which settles a distressing problem so satisfactorily. The evening is perfect in every detail and we live the moments with the same breathless tenseness which gripped Alf and Emmy, feeling their emotions and living with them.

The title is excellent, there is neither beginning nor end to this *Nocturne* and yet it is complete. One knows that much went before, and that Jenny and Alf and all the rest still have a long way to go, but this is the account of a bit of their lives, where they all touched and parted. The very detached unified perfection of the book makes it universal; its characters are individuals, yet representative, and its utter lack of current references insures its lasting appeal.

E. N. S.

## EDITORIAL

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(The following letter came into the hands of the Editors too late to make a place for it in the front of the magazine. The Editors therefore insert it in this section, in order that the readers may have this letter by which to interpret the article to be printed next month.)

October 4th.

My dear—:

My brave young soldier husband gave his life, face to the enemy, leading to victory the loyal body of troops that he had trained, on September 14th. It was in the drive toward Metz. "A very pretty city," he says in one letter. "From my dugout and with my powerful glasses, I can see the Cathedral, large and imposing."

He was just twenty-six years old, the most radiant and brilliant and beautiful mind and heart in this world. Though an orphan boy, dependent from his childhood on his own efforts, he won past every difficulty, and attained the pinnacle of manhood. But not only his achievement marked him out from other men. His personality and character were so wonderful that those who knew him struggled to express it—"A Christ-type," "Exquisite," "Beautiful"—men have said these things of him in a kind of awe at their own inability to express him. Last spring before his regiment sailed his Colonel said, "Mrs. Hamm your Arthur has the noblest and most generous heart I have ever known." A man in his company who has served prison terms said "Don't you worry about de Cap'n, I'd go through hell-fire for him," and one of his sergeants said, "I'm big and fat, Mrs. Hamm, and the Captain ain't but just a slender boy. If I could, I'd put my

big body between him and the cannon." "My folks think I believe in Captain Hamm more than in Jesus Christ." "I'd die for him." "I'd kill a single disloyal man in the company if there were one—" etc. But no words can express the power he wielded, always for good and true ends.

What I most want now is that that power should go on and reach out like the branches of a tree,—that his sweet and dedicated life, his martyr's death should be fruitful and constructive.

As one step in that direction and with his foreknowledge, I am offering \$5000 apiece to Smith and to Florida University, where my dear boy was a student of law when the war claimed his service. I feel that even more important than the material help to some boy and girl, in acquiring an education, is his personal influence. People who have only seen his picture feel that something has entered into their lives. They think his face impossibly ideal and beautiful, but it only barely expresses a little of his perfect life. I have written President Neilson that I would send an enlargement that I have of my dear soldier in uniform, a picture that was shown on Fifth Avenue this winter and called the ideal American soldier. It is immensely pictorial, so much so that I have been begged for its use as a poster on behalf of the Liberty Loans. I am also going to write his life, quote from his stirring letters, and publish a pamphlet in his memory.

I wish, for the sake of what my darling's sacrifice might stand for to young hearts, that space in the Quarterly could be given to a short account of him and to the publication of a portrait head that is inspirational in its beauty—so strong and sweet and young, with eyes of a seer—the look Raphael tried to put into the child of the Sistine Madonna. No girl or boy could look at the face and not be stirred. I am too late for the October Quarterly, but will write something for the next issue, if you approve.

Would it be better to publish this in the MONTHLY, which was so dear to me, or in any other college publication? It should be brief, I think, and tell only of his struggle to win a college education, finally attained, and of his work as a soldier.

He led the first raid of the National Army against the Germans, a flashlight in his hand to point his men the way. Six hundred yards beyond the German lines they swept, killing everything that stood in the way, bringing in machine guns and ammunition. He was personally thanked by the Major-General, given staff duty for rest, and only sent back to the line a day or so before his death, in order that the men might have their adored leader in the American offensive. His last letter (others may follow) dated September 8th says, "The Colonel says I am needed, dear little wife, and I must go. We are going to make history here soon!"

I only have the bare news from the war department as yet, "killed in action," and that came to me just two days ago. We never felt that this would come to us. It was unthinkable—and you may imagine my desolation. But my boy's last cry to me I know was "Beth—carry on!"

Arthur and I went to Ashfield on our honeymoon and spent one day in Northampton, wandering through the campus in the warm August haze and sitting for a few moments in the old "den" of 30 Green. When he took out the insurance, and we spoke for a moment of this terrible possibility, I told him that I would give its equivalent to his college, which stood for so much to his brave young heart, and tears filled his eyes and he said, "Beth dear, mind you neither Smith nor Gainesville will ever see that money—but you and I together sometime will give something to the college where my little girl was so happy as well as to Florida State."

It is together now we give the sum. My Arthur is always so happy to help others.

ELIZABETH CREEVER HAMM.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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If you are at all musically inclined, you may perhaps have noticed the peculiar timbre of certain notes and keys here at Smith. Just keep your ears open as you rush about campus consulting heads of departments, arranging daggered courses, attempting to unravel the knots from a tangled schedule, and you will hear all sorts of keys round about you.

First of all, there are the two great divisions of college harmony, the majors and the minors. Just at present A major and A minor are in great demand. Everyone is talking about them. Everyone who hasn't one wants one, and most of those who have them are moving heaven and earth to change them. Even the most accomplished musicians are finding modulation from either of these keys to any other extremely hazardous, and indeed after the first of September to be accomplished only with the utmost difficulty and on payment of two dollars.

You really cannot blame less able musicians for wishing to change the sad note in a composition; that rule is by no means infallible here at college. Majors have been known to strike quite as sad a one. Particularly is this liable to be so when our report cards appear. How often is our pitch proved false, when, hopefully expecting to strike a B or even an A, our unlessoned fingers fumble the note and we find we have struck a C or D. It is a difficult task at best to keep in tune.

After all, what we are aiming at here in college is something more enduring than mere program music. The thing we ought to have achieved is permanent, a motif running not only through four short years of a college career, but one which we follow throughout our life.

A. I. P.

A long time ago—so long that contributors have almost forgotten in just what issue their contributions appeared—there came to us in the same mails, May and June issues of college publications. There has since been time enough to discover what impressions from a first time reading remained most clearly and faithfully in mind, and these are they:

The May issue of the *Wellesley Magazine* lacked no unity, for its pages presented a single play, "Help Wanted, Female," which had won the Magazine-Barnswallows prize for its author. And indeed, it is an unusually successful product of competition. True, there is the usual butler, appearing early as introductory character and even doomed by his master to occupy the room constantly while no one else is present. It is also true that this is only one of a swarm of spy plots, but at what time has that type of play enjoyed a safer existence than at present? Moreover M. Favier, Austrian spy in the home of Mr. Stanley, seems never wholly villain, but has his little weak periods of human conduct. The solution of the plot is unusually flattering to one of the characters, crediting her with an unsuspected versatility of interests. More striking than plot or characterization is the alertness and intelligence employed in the dialogue, and without doubt the main strength of the play lies in this property.

The first sentence of the May number of the *Yale Literary Magazine* gives the keynote to all serious articles of the issue: frankness. "Capacity," it says, "is a thing that boys of the college age look upon almost with suspicion. At that time, they feel, nothing of that sort should darken the carefree course of youth." Although that attitude toward capacity is quickly being replaced by a saner, this leader carefully makes clear its assertion, and constructively deals with the problem at Yale. "The Snuffed Candle," a playlet in the same issue is disappointingly sentimental through all its attempts to appear light and not melodramatic.

A. J. K.

## THE SMITH COLLEGE SUMMER SCHOOL

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The Training School of Psychiatric Social Work, conducted jointly by the Boston Psychopathic Hospital and Smith College, closed its summer session August 31, and the 65 students will now go to clinics in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to do six months' practice work with nervous patients. The object of the course is to train women to aid doctors in the care of shell-shock victims. The students came from 20 different states, and from Ontario, and 19 colleges were represented by graduates and non-graduates. Smith College furnished teachers of psychology and sociology, and the Psychopathic Hospital provided a director, Miss Mary C. Jarrett, head of their social service department. The course in social psychiatry was in charge of Dr. Edith Spaulding, of Bedford Hills Reformatory, and included lectures by eminent alienists, among them being Drs. E. E. Southard, of Boston, Walter L. Fernald, of Waverly, Mass., J. J. Putnam, of Harvard, L. Pierce Clark, H. W. Frink, A. A. Brill and George Kirby of New York, and Captains A. E. Bott from Hart House Military School, Toronto, and C. B. Farrar from Colburg Military Hospital, Ontario.

Both students and faculty of the school express themselves as well satisfied with the summer's work. Of the value that trained psychiatric aides will be in the shell-shock emergency, Dr. L. Pierce Clark has this to say: "In my opinion 2000 women such as are being trained at Smith could be used to advantage right now in army camps and hospitals, and in civilian hospitals for nervous patients. This is one way to reduce the shortage of nurses that we are facing. Take from nurses their non-nursing functions, and give these to women who can be medically and mentally trained in six or eight months. The Smith College School will also reduce the doctor shortage by adding to the number of patients that a doctor can attend to." Dr. Clark has stated that with an adequate force of "mental hygiene aides" he can treat 300 patients simultaneously, whereas alone he could manage less than one-tenth as many.

All graduates of the course plan to do practical work, either in the hospital care of shell-shock cases or in social work related to the after hospital care of such cases. Three are ready for work at once, having previously had experience in case work.

Thus the practical results of the first summer session at Smith College are evident.

E. K. DUNTON.

# AFTER COLLEGE

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## PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Ruth Walcott, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

### ENGAGEMENTS

- '16. Virginia Andrews to William Morris Smith of Pittsburg.  
Angela Richmond to Lieutenant John Cooke of the 117th Infantry in France.  
'17. Althea Behrens to Dr. Israel Otis, United States Marine Hospital.  
Eunice Grover to Lieutenant William W. Carmen, Jr., of Summit, New Jersey.  
Adah Richards to Clifford Judd.  
Marguerite Edgar to Lieutenant Fletcher Clark, Jr.

### ENGAGEMENTS IN COLLEGE

- '19. Margaret Moore Warren to Gorham Lamont Cross who is in the naval aviation detachment at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.  
Irene Ivers Smith to Philip Kimball Watson of Somerville.  
Carol Gulick to Chauncey Hulbert, who is now at Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts.  
Martha Ely to Charles Safely ,Vice Consul to Sweden.  
Margaret Rice to Cadet Thomas Schefchik.  
'20. Katherine Hunt to W. T. Sherman Thorndike.  
Marjorie Marvin to Mid-shipman John Dowling, Hartford, Conn.

### MARRIAGES

- '16. Ruth Hartwell Blodgett to William Martindale Shedd of Waban, a member of the United States Medical Reserve.  
'17. Mary Duncombe to Lieutenant William Lynch, United States Ordnance Reserve Corps, June 14.  
'18. Janet Cooke to Wyncoop Kiersted on September 28, 1918.

### IN COLLEGE

- '19. Eliza Conner to Lieutenant William T. Martin.  
*ex-'19.* Susan B. Loomis to Lieutenant Stuart Baker of the Coast Artillery, on July 30th, 1918.  
Rose Carlaw to Ralph Clifford on September 17th.

The SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY is published at Northampton, Massachusetts on the 15th of each month, from October to June, inclusive. Terms, \$1.50 a year. Single copies, 20 cents. Subscriptions may be sent to Margaret Sherwood, 9 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.



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Monthly

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EDITORS:

CONSTANCE WINSOR MC LAUGHLIN

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

NATALIE KENT

MARY VAUX WHITFORD

RUTH WINIFRED SEGGERMAN

ELIZABETH MANGAM

ELISE NINA STEYNE

CHARLOTTE BELL CRANDALL

AGNES ISABEL PIKE

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

RUTH WALCOTT

BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

MARGARET ROBERTS SHERWOOD

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ISABEL MACNABB

RUTH ADELAIDE PERRY

---

ARTHUR ELLIS HAMM

Ideal American Soldier

ELIZABETH CREEVEY HAMM

There could be no more fitting monument to the memory of Captain Hamm than the scholarships founded at Florida State University and at Smith College from the proceeds of his government insurance. Shortly before he sailed for France we faced the possibility of his supreme sacrifice, and I told him that if his life were to be given for his country, I should devote the amount of his insurance, \$10,000, to founding a scholarship in his name at the University through which he worked his unaided way. At that time he said, "Mind you,

neither Smith nor Gainesville will see that money until I have come home and you and I can afford to give it *together*, but if to Gainesville, let half go to Smith, and then we can know that some boy and girl are being aided toward the education that is mighty discouraging work to win for oneself." Nothing could make him happier now than this gift we are making "together."

Arthur Ellis Hamm was born of New England stock and parentage at Stoneham, Massachusetts, June 29th, 1892. In his early boyhood he lost his mother and home became intolerable to him. He resisted an offer of adoption by a wealthy Boston family who would have made him as one of their own sons and sent him to Harvard. The fourteen-year-old boy made this decision unhesitatingly and with unerring instinct for the right course. As a child he showed the characteristics of his manhood; courage and independent spirit and truth. With these qualities went an intense nervous sensitivity, gentleness and tender chivalry.

He enlisted in the National Guard of the State of Massachusetts, and there laid the foundation of military efficiency. He was first "mascot," then chief musician with his company, and was called "the candy kid" by the rough men with whom he was in contact. "They protected me in the most extraordinary way," he said. "I can't tell you how it touches me to think of it. Drink and foul speech stopped when I was around, and they would have punished me if I myself had used profanity." While a boy-soldier he won an International Shooting contest, was the best shot in the regiment, and qualified as a National Rifle Instructor.

From Massachusetts Arthur Hamm went to Florida, where he made his headquarters at the Y. M. C. A. in Jacksonville. His activities were varied, all entailing an extraordinary degree of responsibility for a boy so young. For some time he was manager of the Seminole Club. In all that he did his eyes were fixed on one goal, a college and professional training. Part of a letter written in April 1917 best expresses this:

"Do you realize what a selfish life I have lived, thinking only of myself and what I hoped to be, driving only toward

that end? Everything has been for experience and education, first practical education and last for that coveted college training. There are many things I am equipped to do, but I have always wanted to be a professional man, a lawyer, and toward that end I am driving. My knowledge of business and the world will, in that profession, when augmented by academic training, be of wonderful value."

In the fall of 1916 events had shaped themselves for the fulfilment of his long cherished ambition. Dr. Murphee, the President of Gainesville, was deeply impressed with Arthur Hamm and gave him much assistance. Although he had not attended school for many years he took up law and academic courses to the extent of twenty-two hours a week, succeeding brilliantly, and in addition he ran the University Commons.

It was in February of the following year that I met him at Rockledge, Florida, where he had gone for a week's rest. I wish I could describe him as I first saw him. Six feet tall, slender and graceful, with a soldier's carriage, straight back and lifted chin. All eyes followed him when he walked across the room, a figure of immense distinction. His hair was ruddy gold, his eyebrows black and well defined, and his eyes were a dark olive gray, with long, black eyelashes. The chin was prominent and strong. His profile was startlingly that of the ideal Greek, but endowed with more spiritual beauty than has ever been put into marble.

The war situation was still vague. Much against his will he decided to follow the advice of General Foster, former Adjutant General of Florida, and to wait until he was called for. "Personally," he said, "I dislike that attitude. I want to get into the war and want everyone else to feel the same way so that we can get it over and settle down to normal again. If everybody held back there would be no chance of terminating the whole miserable business for years to come. I should like to go into the college training camp, but it is impossible."

Two weeks after America joined in the great cause, he applied for admission to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort McPherson, Georgia, where out of his company of two hun-

dred applicants he was one of fifteen to be commissioned as Captain. He chose the Infantry because he felt best qualified by previous training for that service, and because he knew that he had a knowledge of men and a power of leadership.

On August 18th, 1917, we were married at my home on Long Island. He made an unforgettable picture when, after the ceremony, the orchestra played the Star Spangled Banner, and facing our flag he stood at attention.

For eight happy months Captain Hamm trained the troop of "M" Company, 326th Infantry at Camp Gordon, Georgia. From an uncouth crowd of half-hearted and ignorant men, he created a splendid fighting unit, a deadly machine obedient to the slightest turn of his will. For organization and discipline his company was given the highest commendation in the Division.

The regiment sailed in April, and before it left many of the privates and N. C. O's of his company came to me and said, "Don't worry about the Cap'n, Mrs. Hamm. I'll die for him if necessary."

His Colonel said, "His is the most generous heart I have ever known. Literally, you have to tie the boy's clothes on his back." And General Cronin said, "The only fault he has as a man or soldier is that he does not know how to spare himself."

On the 29th of June, his twenty-sixth birthday, my husband was in the trenches in a Lorraine sector, cheerful, fearless, his letters full of fun, optimism and encouragement.

On August 4th he was chosen to lead the first major raid of the National Army, "A regular Guy Empey stunt, over the top with all the trimmings—great show." It was an historic moment. For the first time our civilian soldiers rushed the German trenches, killing and sweeping aside all resistance, penetrating six hundred yards beyond the German lines and bringing back machine guns and ammunition. Captain Hamm went ahead, never seeking cover, his gun held steady, and in one hand a flashlight to show his men always where their leader was. Though many were wounded, including himself, he did not lose a man. He was obliged to fight hand to hand,

and to kill a German officer, whose belt and equipment are now in my possession. The natural reaction had come when he wrote several days later, "Poor Fritz—poor old Hun! I had to do it. It was just war." Captain Hamm received the personal thanks and congratulations of the Division Commander, Major-General Burnham, for his achievement, and after his next turn in the trenches was over, was given Staff duty at Army Corps Headquarters for rest and new experience.

In the last letter, written six days before he died, he says: "This is a big and necessary work (Liason officer) yet hardly the work for a leader of men. I ask myself whether by staying here we will get this business over soonest and get home as quickly as if I were on the line. It takes a different quality to lead, and my men are begging for my return. Colonel McArthur also says he needs me, and even the General thinks I am just now necessary to the Division. This sounds as if I were growing conceited, doesn't it? But this is how it is. We are soon going to make history near here. Watch the newspapers and you will see the Americans as top-liners. So, although in some ways I question the advisability of it, I shall soon return to my company. It is a terrible strain on my nerves at times, and I do not know how long I shall be able to hold out in command of troops. Eventually, perhaps, I shall attend a Staff Officer's School, but meantime "M" Company needs me to lead the way."

On September 14th in the drive on the St. Mihiel salient, he fell, leading his company to victory. His life and his death were heroic, and shall be fruitful. "My work, our work, goes on and on" and at the front today there is one body of men who will fight to the death to avenge their adored commander.

## A MODERN CHILD TO A JAPANESE PRINT

MARGARET BROAD

If I'd been born in old Japan,  
Like you, O gentle Toku-San,  
In the thatch-roofed house midst the iris tall  
In the kakemona on my wall,

By the tiny lake where the goldfish swim,  
And the old stork wades, and the heron prim,  
While the ground is white where the petals fall  
From the cherry trees by the gray stone wall;

Would I have worn an obi, too,  
Kimona of gray with birds of blue,  
Had my hair so smooth in its rolls of black,  
And my baby brother on my back?

Would I have done the things you do,  
Gone to school and studied like you,  
At the ancient shrine to the Buddha prayed,  
And my lotus flow'rs on the altar laid?

Would I have always had to walk  
With mincing steps and never talk  
Of the outside world; and in presence of man  
With modest eyes regard my fan?

Could I have never climbed a tree,  
Or had a baseball thrown to me,  
Or ever gone for a walk alone  
Without a stately chaperone?

And then, there'd be no railway trains,  
No telephones or aeroplanes,  
No electric lights and no movie shows,  
No radiators to warm my toes. . . .

Despite the joy I might have had  
From customs quaint, I'm very glad  
That I was not born in your old Japan,  
Like you, O gentle Toku-San.

## THE THEATER IN THE COLLEGE

SAMUEL A. ELIOT, JR.

It is asking a good deal of a man's presumption (only too natural, perhaps, to the sex) to wish from him an opinion and a forecast upon Smith College Dramatics almost before he has had time to learn the smallest thing about the situation here. Although my entire experience has lain in things theatrical, I am here a member of the English, not the Spoken English, Department; and to this latter does and should belong, I think, whatever of faculty direction the college theatricals require.

It is, however, undeniable that in the theater mingle a multitude of interests, and that the departments of art, music, psychology, even physics and gymnastics, might well contribute, with all the language departments, to the upbuilding of a broad-based college theater. If in my course in the history of the drama I can organize an occasional performance of a scene from the classics, perhaps the French or Spanish students may wish to do the same to vivify the classic drama of those tongues, and eventually a most interesting performance in comparative literature might, under the harmonizing auspices of Spoken English 35, be brought before the student body. Or if in my course in play-writing we turn out a good piece, and set to work to bring it to "workshop" trial, the way may be opened for theatrical experiments not merely in original plays but in new scenic or musical or electrical effects as well. As a new-comer, I hope to attempt new things in such ways as I suggest, and mark what reception or result attends them.

In truth, however, a college theater depends upon the students—their own interest, ability, ambition, and persistence. Neither the Spoken English, nor the English, nor any other teacher can do anything with dramatics unless the enthusiasm of students insists on channels and direction, and breaks out in spontaneous acting, staging, organization—unless their

theater is alive, that is. This vitality is what seems to be dubious here: the theater is latent, or potential, not awake nor vigorous.

I should suggest as the readiest way to bring it to full-blooded birth, the formation of a dramatic club consisting in those students, and only those students, who felt such a flair for the drama or the stage that they were ready to devote earnest hours to an artistic pursuit—as earnest and continuous as those put into practical work in art or music—and who aimed at a definite goal: the production of good plays for their own sakes by artistic means, and the development of the proper art of the theater to as high a pitch as the transitory stay and pan-feminism of the student workers will permit.

The latter does not, it seems to me, present an insoluble difficulty. One-sexed performance was the convention in all early evolutions of theoretic art, and if our limitation to one sex be accepted as a convention, not borne constantly in mind, not through the interest in sexual contrasts made a source of special, non-theatric interest, we ought to give as good entertainment and instruction as any bi-sexed theater of amateurs and artists gives. And it may be that after the war, when Amherst students or local youths are available and perhaps as enthusiastic (*not* socially but artistically) as we in our objects—devoted to no lesser goddess than the Theater herself—our Dramatic Club may like that at Harvard or the 47 Workshop enlist the complementary talent and tone which modern drama has found to be so enhancing to its effectiveness. That must be left to the future, and of course the constant passing of the developed artists at graduation will impose its discouragements now and all times; but it is only a speeding-up of the constant passing of all human life, and corresponds amusingly with the speed and epitomizing of life which underlie the whole art of the drama.

Such a dramatic club (I have no idea how large it would turn out to be but I doubt if it should number more than thirty—ardent spirits all) should confine itself to two or three productions a year, prepared with infinite care, thoroughly worth while both in subject and in performance,

and if possible pioneering in some branch or other of that special art of the theater which is today expanding and conquering with such zest and zeal. Choosing its own plays, doing its own coaching and staging, managing its own finances, it would yet naturally seek the assistance of interested faculty members—someone perhaps in the French Department who is following Copeau's trail-blazing theater in New York, some one in the German Department who saw a Künstler theater or a Reinhardt production, some one in the Art Department who can suggest a novel scene. Following the theater as a beacon, it would seek for its members a truly liberal, catholic education; sort perfectly with the basic purpose of the college; and graduate some artists of no mean attainments.

Perhaps when I have been here a month or two, I shall have quite other ideas. It will not be fair to pin me down to what I suggest right here at the beginning of my first academic year! But the Theater has always been my "life" and here as everywhere I want to see the Theater fostered and blossoming with all its new, strong impulses. The method is all; the readiness is all. "If it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all."

### SPRING-BLOSSOM

ELIZABETH MANGAM

The apple blossom petals on the grass,  
The brush of warm, wet rain against my face,  
The smell of soft brown roads that dip and pass,  
And the young spring wind's passionate embrace;

All these things make me sure that you are here,  
And when I listen to the talking trees  
Your thoughts breathe beauty into budding year.  
Your presence is made sure by your release.

## JUST BUTTONS

HELEN CLARK

Do you remember losing a button a few weeks ago, a button that you searched and searched for, but that you simply could not find? Those of you who do remember such an aggravating experience might like to know where those buttons go. They rush off to a meeting of the Button family. You have never been to one, I am certain, because they only meet once in a hundred years, and then just one mortal is allowed to be present. I was the favored one, this century. The requirements are very strict for this personage, and I shall tell you how I happened to gain entrance.

A little while before this meeting a census of mortals is taken, concerning their relations with buttons. The Button committee studied my life, and I was chosen because of the following facts. From the time when I was a wee infant until I was about three years old, I had shown a desire, exasperating to my mother and to my nurse, to clutch the shiny, attractive buttons of my mother's friends. (This showed an inborn instinct for buttons, the committee decided.) During my childhood, I had more frequently than any other child in the world, played, "Button, Button, Who's got the Button?" I also made believe they were jewels, and sold them for fabulous prices hour after hour. Never would I study my arithmetic except when my Mother gave me the button box to figure with. When I was old enough to care about dress, I portrayed a love for buttons which was quite unusual at that time, as Dame Fashion had strictly forbidden wearing them. I even organized a girls' club with a button for the pledge, and with much to do about buttons in the charter. The climax occurred in nineteen hundred and seventeen, when it was found that I wore all the buttons which had been sold for relief work, every day! Is this not, indeed, a record of a person worthy to be admitted to a Button meeting?

Now I shall tell you the "Hows" and "Whys" of this meeting. Just as we mortals assemble on Thanksgiving for a family reunion, so do the Buttons gather, and with as much conversation and merriment. The minutes of the last meeting were read and corrected. (Buttons have remarkable memories and can recall perfectly the doings of a hundred years ago.) A general discussion and telling of experiences follows, for all want to know how much their family has increased, and what each member has been doing. And this year was an especially fruitful one; even the war makes Button history prosper! That conservative branch, which every year is more and more overshadowed by the progressiveness of the rest of the family, namely the necessary Buttons, was sitting in the corner. Very simple and practical was their aspect. Their leader spoke first, and he told the same stories he tells every hundred years. Still they couldn't get along without him! The other members looked bored; they act as humans when "only necessary" things are discussed. Next came the experiences of the Buttons used for ornaments. Many births were mentioned, and many deaths due to their foes, Simplicity, Tassels, and Embroidery. They had considerably increased during the past year because of the demand for adorning buttons for uniforms. There was a whole new branch called "The Makers of Men," which attracted much attention on account of its gaudy and festive colors. One member of this branch had "Smile" written in large, red letters, and he gave assuring proof that all true optimists wore that insignia. Another member had "You know me, Kid" written on him, and he told quite alarming tales of the wearers of that make. The most important addition to this branch, indeed to the whole family, were those who maintained they were the mirrors of patriotism. The father patriot arose to speak. All the Buttons, who as you know are quite noisy when they are many in number, stopped clicking. He was an impressive Button with red, white, and blue in abundance; many phrases, such as "I own a Liberty Bond," and "The Slogan Of The Clean Plate"; and symbols, such as a red cross, or a red circle. He began with the customary conventional remarks and

compliments; then he said, "Even if I am young, you will all agree I am at present most essential." (The Buttons, all but the practical ones, clicked, showing their assent.) "I am worn by every true American. No one is loyal, or patriotic, who does not bear six or eight of my children on his breast,—it is an invariable truth. We can quote in our favor the government; we are the creators of public opinion; and although I dislike over-assumption, I feel that I can justly say that the world is better because of our existence." And if you were versed in Button expression and could have been there, you would have known that the ensuing click was their clapping. And so the business continued. After it was over, there was much frolicking and merriment. At last came the good wishes for the next hundred years, and off sped the Buttons.

Now you know where the button you lost a week ago went. It was summoned to the centennial Button meeting and dropped off while you were unawares. Have a place vacant for it when it returns, for buttons are attached to their owners, you know.

### THE FISHWIFE

(Inspired by Mr. Senseny's etching.)

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

In every bone I own I ache,  
I ache in every bone I own:  
The world is old and I am cold,  
My hands are rough, my life is tough,  
My heart is sad, my boys are bad,  
I eat sea-food in bitter mood;  
My life is grey, my man's away.  
I ache in every bone I own,  
In every bone I own I ache.

## THOSE THAT STOOD BY

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN

Ever since the chapel service on the morning of October 3, when President Neilson announced the dismissal of classes as a precaution against the prevailing influenza, the discipline and ideals of Smith College have undergone a severe strain. It is true likewise, the members of the college have been given an unexpected opportunity for showing their social temper in its best and most practical aspect. The college has reason to be grateful for the testing, and to be satisfied with most of what it has been able to accomplish in self-expression and in work for the community. There have been a few foolish ones, a few who ran away, and a few who stayed did not stand by, but chose the rôle of self-indulgent spectators, or bored victims of circumstance. The number of such was surprisingly small. As a whole, the college students stood by. They helped in all the forms of reorganization made necessary by the sharply changed conditions of their daily life. They rented bicycles for a staff of most prompt and competent errand runners; they exchanged the letters and parcel post of an intricately redistributed part of the student group; they did housework in several houses where the maids were ill, or had left for fear of infection; they cheerfully accepted all sorts of inconvenience incident to quarantine. Most important, because everywhere necessary, they undertook to keep interested in being busy and well; walking, rowing, tennis playing, folk dancing. Harvesting onions, tobacco, apples, beets, carrots, potatoes, even treading in the silo were successfully "put through" by groups of students accepting all the conditions of the working day, and leaving their employers sorry that their services were withdrawn for the reassembling of college on October 18. Miss Josephine Clark, the college librarian, was the agent in charge of these farming interests.

Meantime, the most urgent problems were those directly attending the influenza and the conditions within the college

and at the Dickinson Hospital. It soon became clear that the staff of nurses in Northampton employed by the various hospitals, homes, and charitable organizations was quite insufficient in number to meet the demand made upon it, and furthermore, that individually they were being rapidly incapacitated by over-work and attacks of the influenza. Miss Helen Wright, of the Appointment Bureau in the college, organized a unit of nurses' aids from members mainly of the Senior and Junior classes who had taken courses in home nursing or had had some experience in hospital work, or had studied in the Red Cross classes in nursing and dietetics. With the formal permission to undertake the work secured from their parents or guardians, forty students were regularly employed as aids at the Dickinson Hospital; Sunnyside, the College rest house; a temporary hospital established by Dr. Hanson on Kensington Avenue; at Mrs. Burgess' college house, and the Capen School. The Red Cross Branch supplied aprons, masks, and necessary hospital equipment for sterilization and other preventive and precautionary measures. In a few cases, some help was given to families by individual nurses, but generally the work was done in shifts, by groups of student aids under the direction of the Dickinson or other hospital management. At the outset, the Hatfield House was designated by Dean Comstock and Doctor Gilman as the house of the nurses' aids. The students of the Hatfield house were therefore directed to "pack their suitcases for a week's stay" and go to the various other college houses that could take them in. The nurses aids moved into the rooms thus secured: and in the afternoon of the first day the old order had changed and the new one had been established. Miss Mary Waterbury, the Head of the House, was tireless in her efforts for the comfort and order of the new system. Miss Wright met all the members of her staff of aids every day, taking her meals at the Hatfield House, and spending much of each evening in watching carefully the health and spirits of the students after their work. She received their daily reports, encouraged, restrained, advised and from time to time, withdrew an aid to be replaced by another from the long waiting list of applicants for the privilege of working in one of the

shifts. Her success was complete. Still with all such assistance for the aids, the work was hard; the experiences were full of pathos and tragedy, and the unwonted responsibility was very wearing. But the students were resolute, devoted and astonishingly resourceful. The college owes to them a new and very deep feeling of attachment on the part of many of the townspeople. For it must be remembered that in spite of all care, the risk was considerable; and the service given such as could not be secured elsewhere. The steady increase in the demands upon the Dickinson Hospital made it desirable, if not absolutely necessary, to secure more room for suspected cases, for convalescents, and for detention for quarantine. Accordingly the Baldwin House was taken for hospital use, administered by members of the Smith College Faculty; and the Wesley House as a place of detention. Too much praise cannot be given to the teachers in charge who, well or sick, played their unwonted parts so admirably, but they were greatly helped by the loyalty and steady nerve of the Head of the House, Mrs. Duffield, and her staff of devoted servants. Then there were the sick students who were as zealous to be good patients as their teachers had ever been to make them scholars. It was all very active, alert, intelligent and—touching. The spirit with which the removal of one and another, from the normal college life was met, the pathetic resignation which the death of two of their number occasioned, and the resolute facing of the passing out by day and by night of their charges, by the aids, has already made life and work richer and more significant. As for the college, it has changed. It is more than an object or an employer. After inconvenience and possible pain or danger have been fronted day and night for two weeks by all branches of a service, it is hard to say where most credit is due, or whether there be any more or less whose all is honorable. To those that thought and planned, to those that fetched and carried, to those that nursed and watched, to those that cooked, and swept and dusted, as well as to those that washed and sterilized, to those that wished us well, belongs the increased sense of comradeship and achievement of those who stood by.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR

HELEN WALKER

Far above, the gulls are circling,  
Over there, a white bird flies,  
All around me children's voices  
Drift on winds in summer skies.

Rhythmically come the voices  
Hushed by ocean's boom and roar,  
And the breeze, I think, rejoices  
In the cadence of the shore.

Children splash about in crab-pools,  
Build their castles in the sand.  
Here am I, but little older,  
Lying idle, sea-breeze fanned.

While they build one gray sand castle,  
I build hundreds in the air,  
Mine are every bit as fragile,  
Intricate beyond compare.

As I watch the waves break nearer,  
Watch them spraying, foaming, fall;  
Unrelenting, swallow roadway,  
Drawbridge, walls and castle—all.

Then, I wonder if my castles,  
If my dreams, ambitions, too,  
Will surrender to Life's breakers,  
As the children's castles do.

I'd be sorry, for I love them,  
Love to gild, with silver lighten,  
Sprinkle them with gleam of moon-beam,  
Or their walls with star-dust brighten.

When the sea breaks o'er a castle,  
Children build new ones instead.  
So will I, too, if my dream-world  
Tumbles down around my head!

## THE BARRIER INSURMOUNTABLE

BEATRICE HECHT

The Yangste is a muddy, turbid stream which rolls slowly and irresistibly through a broad and fertile valley. Its banks teem with squalid huts, each with thatched roof, dirt floor, smoke-blackened walls, paper windows, and low door. Mile after mile of terraced rice fields extend in all directions, not a square foot is left uncultivated, for every inch means much to the half-starved peasants.

In truth, theirs is a wretched life; bound by the fetters of ancestor worship, bound by the necessity of ever struggling for food, bound by the fear of death, which stalks with rapid strides through their midst; they have no chance. Only a few have sought to redeem their fellows and these have failed. Here is the story of one of them:

Cho Ko San was the daughter of San Ko, a farmer of Chin-Kiang, and San Hai, his wife. The latter could not endure her harsh lot, being one of the better educated Chinese—so she threw herself into the river and sought relief in death—leaving her husband and baby daughter to mourn her loss. Two years later the farmer betrothed his daughter, now twelve years of age, to Kang Hai, the son of Kang Ling, a chair bearer.

San Ko sent his daughter to school, where she remained until the age of fifteen. Then she persuaded her father to send her to college in America, where she afterwards studied medicine. She was converted from Confucianism to Christianity, and became an ardent follower of her new faith. She practised medicine for two years, and then returned to Chin-Kiang to educate her people and minister to their needs.

From a thin, lanky, ill-proportioned girl of eight, clad in a loose blue cotton naukeen, she grew into a tall, well-formed woman, dressed in plain, serviceable blue serge suit, with a light straw hat upon her head. She walked with a light, springing step, as if she had no burdens to bear in this world;

her black eyes flashed with pent-up energy and determination. Her black hair hung down in two loose braids, giving her an appearance of simple neatness very much in contrast with the untidiness of the ordinary Chinese girl.

Her work was progressing slowly, for the Chinese are slow to think and slow to act, and her doctrines seemed so new and startling that they thought them almost heretical. But, now and again, thanks to Cho's energy, a new convert would come into the fold. It was inspiring work, for one did much good for others, thought Cho as she walked toward home one evening—and one is surely blessed in doing it.

She came in sight of her house and espied her aged father sitting outside. She ran up to him with a cheerful "Good evening, honorable father." Cho made a "ching" to the old man as she spoke.

He returned her greeting and added, "For you there is a visitor; he is inside."

Cho was immediately filled with curiosity. Who was the visitor? Could it be Mr. Thompson the missionary? No, for he had paid his weekly visit only two days ago. Then who was it? She stepped inside the door and saw a figure huddled upon the "k'ang."

At the noise of her entry a short, thick-set man with tattered clothes and blotched face came toward her. He gurgled in a gruff voice, "Honorable Gu-miang, it is I, the T'sunk-ing Kang Hai, come to get my beautiful 'Basket and Broom.' "(wife)

Cho drew back dazed for a moment, then the flood of memory returned to her, this was Kang Hai, her betrothed, this repulsive, degenerate wreck, with his evil leer and puffed face! This man was to be her husband! And her work? It was characteristic of her that she thought of her work first,—and her work must be renounced, her life work, her aspirations, her ideals, all must be sacrificed for this man? No, never, a thousand no's, she would refuse. Then swift upon the heels of this thought, came the thought of her father; he would insist upon the fulfillment of the marriage contract. She knew him, and she knew that he was secretly glad that

his daughter would have no further chance to disturb his ancestors by her teachings. She knew that she was doomed.

Hai repeated his greeting, impatiently wondering why it was not answered. Cho awoke from the reverie into which she had sunk, with a start. She made a great effort and sobbed out through the tears, which were now beginning to fall, "Is it you, Kang Hai,—have you—eaten—rice?" this last almost mechanically, for it is the stereotyped greeting in China.

Then she sank back on the "*k'ang*" where she broke down completely and buried her face in the bedding.

Hai, taken back at these actions, rushed out to San Ko and related Cho's actions to him in evident bewilderment. Her father could understand her feelings partially; so he said to Hai, "It is all right, honorable son; she is sick. Let us wait and she will recover quite. Haiyah! But soon we shall have a wedding—may then ever happiness be yours, my son!"

"So long my honorable father bless me, I am happy," murmured Hai.

That night was a sleepless one for Cho; she had cried her fill and could think calmly now while the others snored in the adjacent room. Her father had left her that evening with a strict reminder of her filial duty, and she knew that all hope from that direction was lost. Supposing she should flee? But no, that was no use, for the hue and cry would be raised the next day and she would surely be recaptured, if indeed a worse fate did not befall her. She shuddered; was there no way out, none at all? Only one, but she could not bear to think of that, for her mother had taken that way! But should she then submit to be the wife of this filthy creature? Never! Secure in the decision, she rested quietly until morning, although sleep was impossible.

The wedding was set for three days ahead. The first two passed as if in a dream, but the last dragged on interminably with the horror of anticipation.

She sat looking at her mother's slippers all day. . . . .

The dawn of the wedding day broke at last: the house was made ready, the ancestors were propitiated, and all other preparations were made. The hour approached and the chair-

bearers came to seek the bride. No answer; they entered her room, she was not there—

The Yangste sweeps on with muddy, turbid waters between terraced banks on which stand the filthy huts and the filthier people; always the same slow even rate, no eddies or rapids, but unswerving and irresistible. The same flood, tainted with the muck of ages, moves without noise or resistance—but moving, ever moving—on towards the sea.

### THE DREAMY MONKEY

WINIFRED MACKAYE

In the wildest and most beautiful jungle in Africa, lived three monkeys, the father and mother with their little child. Their child was the wonder and marvel of the jungle and, by and by, would be, her mother prophesied, the wonder and marvel of all Africa.

The tales, spread around about her by her adoring parents, made the other animals rather cynical at first, but after seeing her in all her youthful beauty, hanging pensively by her tail from the highest branch of the cocoanut tree, with dreams of her future in her soft brown eyes, they became very humble and agreed to wait and see before becoming cynical again. Her mother said that surely her child would be queen in her eighteenth year.

Now in the tree right next to this family lived another family of a much lower order. There was one son in the family who was annoyingly energetic; he always seemed to be busy about something, generally storing up treasures, such a contrast to the beautiful one who swung languorously from the tree tops, forming the loveliest ideals for herself.

So time went on, until the dreamy monkey and the busy monkey were both almost eighteen. The dreamy monkey really had been busy in her own way; every day she had had the sweetest thoughts as she swung by her tail and

daintily munched a cocoanut; it was quite certain she would be queen.

As for the busy monkey, he went around storing up treasures in his own way.

Just as the parents of the dreamy monkey were actually planning the palace for their child, a terrible famine struck the jungle. The cocoanuts shrivelled up. The grass grew brown and dry. The flowers stopped growing and all the animals, half starved, rushed to the beautiful queen-to-be, and begged her to save them. But she shook her head as she swung gracefully by her tail from her favorite branch and her liquid eyes looked far off to a time when there would be no more famines.

Her parents were never able to explain what followed. Something saved the jungle, for that impertinent, busy little monkey was seen dealing out nuts of all kinds to the starving animals and they, the ungrateful ones, the blindly foolish ones made him king forever, while *their* dear child swung sadly by her tail, dreaming dreams of the kind of queen she would be.

MORAL: If you want to be something, it is nearly always necessary to do something.

## SKETCHES

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### THE TOWN OF SINGING STREETS

MARY VAUX WHITFORD

There is a town I know and know well that lies between two shining blue rivers and is very old. The rivers flow together forming a wide wind-ruffled bay, whose waves beat against a protecting stone breakwater, at times with such vigor that their salty spray is flung high into the air, falling at length on flashing flowers in sun-bright gardens.

"My" town is not like any other town in these broad and far-reaching United States. That is my opinion, but I, who have not "roamed the world widely," do not offer it on the strength of that alone. It is also the opinion of those who have been "here and there and everywhere." Nowhere else, say the travel-stained, will you find such mellow-toned old houses, narrow and rambling with their gable ends poking themselves inquisitively out to the very sidewalks, and their green, green gardens hiding themselves from all prying people behind tall brick walls, a strange combination of friendliness and reserve. Nowhere else will you find such queer delightful people, at the same time chillingly exclusive and warmly hospitable. Little white-haired old ladies who always wear black and fine pompous old gentlemen with heavy headed walking-sticks. And beside all this there is a uniquely leisurely spirit, "time for this and something more," everything and everyone, from the unhurried street-cars to the even more unhurried occupants, seems to say.

But it is not of these things that I am writing, neither the queer delightful people nor their queer delightful homes.

We cling to the customs of our forefathers here and it is of one of these customs that I am writing, of the street sounds that are an inseparable part of the personality of the town. The rest I have given only because some back-ground is necessary in order that you may properly understand our "sounds." Of course, like all towns from Oshkosh to Ogontz, we have the metallic clang of street-cars and the shuffle of many feet on hard pavements, but these noises are subordinate to sounds that are peculiarly our own. Some of them are musical, others only vociferous, but they are all rhythmic. They play their part in the life of the town all through the year, but they are strongest and sweetest in the spring, when cardinals flash among dark magnolias, and mocking-birds call from the oaks.

When the early morning breeze drifts in at your window, bringing with it a dewy freshness free from the dusty smells of the later day, it brings also the first of these "street sounds." Faint and far away you hear it as it mingles with the breeze and the floating fragrance of the opening flowers. It is a song, rhythmic and melodious, something like a yodel. At first the words are indistinct, dimmed by the distance and your own sleepiness. You lie straining your ears in order to catch them and as the singer draws nearer and nearer your efforts are rewarded. The words, now very distinct, are:

"A—an it's raw, raw, raw—aw,  
A—an it's raw, raw, raw—aw,  
A—an it's raw, raw, raw SHRIMP."

If you take the trouble to get up and look out of the window, you will see below a little black man, fairly fascinating in his ragged disarray and his likeness to an ape. On his head he carries a huge tray heaped high with shrimp, greenish-gray and damp.

He is only one among many. For several hours to come you have "raw shrimp" in infinite variety. Some times it is:

"Raw shrimp, raw shrimp, RAW SHR-I-MP," sung in a monotone until the end where there is a grand finale and a tremendous crescendo ritard. Or again:

"Shrim-pey, raw, raw. Shrim-pey, raw, raw," with a sharp emphatic rise on the "pey." Truly the cry-schemes are as diverse and individual as modern metries, though the subject-matter may not be always so inspiring.

As the sun climbs high and hot the "shrimpey raws" and "raw shrimps" give way to other cries. An enormously fat negro woman—they are all black, these vendors—waddles along proclaiming in surprisingly sweet tones:

"I got yo' *sib-bi* beans,  
Yo' fine fresh *sib-bi* beans."

A stalwart mulatto man in a red flannel shirt and a battered straw hat sings a "lyrical lay" to his "red rose tymatus and o—o—okry." Even if they simply vociferate, and some of them certainly do, there is a pleasing quality in the insistent reiterated rhythm of:

"Sna' be-eans, *sna'* beans, sna' be-eans, *sna'* beans."

Sometimes another cry creeps in among the criss-cross of "sna' beans" and "red rose tymatus," and a tall brilliantly dressed woman, balancing on her head a basket of delicate white swamp-lilies and long trails of yellow jessamine, moves with a slow balanced grace down the shaded street.

Then there is the startling cry of:

"Ladies git yo' monkey meat,  
Come git yo' monkey meat."

When you rush out to solve the mysterious cannibalism, you see standing on the corner a smiling turbaned old "Mauma." With a deep curtsey and a "Howdey da'lín'" she offers you her wares, little round brown cakes of cocoanut and molasses.

Gradually the baskets and wheel-barrows and little carts are empty and the vendors go quietly home. Not even then are our streets like other streets. More persistent than the rattle of delivery-wagons, more persistent than the whirr of automobiles, comes the sound of singing and whistling. Every town has its incidental whistlers, generally none too musical news-boys, but in "my" town the whistling and singing is more than incidental. The streets are seldom free

from it. Sometimes it is a gay popular air and again it will be a plaintive plantation melody.

When the darkness comes bringing once more a welcome freshness, free from those hot smells of the day, the strum of a guitar or the high shrill note of a mandolin is often added to the singing.

One evening just before going to bed I heard outside a sweet deep-toned song accompanied by the minor cords of a guitar. Looking from my window that "poked itself inquisitively out upon the street," I saw a negro man sitting on the curbstone below playing his guitar contentedly while he waited for one of our unhurried street cars that was moving slowly up the street.

"Yes, we *are* slow," I thought, "but, thank heavens, we have time to sing."



### STARLIGHT

LOUISE DOROTHY BLOOM

Silver starshine sifting down  
On a sleepy silver town,  
It is you that softly kissed  
By a lake of amethyst  
Pussy-willows shyly growing  
Where the first spring-wind was blowing.

Silver starshine sifting down  
On a sleepy silver town,  
It is you that first espied  
Violet-buds all purple dyed  
And in a gray-green, mossy vale  
Through too much kissing made them pale.

Silver starshine sifting down  
On a sleepy silver town,  
Lover of the violet blue,  
Pussy-willow's lover too,  
Filter softly through the trees  
And vanish with the morning breeze.

## POETRY AND I

MARION ELLET

"God made a Paradise for Fools and straight forbade  
Its seraph-guarded gates to all His thriftier wise."

And because I am not one of "His thriftier wise," and because "I know what it is to be vagrant born," I can enter this Paradise hand in hand with poetry, and become dizzy with rhyme and drunk with the wine of beautiful words. No, not intoxicated—just drunk, in the strictest sense. I have often been drunk with verse. I have read until my head swam and my hands shook and I couldn't concentrate. Oh, it's a wonderful thing to be able to enter the "Fools' Paradise"; but when I'm safe within its golden gates and listening to the great symphony of the ages, I don't want to hear about the man who, "each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees it close." I don't want to hear about duty and patience and honest toil. When I enter the "Fools' Paradise" I enter because I'm sick unto death of duty and patience and honest toil. I prefer to hear about the tramp who spent his last cent with a strolling pipe-player, "then supperless laid him down that night and slept beneath the stars." In short, I don't like highly moral or edifying poetry.

There are times when I go to bed at night and "the wander-thirst is on me" and tortures me until I think I'll go mad. Then Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey come hand in hand singing "Launa Dee" and "The Sea Gypsy" and "The Lost Comrade," and Burns comes with his drinking-songs, and Omar Khay-yam with his book of verse and his loaf of bread, and then I go to sleep.

Then sometimes I'm disgusted and bitter. At such times I read Walt Whitman or some of Masters' scathing, sarcastic epitaphs, and I laugh till I cry, and then I feel better. Then again, the rebellion in me fairly boils, so that nothing seems to afford the necessary sympathy but Adelaide Crapsey's tirade against submission. "And if the many sayings of the

wise teach of submission I will not submit—I'll not be patient, I will not be still."

But there are other nights when I'm too tired and sad to be either restless, or bitter, or rebellious; then the spirit of Matthew Arnold comes, and I recite "Thyrsis" over and over until I go to sleep. The other night, when the last notes of the Comner bard were nearly sung and I was on the border land of sleep, I began trying to put Thyrsian angels together, then gradually I realized that Thyrsis had no angels—then at last I awoke, delighted at my discovery, yet horrified at the blasphemy I had committed.

And now you understand my relationship to Poetry. She's just a good comrade with a ready understanding and sympathy for my every mood. Two "vagabondish sons of God" are we, two boon companions wandering through life together. Yet, "who shall say I do not play my rôle

Because I do not clamor in the street  
Nor raise my hand to swell the frenzied strife,  
But rather choose with song to worship life?"

### THE RUNE OF THE TIDES

BARBARA WHITE

Swirling back,  
Swirling forth,  
Dashing with spite on the shore,  
Pouring up,  
Slipping out,  
We splash on the wet rocks once more.  
Rising high,  
Sinking low,  
We follow the call of the moon.  
Weary and ever restless  
We struggle, and this is our rune.

## AN UNORTHODOX PROPOSAL

MATHILDE SHAPIRO

HE. Well, Miss Arch-Feminist, you couldn't be consistent if you tried, you see.

SHE. What do you mean?

HE. You want all the benefits accruing from absolute, unconditional equality with men while you shy at the first suggestion of a few unpleasant duties it may entail.

SHE. What did you have for dinner tonight?

HE. (*Ignoring her remark.*) You know from your rich experience that er—asking for a person's hand is a most painful proceeding. Yes?

SHE. I don't know. I never asked for one.

HE. But how many have asked for yours?

SHE. Never mind. Go on.

HE. And you have watched them wriggle, haven't you?

SHE. Go on.

HE. (*With a Granville Barker wave of the hand and clearing his throat as if to address a court.*) Well, my dear, now that we have solved one of the riddles of the universe and have come to the conclusion that we are equal in every respect, why, I ask you, should the lop-sided arrangement that obtained in the *status quo* continue?

SHE. Oh, Prince of Jargon, tell me, whatever are you driving at? What's the idea?

HE. Why must the man still go through the beastly ordeal of putting the fateful question?

SHE. What question? (*Quickly.*) I don't see the slightest necessity for anyone's putting any question. You are particularly stupid tonight.

HE. And you are particularly ungenerous tonight. You won't help me at all. I am imply making an urgent plea for the abolition of the present convention that is so obviously unfair to men. Whoever gets the idea first should ask.

SHE. As usual you get caught in the meshes of your own chaotic logic. It's *your* idea. Start something.

HE. Is it my idea? —Er—excuse me. Please—won't you? Just this once?

SHE. Take a walk in the garden. You might come to.

HE. Sylvia!

SHE. Don't look at me like that. You make my backbone creep. Let me go, you young idiot!

HE. Sylvia, I love—

SHE. Don't say it! Go easy with the sob stuff, man. I can't stand it. Easy—Please—(*She breaks away.*) Whew! What do you take me for? A' old newspaper?

HE. Well, if you think we can get on better, you stand against that wall and I'll stand here. Now. We love each—

SHE. Please!

HE. Excuse me. So thoughtlessly bourgeois of me to have referred to a mere human emotion. Well, then—er—we sort of—er—like the same pictures.

SHE. Do we?

HE. Don't we?

SHE. I suppose so.

HE. Why shouldn't we marry?

SHE. Yes, why shouldn't we? One rhetorical question's as good as another.

HE. You ask me.

SHE. Give you the glorious chance of refusing me? I guess not.

HE. I won't ask you first—on principle. *Please.*

SHE. No, I will not. If you're so anxious to blow proposals all over the place, do it yourself. I'm going to—

HE. Ah! An idea!

SHE. Don't tell me! Hold on to it!

HE. Let's both ask together.

SHE. Well—

HE. Come on. Be a sport. One—two—three. Get ready. Set. Go!

HE. { Will you marry—  
SHE. }

SHE. No! (*Swift exit.*)

HE. Just like a woman! Couldn't play fair in a million years!

## STARNBERG

CONSTANCE WINSOR MC LAUGHLIN

Far away in a country of flower-fields and sunlight, of green forests and bird-song, of silent, snow mountains and happy, picturesque peasants lay long ago the loveliest graveyard in the world. Its gleaming white headstones, crumbling with age and toppling over upon the graves, dotted the turf within the walls in pleasant, neat confusion. Two old cypresses and a maple tree threw their shadows across the yard, while their leaves stirred lightly in the gentle, ever-blown breeze. Faintly marked paths meandered between the graves and ran together at the church doorstep in the corner of the yard. Everywhere the grass grew brilliantly green, long and lush save where the buttercups and gentians ran riot in glowing patches of yellow and bright blue. Daisies and cornflowers waved among them. Their mild fragrance mingled with the haunting, poignant odor of rambler roses and filled the air with a warm sweetness mindful of happy dreams and elusive memories. Crimson ramblers clambered over the white walls round the churchyard until they had converted the dull stone into a bank of flaming color. They had even attacked the old church itself, and its walls were red with roses too, and higher up green with ivy. Only the Gothic doorway showed brown. The church was small but it had a graceful bell tower that broke the sky-line pleasantly. And from the belfry every morning and every evening rang out the deep, sweet-toned bell summoning the villagers to prayer.

Beyond the walls that hemmed the churchyard in, the village and the fields. Quaint little houses there were, and narrow, cobble-stone streets, and then the odd checker-board of the peasants' holdings. From the very doorsteps of the village and the old church stretched away a lake of cool clear greenness, the startling, vivid green of the glacier stream.

Overhead arched a sky day after day intensely blue where large, puffy white clouds slowly sailed. And by night the sky was still deep blue, though blacker and splashed with white stars. Ringing the horizon round rose wonderful snow-mountains; those farthest away across the mountain lake faded off into a strange, mystic blur of cloud and distance, a long-drawn jagged line of white against the blue. The mountain at whose foot the village and the graveyard lay, towered up in silent majesty, awing, aloof, veiled with mystery as impenetrable as the snow on its summit. Yet its lower slopes which came down to the lake were friendly with forests of fir. There they stood, those mountains, guarding the little valley with its quiet village and old churchyard.

That was in a land that is no more. The serene quiet of the churchyard that made the little enclosure seem like the Garden of Rest for the living as well as the dead is no longer serene. In those far away days before the war that beautiful graveyard at Starnberg was a place in which to seek peace of soul,—and to find it. That spirit of peace and simple, quiet content is now gone. That graveyard is no longer a happy place to linger. How long must it be thus? Who may say? All this was a long, long time ago.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### "NURSING THE FLU"

CATHRYN FLOETE

"What are you going to do today?"

"Husk corn at Gleason's," I answered with forced enthusiasm considering the fact that I had lost ten thumbnails in excellent condition upon the fields of corn the day before.

"Husk corn!" My interrogator's nose tilted in derision. "I am going tobaccoing," she said.

"I should love that," I cried. "What do you have to do?"

"Oh just string it up," she explained vaguely. This pastime smacked of guess games. It appealed to me.

"Get me a job," I pleaded.

"If Ruth goes to New York, you can have her place."

Kay on my left, broke in with—"Why Ruth's gone—went last night."

"Then the job is mine. Ha, the filthy weed for me."

"But Betty," said my room-mate when I told her of my fortune while I donned my farm clothes, "we might get called to nurse."

"Why Fran," I answered in the same admonishing tone. "Miss Wright said we could farm in the day time and she'd call us at night if she wanted us. Think what two dollars would mean to my lean and hungry purse."

"But Miss Wright, you know, said herself she was not a woman of her word in these stricken times. We might get our call this a. m."

"Call her up," I advised grandly flourishing the big boot I was about to get into. "But I don't think there's any use."

"Hurry Betty, he's here," someone yelled from below.

I tore out of the house and was falling head first into Mr. Vollinger's truck when my room-mate's hurrying feet overtook me. "If we stick around," she gasped, "we'll get called to nurse. Get out."

It was only a matter of a few seconds before I was out and standing before Fran. I was not aware that the truck had left us. My brain was slowly grasping the meaning of what she meant—what that meant. "Nursing!" Cold fear clutched my heart. "Nurse!" I, Betty Brown—nurse. "Fran," I called in a terror-stricken voice, "I can't. I've forgotten every single thing I ever learned at Home Nursing." "Don't be a quitter!" Whether she meant to insult me or bolster up my flagging spirit, I don't know. I was too perturbed to care.

"It is not that," I answered. "But I'll be responsible for a real live human being. If I make one mistake it will be fatal—for the first time another life is involved in my success or failure."

"You know, Betty, you're not going to be the head nurse exactly."

"That's right, Fran, I'm not." I cheered up considerably. But I still had that queer feeling in the pit of my stomach.

The call came. We packed our bags with all our clean white skirts and waists and underwear, wrapped our puffs around us, clutched a bag in each hand and ascended the hill of the "Libe" to Hatfield House. We were taken to our rooms. I felt like a person in a strange land. I opened the window of my single and then started to unpack. Suddenly a familiar voice assailed me, then another. Old friends came in and pounced upon me. I had not passed the baptism of my first "on duty" but they had already accepted me as one of them. They evidently were confident that I could do it. I felt more assured. I was anxious to get to the hospital. I was curious to see how this poor weak Betty Brown could conduct herself under fire. I—"Time for 'B' shift to go up," said some one.

"We have two shifts," explained Jane. "'A' goes up at seven until ten in the a. m. 'B' from ten until one, then 'A' goes from two until four and 'B' from four until six. You come with 'B' today but tomorrow you are to go with 'A'."

They gave me a mask, apron, and a towel. They all chattered and laughed just as merrily as if they were going to a simple, childish, college class,—not as if they were marching forth to help in the struggle of life and death. I was silent. I only spoke when spoken to, smiled when smiled at, I trying to remember just how Mrs. Pomeroy had taught me to change a draw-sheet with the patient in the bed. We were at the hospital. How often I had passed that big pile of red brick, gaily bound for the country club! We entered the door. There was a combination of smells, disinfectants and medicine. It stifled me. I mechanically followed the veteran nurses down to a room where we laid aside our coats, donned masks and aprons. We proceeded down the hall again, dipped our hands in Lysol and then with a calm air, I mounted the steps to "B" ward with knees cracking together. I smiled at the nurse to whom Marj and Helen spoke and then realized that my mask was doing double duty, concealing my facial expression as well as keeping out certain little germs. Everybody left me. Each one knew what to do and was doing it quietly and efficiently. The Head Nurse had vanished.

"Nu—urse!" It was my first call to arms. A call which was to amuse—disturb me in the days to come. I stepped quickly to the bed of my first patient. I breathed a prayer to myself—"Please, dear God, don't let it be a mustard bath."

"Ice water," requested a feverish voice, "and have plenty of ice."

"In just a minute," I answered and was surprised that my voice sounded quite natural. I did not know where a glass or ice-box was. I found out after a few seconds of rapid investigation. The afternoon wore on and I found myself doing things that I had forgotten I could do. Why, I had no idea I could remember so much! I soon learned to know the patients through the help of Grace and Jean who were always ready to give me advice. I learned that the little deaf and

dumb girl did not have a "tummy ache" when she rubbed the central portion of her anatomy but that she was hungry, that the old lady whom they called "Dear, Dear," who was paralyzed and could only say those two words, either wanted her leg moved to a more comfortable position or the window closed or another cup of coffee, depending on the tone color of her voice. I learned that one is credited with a fair amount of common sense which she is expected to use, and to act without asking questions. I am cured of the terrible feeling of helplessness which used to sweep over me at the sight of a sick person. I feel that if there is ever any emergency call for nurse's aid again that I will be able to answer with a fair amount of intelligence. It has been an experience truly invaluable. I would go into anything now with great confidence because of it. Just to think that that course I took in Home Nursing almost two years ago was actually good for something! I have decided at last, it is worth while to prepare for the future. I want to take every practical course offered.

I feel like a little boy who bought him a big base drum.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"For who knows," said he, "when the war will come?"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"If ever the war should come to this land,

I want to be ready to play in the band,"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

## QUERIES OF THE QUARANTINED

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

"Why can't I kiss Jane Mabel Jones?  
For two weeks we've been parted.  
I don't see why they say I can't,  
The College is hard-hearted!"

"Oh I beseech you not to kiss!"  
Said the Dean in accents prayerful,  
"For you might get a germ or two,  
I beg you to be careful!"

"Oh why must we walk two by two  
From each class we hurry?  
I'd rather go the good old way,  
This is a dreadful worry."

"Oh you must keep your even lines,"  
The Dean replied aghast,  
"For if you got them all mixed up  
The germs might get excited."

"Why was it that the other day  
When we were all in Latin,  
I had to sit three feet away  
From the seat Jane Mabel sat in?"

"The germs are bad," the Dean replied,  
"The germs come fast and thickly,  
And if you held Jane Mabel's hand,  
I fear me you'd get sickly."

"To have a caller is Taboo,  
To leave town is unlawful;  
I'm tired of all this quarantine,  
Oh don't you think it's awful?"

"I surely do," the poor Dean sighed,  
"It's a dreadful bother,  
But it's much better than the Flu."  
The Student murmured, "Rather!"

## FARMERS ALL

NATALIE KENT

"There's onions, they're for remembrance,—and potatoes, they're for thoughts," you murmur ruefully as you push back a lock of hair out of your eyes and begin scrubbing at your hands with a nail-brush.

Remembrance, indeed, and thoughts of mine that recent events have strangely altered. Your hands had been so smooth, your fingernails so polished, your blond hair so waved and netted. Altogether an ornamental person you seemed, but not very useful-looking. For these thoughts I now most humbly ask your pardon.

Undreamed-of things had occurred,—an epidemic, an ultimatum, an exodus. The storm of telegrams, long-distance calls and leave-takings was at last followed by a great calm, and only those of us were left behind who lived too far away to go home or were indulging in war-time economy. We had always wondered what college would be like *sans* classes and we felt that this was a good chance to find out; but there was a strange new atmosphere that discouraged idleness and self-indulgence. Besides, there was no real opportunity for frivolity; the President and the Dean had seen to that. We could not all be nurses' aides,—and we had nothing to do.

Who started it? Nobody knows. Early one morning, however, a motley crew assembled and marched away toward the potato fields. Maud Muller, picturesquely clad, would not have recognized us, and those Watteau shepherdesses would have turned up their pretty painted noses at such practical but unbecoming costumes,—“gym” bloomers, goloshes, a torn “middy”; that disreputable old skirt you had been trying to wear out for three years; a hat that your mother had begged you not to take back to college this fall.

We worked, ah, yes, in corn fields, potato fields, onion fields, beet fields. Those farm-yards that we had passed so often in our country walks will never again have that same imperson-

al meaning; they will bring back thoughts of blistered hands, of aching backs, of smarting, sun-burned faces. There will come other thoughts,—the memory of scarlet maples, mountains seen dimly through grey mist, cloudless blue sky. One morning you found a whole nest of pathetic baby field-mice among the corn-stalks and as we stood looking at them a huge cat suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular and swallowed them before our eyes. It made us feel rather queer for a while, but by the time the farmer had arrived with the hot coffee nothing could have affected our appetites and you were the first at the lunch-basket to see if the cook had felt it necessary to put in salmon sandwiches again. No, they were minced ham, and what wonderful coffee! You wondered with a touch of compunction how they could manage to have it so sweet and still keep within the sugar allowance. Dinner at night was never so delicious as in those days and bed as we tumbled in seemed strangely softer and more comfortable. You tried to stay awake to consider these things for a while but somehow you couldn't ever manage it.

Remembrance, indeed. You will not regret your blistered hands. For you the taste of apples, the smell of burning leaves and the light of the harvest-moon have taken on an added significance, a new connotation. What if the nation is going dry and college lessons are even more so? We can still clink glasses and, in sparkling cider, drink to the days when, in spite of tan and freckles, we valiantly achieved "a place in the sun."

## REVIEWS

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*Joan and Peter.* By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This new book by Mr. Wells, "the story of an education," is highly characteristic of the author—brilliant, interesting, and inconclusive. It is the story of a great experiment in twentieth century training, written for the readers and thinkers of the modern age who are struggling with the same current problems as are presented here. It is the story of the bringing-up of Joan and Peter, and the effervescent spirit of Mr. Wells is interpreted in the careers of these two favored children of England.

Their early childhood is spent in a comfortable, modern home. They are given every opportunity to develop in an atmosphere of easy freedom and of unconventionality. At the proper age they are sent to the school of St. George and the Venerable Bede, which is described with delightful satire. Provided with an insufficient amount of booklearning and possessing a wealth of delightful child impressions, Joan and Peter, at the age of ten, are intrusted to the sole care of Oswald Sydenham, V. C., who has been invalidated home from Africa, where he was engaged in the business of civilizing the people in the darkest parts of the continent. It is then that the great experiment begins, and it is largely through the eyes of this pathetic but lovable figure that we follow the progress of his young wards. His work among the savage people of Africa has failed. His health is poor. The guardianship of Joan and Peter comes as an alleviation of his own suffering. He accepts the responsibility, and considers how he shall be-

gin the task of educating them. Of course they must be sent to school. There is money with which to send them to the best schools which can be found in the Empire. But how are the best schools to be found? Oswald consults wth the Education Department. They can tell him nothing. Then he visits one school after another and pours out his contempt for their educational system into the tired ears of the school Heads. He is determined that his wards shall be trained to take active parts in the work of the Empire. There is no way but to experiment, and Joan and Peter are sent to various public and private schools, and finally to Cambridge.

All this time, Joan and Peter are developing under the kindly influence of their guardian and are brought, too, under the influence of a number of interesting friends. Mr. Wells suggests that through the exchange of ideas with these modern young people and the constant association with Oswald, Joan and Peter receive a large part of their education, but at the end of the book, the author has succeeded no better than did Oswald in mapping out for England an educational system which should furnish adequate training of the proper kind to fit the growing generation to meet the demands for service of the twentieth century.

The book is too long; there are criticisms and views which are irritating; but it is thoroughly enjoyable. The characters are more nearly human beings than most of Mr. Wells' characters, and through them he pours out his theories on subjects which are of vital interest to us today. There are some masterful descriptions that show Mr. Wells at his best—Peter's life in the Royal Flying Corps is perhaps the most excellent one. The appeal of contemporary experience is especially strong to those who are themselves living through an experiment, and it is to be urged that everyone who has not read *Joan and Peter* will include in their reading list this "Story of an Education."

C. B. C.

## EDITORIAL

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### NON DE GUSTIBUS SED DE CONCEPTIBUS

They do not have opinions; they do not discuss; they do not think. Several years ago this indictment was not infrequently brought against American college students. By comparison with their fellow students of European universities the American college boy—for he had earned but little right to the title *man*—was found pitifully puerile. In so far as he had beliefs or ideals he had only what had been handed out to him. Dazedly, blindly he defended the tariff because,—why because his father was a republican. Woman suffrage was bad because he had heard that woman's sphere was the home. Art, philosophy, politics, subjects that men at Oxford and Cambridge and continental universities were discussing intelligently and interestedly were to him worse than Greek. (He could usually read the letters on the door-plates of the fraternity houses.) Even when he did not choose his courses by those two excellent rules: nothing in the afternoon and nothing above the first floor, even if he allowed himself actually to think about his studies, his intellectual life was confined to the class room; all serious mental effort was dispensed with when that door closed behind him.

Many American educators pessimistically agreed with foreign critics in this view. Perhaps it was all true. Certainly to some degree it was so. But it is true no longer. Not only by physical sacrifice but by increased intellectual effort as well are the men thus accused proving their worthiness to stand by the side of our allies. These thoughtless

students, though students no more, are thinking of things that they had never considered before, and the result, as everyone knows, is going to be a changed world.

These charges, while aimed primarily at the men's colleges, must be brought no less against the women's institutions. Surely we could never have claimed any superiority on the score of seriousness of purpose and intellectual keenness in the days before the war. And now? We have changed. We are beyond doubt less trivial, more eager, far more determined to be of use than we gave promise of being two years ago. Yet with all our feverish fervor to contribute, are we using our time most wisely? We all are constantly busy, most of our fifteen hour day actually "working." None of us could be irresponsible as before. But do we not to a deplorable degree restrict our intellectual effort to our studies? Listen to the conversation of a group of students at the dinner table, in their rooms, or on the street. What are the topics? Personals, what "he said to me" and "I wrote to him," clothes, and a bulletin-like exchange of war news.

The arraignment is too severe? There is some discussion, of course. But what is the nature of it? Very rarely in most groups is it based on native ideas. That is, instead of the exchange of ideas that the students in question have worked out for themselves by their own tortuous thought processes, instead of the battle of attack and defense of these "native" products, we have the trading of what some popular writer or political man of letters like J. Hamilton Lewis has said, what the infallible Colonel maintained over against the opinion of some other public character. It is too often a contest for the most weightily authoritative quotation. And this is not real discussion at all.

Probably the trouble is more deep-seated than timidity of expressing oneself. Few of us that have lights, even if only of the electric flash variety, insist doggedly on hiding them under a bushel of shyness. Is not the situation, which observation will surely prove to the unbiased spectator to be but little exaggerated, is not the situation due to the failure to have serious ideas to exchange? In spite of interest in

the war, how intelligent are we in the consideration of what it is all about? We take the words from the mouths of our professors and quote them fluently without pausing to reflect whether we really agree or would agree after studying the matter for ourselves. How many of us know what we think about socialism, the economic independence of women, free speech, the reduction of armaments, or, to be truly comprehensive, the ultimate nature of things? We know what our fathers think, what the accepted beliefs of our social stratum is, perhaps what our friends over there write us, that they, the men in the trenches, are saying in these matters. Do we know what *we* think? Do we think?

Yes, we are more earnest than we were. Are we correspondingly more thoughtful? Everyone accepts the prospect of our soldiers returning with new ideas worked out and put to the test of fire. They, the men with whom we have lived and played, are thinking and discussing now as never before. They are no longer far behind their European brother-students. Is it not a challenge to us to keep up with them?

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*In Memoriam*

DOROTHEA CARLILE

1900-1918

ANNA MORRISSEY HAYES

1898-1918

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## EDITOR'S TABLE

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In these swift-moving days when impressions and problems from the outside world are crowding in upon us with dizzying speed, a true sense of perspective is more to be sought than ever before.

This can be gained only by reading, for which there is abundant opportunity offered in our well-stocked periodical room. All of us can find some time each day to devote to reading the newspapers and current magazines, and surely our time could not be more profitably spent, and our table conversation would be considerably enriched thereby. Who of us has not smarted at some vacation time under the displeasure of our family when our ignorance of some topic of the hour is discovered and shamelessly dragged forth into the light of day? There is the scorn of our adolescent brothers, of boy-scout age and temperament, there is Mother's quizzical lifting of the eye-brows, and Father's quiet remark that "evidently Daughter's many activities at Smith did not include a detailed consideration of current events." Whereupon we have mentally formulated certain definite resolves and spent the rest of the evening immersed in the literature that covers the library table.

Reading and intelligent discussion are the surest ways to gain a sense of perspective and an intelligent comprehension of those many problems the world is facing today. We have limitless opportunities here at college for learning worthwhile things, and if we avail ourselves of them, at least it can never be said of us, "Anything colossal, even stupidity, is worthy of admiration!"

A. I. P.

## AFTER COLLEGE

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### PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Ruth Waleott, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

### ENGAGEMENTS

- '17. Margaret Alling to Dwight Sargent.  
Louise Hompe to Lieutenant George Ray, U. S. N.  
Esther Lippitt to Lieutenant Theodore Hairland.  
Dorothy Cole to Lieutenant Warner Sturtevant.

### MARRIAGES

- '16. Virginia Andrews to William Morris Smith on June 29th.  
Agnes Betts to Hugh W. McCulloch on June 22nd. Mr. McCulloch  
is now in France.  
Florence McDowell Bliss to Mr. E. P. Ferguson, who is a Lieutenant  
in the Ordnance Department, stationed in Paris.  
Marguerite H. White to H. Edward Stockwell on July 8th.  
Ethel Brennan to Arthur Driscoll, September 5th.  
Rosamond Celce to George Hallett, September 17th.  
Eleanor Coolidge to John Wood, September 18th.  
Dorothy Emerson to Edward Morse, September 7th.  
Doris Gardner to Sheridan Colson.  
Florence Miner to Walter Farr, U. S. N.  
Stella Rosoff to Doctor S. Berger, September 6th.  
Gwendolyn Stanton to Charles Hubbard.  
Marguerite Swift to Captain Fletcher Clark, Junior, September  
25th.  
Mary Thayer to Julius Bixler, September 21st.  
Eleanor Wood to Raymond Thomsen, October 3rd.  
Ellen P. Wood to Albert Hicks.

## OTHER NOTES

- '16. Elizabeth Edsall is taking a course in nursing at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. She was at the Vassar Training Camp this summer.
- Amy (Cowing) Redfield is doing reconstruction work for shell shocked soldiers at Plattsburg.
- Helen James is Assistant Editor of "The Telephone Review," the New York Telephone Company's magazine.
- Grace Tolman is Assistant Supervisor of Music, State Normal School, Genesco, New York.
- '17. June Clark is studying and teaching music, and playing the organ in Chicago.
- Helen Grant is working in the Northern Trust Company.
- Mary Hiss and Nancy Hunt have war jobs in Washington, D. C.
- Inga Ravndal is doing Y. M. C. A. work in France.
- Florence Smith is continuing her course at the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.

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Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

December - 1918

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

CONSTANCE WINSOR McLAUGHLIN

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

NATALIE KENT

MARY VAUX WHITFORD

RUTH WINIFRED SEGGERMAN

ELIZABETH MANGAM

ELISE NINA STEYNE

CHARLOTTE BELL CRANDALL

AGNES ISABEL PIKE

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

RUTH WALCOTT

BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

MARGARET ROBERTS SHERWOOD

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ISABEL MACNABB

RUTH ADELAIDE PERRY

---

POE

FLORENCE E. WOLFE

When I was still at the age which is reconciled to the term "youngster," my parents put my intellectual training into the power of a governess who was, or believed herself to be, an analytical critic. Never did we read a book, hear a concert, feast on a picture, that she did not tear away the delight by insisting on an analysis of impressions. Since nine is an impressionable age, the desecration was most cruel. But greater minds than a mere Freshman's have discovered that as the twig is bent so the tree grows, and now I am to tear apart my impressions of Poe, to lay bare to myself and at least one read-

er what answering chords are struck in my mind and heart by his strange touch.

Those stories which have gained the name of the *Tales of Horror* have made the sharpest and deepest impressions, and their reflections must be distorted.

From the opening sentence, I am filled with a helpless, lonesome sense which increases and increases until I feel utterly deserted. No time, no space, no throb of life remains—there is only an impending force, a primitive might, a fear. And I, puny, am left alone with it. Then I am overwhelmed by my human insignificance. I am filled with the same sense that comes over me when I stand on a mountain ledge and look opposite at the clean, straight precipice with its direct fall to a dizzy depth. I had such a feeling when I looked down the Canyon—and I had such a feeling when I went down into the Maelstrom; only one made me thankful for a Creator and the other made me fear His force.

For a time I struggled against this, always experiencing it whenever I subjected myself to Poe's influence. When I learned from my rhetorics that this kind of thing was intentionally produced by an author, I sought Poe again and decided that his secrets were these:

Poe is never tangible, never physical, never warm. He gains his frigid temperature through his pure intellect. He has none of the notes or feelings which make the world a brotherhood. Even his characters are expository vehicles. One of them says, "Feelings with me have never been of the heart and my passions always were of the head." This is certainly Poe-esque. It is by these cold passions and intellectual feelings that all tangible, human, comfortable things have been swept away, and a sense of strangeness, of puny resistance, of no time, no space, of nothing but force, has been given.

His words are terse, tight. He has such remarkable economy of expression that even Edith Wharton might envy him. Each sentence is so packed with meaning that sometimes it is stifling. Each word beats toward the end. Each suggestion rips further toward the climax. Poe goes to the climax and end of his story with the directness, swiftness and

ruthlessness of a dagger. This is the source of the steady, pushed sensation in his *Tales of Horror*.

Poe's choice of words is uncanny,—“tarn”, “depend.” This choice of the unusual heightens the mysterious atmosphere. Poe treats his readers as my analytical governess treated me. She would overawe me, in her rebukes, by using long, unfamiliar words, and I would quail before the Unknown as I now quail before Poe's weird choice. One finds it far easier to admire the Poe vocabulary than to appreciate it, and infinitely easier than to like it. One of Poe's common experiences was the discovery that the minds of the five million were feeble compared to his own. He played this discovery with gallery zeal. He loved to make the world look silly.

In *Pit and Pendulum* and *Red Death*, the sentences follow in a rhythmic sequence which creates an atmosphere and settles the tone of the story in a few measures. As the intensity of torture, as the intensity of the feeling increases, the rhythm is shortened and quickened until the climax is marked by the sharp, short, taut taps of a death drum.

Poe was evidently a believer in the doctrine that work is the possession of all people. He worked hard himself to produce, but he makes his readers work also. He never used exclamation points—that task was the reader's. He produces the emotional strain by tuning the string to a strained pitch. He drags on one's emotional pitch and so produces the sense of being haunted by a demon, savage because of his force. “He was solitary in life, he was solitary in literature,” and he makes his readers vibrate to his solitude.

Poe was not interested in normal psychology or any of the things from which vital literature is made. He played with the abnormal, perhaps sub-normal. He proved that genius is independent of time and place.

Poe was absolutely devoid of humanity. His life lacked it, his work lacks it, and he sweeps it away from his readers. He tortures his readers. His art is a deliberate and conscious product. He is like an eastern god who wallows while his devotees writhe. He did not understand men, women, or children. He was even incapable of understanding himself,

although he had a supreme appreciation for his own achievements. He was never backward in praising Poe, even though the source of his genius was as much a mystery to him as to his contemporaries or biographers.

This lack of humanity is the secret of his unhappiness. Poe knew the game. Poe expected others to play according to rules which he played in his own way. Poe was a poor sportsman; and who, even a genius, can rightly be a poor sportsman?

While, in the language of the south, I am not "keen" for the man who emotionally harasses me, I admire his genius. He was a strange, exotic artist, a creator who worked under the most adverse criticism. He was a genius.

#### THE GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE

Suggested by a remark made by Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

Englishman, Australian, Ghurka, Sikh, together,  
Frenchman and American, faced the grim advance,  
Side by side they fought and fell in the great endeavor,  
All the gallant company, the Gentlemen of France.

New Zealander and Irishman—white and battered crosses  
Standing stern and silent where the crashing armies passed—  
These alone are left of them, cold and grim reminders  
Of the glorious vision that upheld them to the last.

Canadian and Highlander, we shall not forget you,  
Ideals that you have fought for we shall never cast aside,  
You have laid your lives upon the altar of our honor,  
They have killed your bodies, but your souls have never died.

You of many continents who have stood together  
At the Marne and Nancy, at Vimy Ridge and Rheims,  
You shall walk the fields again with glory in your faces—  
All your gallant company, the Gentlemen of France.

## FIFI

JUDITH MATLACK

*The scene is just some grass, rather smoothish, well-kept grass on the whole, interlaced with sunlight and shadows and greenness, both blue and yellow. There is a garden-bench near-by, not one of those new varnished articles of out-door furniture which blow away in a bundle of sticks at the least puff of wind, but an old, old seat, a bit mossy in the cracks, perhaps, and a bit shreddy as to edges but firm on its feet. They do not move it when they cut the grass; one can tell by the neat fringe of long spears around it. A path runs by, a high-way for crickets and grass-hoppers and chipmunks and children, and there are many trees around; protective, moving trees behind; mysterious, moving trees far in the distance.*

ELSIE enters, wheeling a doll-carriage. She is one of those slender persons who seem to blend with the wind. Her dark hair feathers in the air, much as if it were in the water, and blows in curving strands, mingling with the ends of the great, blowsy ribbon that draws it back from her forehead. Her mother loves her, doubtless made her blue gingham frock with her own hands and not from necessity either. There are black-gowned, white-aproned maids in ELSIE's ten-year existence and rose-colored lights and white-damask napkins and pictures by Jessie Wilcox Smith on the walls of her nursery. She loves "A Child's Garden of Verses." She reads it aloud to Suzette, who occupies the doll-carriage, but she is not averse to a tearing, thrilling game of hide-and-go-seek in the garden after dark with the neighborhood children, nice little children who say "Thank you," to the chauffeur and "Please" to the cook. Just at present, however, it is time for Suzette's lunch and she must have her nap. She has been for a long walk through the park and she is tired and cross. ELSIE pauses by the bench and wheels the carriage carefully into a shady spot.

ELSIE: Now Suzette, Mother has to get your lunch, so do go to sleep like a good little girl. Don't cry while I'm gone. I'll only be a minute. (*She takes a small dish out of the doll-carriage.*) Now hush! You stop your crying, Suzette, do you hear? (*to herself*) Long grass for potatoes, short grass for eggs. (*to an imaginary salesperson*) How much are your potatoes this morning? . . . Is that so? My, they're high, aren't they? . . . Yes, I know. Well, I guess I'll have to buy them by the piece. I'll take two, please. . . Thank you. (*She picks a few long spears of grass.*) And I'd like a great many eggs please. I feed my daughter almost entirely on eggs. (*She heaps the dish with short grass.*) Are these already cooked? I have to buy all my food that way because I haven't any stove. . . Thank you. . . I have to hurry because I'm afraid my daughter is crying. Please charge that to Mrs. Elsie on Garden Bench Road. Thank you.

*She hurries back toward the bench and almost collides with JOHN who enters astride his bicycle moving it slowly forward with the tips of his toes. JOHN is perhaps twelve. He is not slender and he is not stout, but he is wide. Everything about him is wide, his face, his gray-blue eyes, his smile, his teeth, the extent of tawny, restless hair blown in broad separate bangs across his forehead. He grins, he dimples, he chortles with glee, or frowns fiercely behind a tangle of hair and lashes. His mother has been trying awfully hard not to kiss him quite so often, lately. She knows he hates it by the way he wiggles, but the hollow back of his neck is irresistible. He doesn't like to wash his hands quite so frequently and he is famous (within limits of age and area) for base-ball pitching. He has invented a peculiar twist all his own which has all the fellows guessing. Gazing at the tan of his neck where his shirt-collar flores back in a V, one wonders just how far the tan extends. His raiment is as golden as his complexion, a little dim in some regions, to be sure, where care-free grease-spots adorn his khaki knickers whose pockets bulge with shapes, among others, the unmistakable portliness of a base-ball. There is a base-ball bat attached to his handle-bars.*

JOHN: Hullo.

ELSIE: Oh, Johnnie, be careful!

JOHN: What's the grass for?

ELSIE: It's for my doll's dinner. It isn't grass. It's potatoes and eggs.

JOHN: It is, is it? Hey there! (*he shakes the doll carriage*) Get wise, Old Girl—she's spoofing you!

ELSIE: Don't, Johnnie. You'll wake her up.

JOHN: I should worry! Say, give me one of those big pieces. Listen!

ELSIE: Johnnie, please don't make that awful noise. (*JOHN blows valiantly with no result.*) Please don't, Johnnie. You'll wake Suzette and she's awfully cross. (*JOHNNIE continues to blow and at last brings forth a strident blast.*)

JOHN: I bet you can't do that.

ELSIE: I bet I don't want to anyway. Now see what you've done. You've waked Suzette! (*She takes up the doll.*) Did the naughty boy wake you, darling?

JOHN: Aw, she's winking at me. . . . Some doll, eh, Suzy? Wait a minute, you've lost your lid. (*He picks up the doll's bonnet which has fallen to the ground*) I need a hat; sun's pretty hot today. (*He ties the bonnet on his head.*) Oh Elsie, see my new hat!

ELSIE: Oh don't, Johnnie! That's the only one she's got!

JOHN: (*mimicking*) Oh don't, Johnnie! That's the only one she's got!

ELSIE: (*in distress*) Please don't, Johnnie!

JOHN: (*mimicking*) Please don't, Johnnie!

ELSIE: (*tactfully*) Why don't you go over to Martin's field? All the other boys are over there, playing base-ball.

JOHN: (*taking the base-ball from his pocket*) Sure, I know it. I'm supposed to be pitching for the Yellow Sox.

ELSIE: Why don't you go, then?

JOHN: (*tossing the ball up and catching it*) 'Cause I'd rather stay here.

ELSIE: I think you're perfectly mean.

JOHN: Wah! wah! wah! the poor little girl who wants to play with her dolly! That's all girls are good for anyway.

ELSIE: It is not!

JOHN: It is, too! I bet you can't even catch a ball.

ELSIE: (*bravely*) I bet I can—if it isn't thrown too hard.

JOHN: Come on. . . You stand over there by that tree.

ELSIE: (*moving over*) Please don't throw it too hard, Johnnie.

JOHN: No I won't. Honest, I won't.

ELSIE: Don't twist all up, either Johnnie. It makes me nervous.

JOHN: Gee! You'd feel fine at the bat in a League game, wouldn't you?

ELSIE: Well, I don't care.

JOHN: That shows how much you know about it! Here goes! (*He throws a ball which passes high over her head.*)

ELSIE: Oh, Johnnie, I couldn't possibly have caught that!

JOHN: You ought to jump.

ELSIE: (*throwing back the ball rather crookedly.*) Please throw me a nice one, John.

JOHN: (*catching her ball*) Wow! . . . All right. Here goes! (*He throws her an easy one which she catches, fumbles and drops.*) Butterfingers! Butterfingers!

ELSIE: (*blushing charmingly*) I—it's awfully slippery, isn't it? (*She throws it back.*)

JOHN: You sure are some base-ball player, Elsie. Here catch this one! (*He throws the ball to a tremendous height.*)

ELSIE: Goodness, Johnnie, you're an awfully good pitcher, aren't you?

*They both stand gazing upward, watching the descent of the ball. FIFI, entering, catches it neatly. There is something distinctly unusual about FIFI'S appearance, a lean, brown leathery appearance, suggesting strength and freedom of movement. Perhaps it is the combination of trig, leather puttees, high-belted leather coat, close-fitting helmet around the dark, refined face. Fifi throws the ball to JOHN and motions for him to throw it back. Grinning, JOHN does so and FIFI throws the ball very gently to ELSIE, who starts and catches it. Smiling with pleasure, she continues the game but misses the ball the second time. Covered with confusion, she picks it up.*

ELSIE: (*apologetically*) I can't catch a ball very well.

FIFI: That's all right. You can throw it, anyway, and leave the rest to us. How about it, Old Sport? (*ruffling John's hair.*)

JOHN: (*grinning and ducking*) Sure!

FIFI: Ha! You don't like to have your hair combed. Well, we'll see about that. (*They wrestle, JOHN giggling and FIFI laughing, until FIFI holds JOHN flat on the ground.*) Now, tell me you like to have your hair combed!

JOHN: (*struggling fiercely*) Not on your life, I won't!

FIFI: (*smiling at ELSIE*) What shall I do with him?

ELSIE: Oh let him go! He's awfully obstinate.

FIFI: (*picking JOHN up*) All right. . .There you are, Old Man. Shall we shake?

JOHN: Sure! (*They shake hands.*)

ELSIE: Aren't you sort of—hot?

FIFI: Oh, so-so. It's cold where I come from.

JOHN: Did you land near here?

FIFI: Back there a mile or so.

JOHN: Breakdown?

FIFI: No, I'm just exploring a bit.

JOHN: What's the idea? You so hard up for something to do that you have to come down here and pick a fight?

FIFI: Oh, say not so! Merely get acquainted.

JOHN: (*grinning*) Oh, is that what you call it?

FIFI: Yes—yes! Let's get on. What's your name?

JOHN: John.—Hers is Elsie. She's no relation. What's yours?

FIFI: Fifi.

JOHN: What?

FIFI: I said Fifi. Doesn't that suit you?

JOHN: Gee! that's a funny name for a boy!

FIFI: Perhaps I'm not a boy.

JOHN: Oh you're a boy all right. Do you think any old girl could lick me?

FIFI: Perhaps I'm not a girl either.

JOHN: (*puzzled*) Well, you aren't old enough to be a man, are you?

FIFI: I don't know. How old is a man?

JOHN: Don't ask me! They smoke a lot and have deep voices—

FIFI: Then I'm not a man.

JOHN: No, but I guess you're nearly one.

FIFI: Possibly—possibly. . . Did I interrupt you? I say, that was awfully rude of me. I'm sorry. What were you doing? Playing dolls?

JOHN: (*exploding*) Gosh, no! That's my idea of nothing to do! How old do you think I am, anyway?

FIFI: I beg your pardon! My error, or course.

ELSIE: (*shyly*) It's my doll. I'm getting kind of old to play with dolls I guess, but I like to. John thinks it's awfully silly.

JOHN: (*in great disgust*) You've said it!

FIFI: It's a very grown-up game.

JOHN: Grown-up!

FIFI: Having babies is grown-up, isn't it?

JOHN: Why—yes!

FIFI: Well, dolls are pretended babies. I'm sure I'd love to have a real baby, wouldn't you?

JOHN (*emphatically*) No I shouldn't!

ELSIE: Oh I should!

FIFI: Elsie, wouldn't it be wonderful! A tiny, warm rose-leaf Thing with curly toes and big eyes and a smile and a wiggling and breathing all its own. . . And even if it were taken from you, you'd have something to remember, something that mere men don't know anything about. Elsie, you're lucky!

ELSIE: Because I might have one some day?

FIFI: Yes.

ELSIE: John doesn't understand about babies at all, does he?

FIFI: No. . . That is something he never can understand.

ELSIE: That isn't quite fair.

FIFI: No.

JOHN: (*passing an ultimatum*) Well I guess you're a girl, all right!

FIFI: (*softly*) Why John, are you sorry?

JOHN: (*laughing an uncertain laugh*) Why no—no of course not!

*He stands looking at FIFI who smiles at him. There is silence for a minute and JOHN takes a step forward.*

FIFI: (*suddenly*) Well, old Man, know a good revolver when you see one?

JOHN: (*recovering instantly*) Aw, you can't kid me. You haven't got any revolver!

FIFI: (*drawing one*) Haven't I?

JOHN: Oh Boy! Lemme see it, will you? (*he reaches for it.*)

FIFI: (*retaining it*) What do you say to a couple of shots at yon tree, my hearty?

JOHN: Honest? You're a corker. Give it here. You'd better look out, Elsie. This is no place for you.

ELsie: Oh, be careful, Johnnie. It—it might go off when—when you weren't looking.

FIFI: It's loaded, Johnnie. (*to Elsie*) Will it frighten you if I let him shoot?

ELsie: (*moving closer to FIFI*) No, I—I guess not.

FIFI: (*putting one arm around her*) All right, now?

ELsie: (*with that same uncertain laugh*) Yes.

FIFI: All right, General. . .Take aim! . .Fire!

*John, who has abandoned his bicycle, aims and shoots with an expression of manlike determination... There is a loud explosion.*

JOHN: (*in great excitement*) Did I hit the tree?

FIFI: Courage, man, courage. You have another try. . . . Are you ready? . . .Aim. . .Fire!

JOHN: (*after a second attempt*) How about it?

FIFI: Well it's a bit difficult to judge, General. You see it's only a blank cartridge.

JOHN: Oh heck! Why don't you tell a feller?

FIFI: My reason is a little involved, Johnnie. It has to do with a sense of humor. Some other time, when you have donned the insignia of manhood, General, we'll have another whack at the old tree with intent to kill. Shall we?

JOHN: Say, you're a hot guy, *you* are. What's the sense of carting a young Fourth of July around with you all the time?

FIFI: I don't usually. I'm just celebrating today.

ELSIE: Why?

FIFI: Because I met you.

ELSIE: But honest, do you ever shoot with it? I mean really?

FIFI: (*taking back the revolver and handling it*) Yes.

ELSIE: What do you shoot?

FIFI: It depends.

ELSIE: Do you shoot snakes?

FIFI: No.

JOHN: Foxes? There are some around here sometimes.

FIFI: No.

ELSIE: Lions?

FIFI: No.

JOHN: Did you ever shoot a man?

FIFI: Yes.

ELSIE: Goodness! Why—why did you, Fifi?

FIFI: Because.

JOHN: Did you kill him?

FIFI: No, I only wounded him.

JOHN: I bet the old geezer was mad as blue blazes.

FIFI: He certainly was. He—well, I think we may say that he cursed me out roundly.

JOHN: What did he say?

FIFI: Well, he said among other things, that I was not—not a perfect lady.

JOHN: Oh, I meant the curses. I've never heard a round curse.

ELSIE: (*moving away*) Oh, then you're only a girl after all!

FIFI: (*drawing her back*) Do you think so, Elsie?

ELSIE: No, I—I guess I don't. . . You're like Peter Pan, I think, something, only of course you're real and he isn't. Do you know who he is?

FIFI: Yes, Peter Pan is a good friend of mine. Did you ever see him in the play?

ELSIE: Oh yes. So did John. His mother took us once. It was years ago, about two years, I guess. John, don't you remember?

JOHN: No, honest. I never heard of him.

ELSIE: Why Johnnie, you have, too. It was that play where all the children waved their handkerchiefs if they believed in fairies and Peter lost his shadow and there were three little children in the nursery and the dog and that pretty misty-house in the trees? Oh, you must remember, John.

JOHN: No, I never saw any old shadows or tree-houses.

FIFI: Look here, John. Do you mean to say that you've forgotten that crocodile who swallowed a clock and that villainous Captain Hook with his pirate band and the Indians—.

JOHN: Oh gee! Sure! Now you're talking! They had a swell fight on deck of the ship and What's-His-Name licked the whole gang and pitched them overboard. Sure, I remember. Say, that was one whiz of a show!

FIFI: Did you cry?

JOHN: Cry! Say, what do you think I am? Nobody'd cry at that kind of a thing.

ELSIE: I did—a little.

JOHN: Oh, you're only a kid, anyway.

ELSIE: Your mother cried, too.

JOHN: She did not!

ELSIE: She did, too. She told my mother she did. She said it was awfully sad.

JOHN: Sad! Oh come on, Elsie, you're crazy! I suppose you cried because they pitched the pirates overboard. Well, it served 'em jolly well right.

ELSIE: It wasn't the pirates at all. I cried because Peter didn't have any mother.

FIFI: Yes, I cry too, sometimes, about Peter Pan.

ELSIE: You do? You cry?

FIFI: Yes. . . You think I'm like Peter Pan?

ELSIE: Yes, I do.

FIFI: Peter Pan was a girl in the play.

ELSIE: Oh no, Fifi. Excuse me, but he was a boy—don't you remember?—who never grew up.

FIFI: Yes, he said he was a boy—but he wasn't—not really. He was a girl.

JOHN: I kind of think you're wrong, Fifi. He—he didn't act like a girl. He couldn't have been. Why he—he was the Father sort of, wasn't he?

ELSIE: Yes, and Wendy was the Mother.

FIFI: All well and good, but he was a girl just the same. He pretended to be a boy, he acted as he thought a boy would act—but he was a girl, at heart. He told me so.

JOHN: I think that's impossible, Fifi. He couldn't be a girl and be the Father.

FIFI: Why not?

JOHN: Why—just—just—they never are!

FIFI: (*releasing ELSIE and looking at JOHN with troubled eyes*) No, no, they never are!

*There is silence.*

JOHN: I wish you'd tell us what you are.

FIFI: Do you believe in fairies?

JOHN: Oh can the fairy stuff! This is the twentieth century.

ELSIE: I don't really believe in them but I pretend to sometimes. It would be rather nice if there were such things, I think.

JOHN: Aw, I never even believed in Santa Claus!

ELsie: I tried to.

FIFI: I suppose he's a fairy, but he's not the kind I mean. Have you ever heard of the Wood Folk?

JOHN: I've got a book called that. It's all about birds and squirrels and rabbits and chipmunks. Is that what you mean?

FIFI: No, no one knows anything about the Wood Folk I mean. I only know that they are very, very wonderful and very, very old. They were here before the world began and when anything wonderful happens, you can hear them singing faint and far away. They are the Heart of Nature and if you could hear what they sang, you would know the secret of Life. People are listening to them more and more now, and perhaps sometime, a million years from now, they will understand and know.

ELsie: Did you ever hear them?

FIFI: Yes, once or twice when I listened because I knew their voices must be there.

ELsie: Could I hear them?

FIFI: I don't know. Have you ever tried?

ELsie: I think perhaps I did once, but I don't know what I was trying to hear.

FIFI: You can try again, now.

JOHN: What kind of a noise do they make?

FIFI: Why it's awfully hard to describe, Johnnie. It isn't the sound so much as the way it makes you feel.

ELsie: How does it make you feel?

FIFI: Like forgetting the dust in the corners and the dampness in the grass and the mosquitoes in the garden and all the million human things that tie up your arms and legs and hearts and souls and spirits and deafen you ears and blind your eyes and smell nasty and taste horrid and feel disagreeable. Besides forgetting those things, it makes you have

other ideas than those expressed in words and phrases and books and newspapers and faces and gestures and actions.

JOHN: Aw, that's deep stuff—I don't get you.

ELsie: I do. It makes you feel the way a glorious sunset would taste.

FIFI: Yes, it makes me feel like swimming miles and miles in a shady pond, all coolness and greeness and depth and shadows and sunshine, swimming and swimming with nothing on but yourself.

JOHN: Gee, that sounds good. I'd like to do that.

ELsie: Oh, so should I!

JOHN: Oh no, Elsie. You couldn't.

ELsie: I don't see why.

JOHN: Girls can't swim with—with nothing on but themselves.

ELsie: Why can't they?

JOHN: (*vaguely*) Oh because it isn't very nice.

ELsie: It's just as nice for girls as it is for boys, I guess.

JOHN: No, it isn't.

ELsie: But Johnnie, I don't see why it isn't.

JOHN: Well, you wouldn't understand but boys kind of get on better—that way than girls. They don't—they don't mind.

ELsie: I wouldn't mind.

JOHN: Well you ought to.

ELsie: Why.

FIFI: You'd better ask the Wood Folk, Elsie. They will tell you perhaps, a million years from now. It is true enough, though Elsie, that there is something about a boy, a look in his eye or a tone in his voice or a touch of his hand when he meets another boy, something that girls can never quite understand. It puts boys all together against the whole world and makes them more—one, than girls.

ELSIE: Don't girls have something between them too?

FIFI: No, Elsie, there is nothing ever like that between girls.

JOHN: It's something girls can't understand, isn't it, Fifi?

FIFI: Yes.

ELSIE: That isn't quite fair.

FIFI: No.

ELSIE: If there is a little bit not fair on both sides, does that make it fair?

FIFI: No.

ELSIE: It seems equal to me, Fifi. We have babies and boys have that—that Thing.

FIFI: It isn't fair.

JOHN: Which side has the hardest luck?

FIFI: No one knows.

JOHN: Will they ever be equal?

FIFI: Ask the Wood Folk, Johnnie?

ELSIE: I know. They will be fair when girls are fathers and boys are mothers.

JOHN: Well I guess that's a million years all right. What's the sense of mixing everything up like that?

FIFI: It's a sense of justice, Johnnie. Most people don't see that it is lacking. They don't understand about the relationship between men, for instance.

JOHN: I do. That's what I was trying to say. No one ever told me that exactly but I sort of feel it whenever I meet any jolly good fellow, don't you know.

FIFI: Do you feel that way with me, Old Man?

JOHN: (*to his own amazement*) Why-why, yes, I do.

FIFI: Yet you think I'm a girl?

JOHN: (*kicking the ground*) I—I don't know! Honest, you've got me!

ELSIE: I wish I were a boy. I feel so sort of left out!

FIFI: (*drawing her close*) Do you, Elsie?

ELSIE: Not—not now!

JOHN: Well, I like that! Gee whiz! where do I come in?

FIFI: I think it's up to you, John.

JOHN: (*sitting down beside FIFI*) All right.

*There is silence. JOHN plays with his base-ball, glancing from time to time at FIFI'S face. Once, FIFI catches his eyes and he looks away quickly.*

FIFI: I must be leaving, now.

JOHN: (*seizing FIFI'S hand*) Oh please don't go. Please don't.

ELSIE: Please don't, Fifi.

FIFI: I must.

JOHN: Why have you got to?

FIFI: I must find a million years. I'm afraid it will take me a long time, aren't you?

ELSIE: Oh you will never come back!

JOHN: (*seriously*) I—I don't believe you will, Fifi!

FIFI: I hate to say good-bye to you, so I'll just get up and go away and you can pretend that you'll see me tomorrow. Shall I do that?

ELSIE: But you won't come back! . . . I'd like to ask you something, Fifi.

FIFI: (*bending down*) What is it, Elsie?

ELSIE: (*softly*) I wish you'd kiss me before you go.

FIFI: (*softly*) Shut your eyes, Elsie.

JOHN: (*drawing FIFI toward him*) Fifi—if you're going, please let me kiss you good-bye.

FIFI: (*softly*) Shut your eyes, John.

ELSIE: (*reaching out her hands*) Fifi, are you still here?

FIFI: Yes.

ELsie: Don't tell John. He'd think I was silly, I guess.

JOHN: (*reaching out his hands*) I say, Fifi, you haven't gone have you?

FIFI: (*slipping out*) No.

JOHN: Don't tell Elsie I'm going to kiss you. She wouldn't understand.

*As FIFI withdraws into the shadows of the mysterious trees, the children's groping hands touch. JOHN kisses ELSIE and as he does so, the base-ball and poor Suzette fall unnoticed to the ground. The children open their eyes.*

ELsie: (*snatching her hands away*) John!

JOHN: *getting up quickly and putting his hands into his pockets* Gee, Elsie, I'm awfully sorry. I—I beg your pardon. You see, I—I thought you were Fifi.

ELsie: (*laughing*) I thought you were; so it's all right.

JOHN: I guess she got one over on us that time, Elsie. She sure was some kid, wasn't she?

ELsie: (*soberly*) Yes, he was.

JOHN: Well, I got to beat it. (*He picks up his bicycle and looks at ELSIE.*) I say, what's the matter, Elsie? Are you mad?

ELsie: No, I'm not mad, Johnnie. I thought perhaps I heard the Wood Folk, sort of. Do you?

JOHN: (*still looking at ELSIE*) Yes.

*There is silence, save for a far-off rustling sound like the murmur of a distant violin.*

JOHN: You dropped your doll, Elsie. Here, I'll get it for you. (*He picks up the doll and hands it to her.*)

ELsie: Thank you, Johnnie.

## THE NEW MARBLE IN THE HILLYER ART GALLERY

CAROLINE K. ALLEN

Oh little faun with shaggy yellow hair  
And tell-tale pointed ears and sunny smile,  
What roguish purpose was your single care,  
When something caught and held you thus awhile  
Like marble image carved in Grecian style?

With comrade fawns you frolicked in the wood  
Till, coming on some green and mossy nook,  
You rolled your goat skin up into a hood,  
And challenging the others with a look  
You darted forth and waded in the brook.

Your burden balancing, one hand held high,  
The other pointing to the beckoning shore  
Toward which you gazed with little eager sigh,  
Your saucy chin uplifted still you bore  
But stopped, nor answered you, and went no more.

These, frightened, calling on your name in vain  
Approached, and found you turned to purest stone.  
The gods they prayed again and yet again,  
To no avail they made their piteous moan,  
Then sadly left you on the shore alone.

Time folded you in earthly coverlet,  
Till after centuries in slumber passed  
Your hiding place was ravaged, and you set  
Upon a pedestal in building vast,  
Where strangers came and curious glances cast.

You slaves of Art who love this gentle boy,  
Think you th' enchanted stream with cruel spell  
His soul and happy youth meant to destroy?  
Or Gorgan's head upon his vision fell,  
The flesh transformed and held in living Hell?

Or think you that Diana of the chase  
Her secret bathing place e'en to protect,  
And angry at intrusion of the place,  
Did visit him with punishment direct  
While he her malice dire could not suspect?

Nay, it was Venus who beheld him here,  
And wishing that his body might not lose  
Its pure and youthful beauty, to her dear,  
Made him immortal with her gentle ruse;  
He all surprised had not a chance to choose.

For still the breathing marble closely cleaves  
To perfect lines and carvings of his form,  
Nor any of the living color leaves,  
But true to task she wished it to perform  
Still tints the skin and keeps it soft and warm.

And e'en the pretty smile on his still lips,  
Whose dimpled corners ever thus are sealed,  
Like chalice sweet where wingéd insect sips,  
Was smiled for her, who when she claimed him kneeled,  
For instant swift her heavenly face revealed.

#### WITHIN AND WITHOUT

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

It took Without to make Within a heaven,  
For, though Within held all men's treasures safe,  
Without at first was tantalizing, mild,  
All blue, with clear far reaches spaced with clouds,  
Or interrupted by a mountain screen  
That tempted—"Up and climb and look beyond!"  
With such a rival—four straight walls seemed gloom  
And it was then Within was but a room.

And then, Without grew restless, sighing, wild;  
Dark banks of grey shut in from mountains crown  
To low surrounding hills, a strange new world:  
The air was filled with war songs; rain like whips  
Wielded by fury winds, relentlessly  
Lashed down on trees and fields and homes of men,  
Who hurried in, made fast against the storm,  
Then looked about them slowly, till they saw  
Their lamp-light shining on the driven rain  
And heaven was bounded by a window pane.

## SKETCHES

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### WAITING

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

I have worked overtime again.

I am filled with resentment. The evening is so hot and windless, and I have been running so hard. All day in the insufferable heat, I have stayed by my work, desk work, office work, until income taxes, liberty loans, and Factory F and gun stock Department have pained my senses more each time I encountered them in this monotonous routine of my summer "job." To avoid hot crowded trolleys and ignominious jitneys, I have come over the hill to the way station, sacrificing the cooler express train and a half hour of precious rest at home. And now I stand in the midst of a crowd of staring men—factory "hands"—who are waiting for the same train, and who will fill up the seats before I have left the platform. There is no woman near whom I may stand, not even some gaudy painted young thing such as I've seen here once before. I must lean against the wall, I am so tired and hot. But as I do so, some forward young man takes my relaxation for "pose", and I must become rigid again before he reaches me, or he will speak and I will hate him too hard for his jargon.

How very late my train is! I needn't have run at all. If I walk, now, to the end of the platform, I can escape some of the murkiness and foul air of this crowd; and yet dozens of eyes will follow me, and men will grin as I pass them and ask each other what I am doing there so late alone. I venture along the boards, wondering how much of this I had realized before I applied for the position. I must have watched these crowds before, from the train windows as I went past toward some expected pleasure, to concerts and plays in the city, with good friends or on the way to them.

And then for the first time during this busy day my thoughts go back a little and forward a little, and the most comforting thing I can think of, forward or back, is the cool October campus—and next to that, clean sheets and a flat down pillow for tonight.

A little stir has rippled the waiting mob, and my eyes follow theirs in the direction of the expected train. It is not yet in sight, but far off on the track a signalman in overalls, with a bright red handkerchief about his neck, shouts some word between his hands; nearer us, another takes up the signal; just opposite, a third; but the fourth is too far away, and must run up closer, stopping at times to try his distance, while the whole line becomes impatient. Finally even he has received and passed the word, and for a while we lose it. But soon there comes far off, "Ready? All right!" and nearer, "All right!" still nearer, "All right!" and so on back along the route the first word took. This one reaches the signalhouse, and expresses itself in flashes of green and red high over the track. At once a blurry shadow far down the railroad, that I had hardly seen against the darkening buildings of the city, moves, and takes form and quickly grows into the welcome locomotive of my train.

#### SONNET TO ALL MUTE, INGLORIOUS MILTONS

ELIZABETH MCCausland

How I would write my dream, how I would write.  
In pulsing beating lines and splendid rime,  
With crimson flaming word and purple mood,  
The wisdom of my day, the crown that sate  
Upon death's brow, the sacrificial blood  
I gave for love's high cause, the magic time  
Of dawn and noon and eve and summer night—  
How I would write my wish, if but I could,  
In golden precious honey of my dreams.  
But my desirous voice is silent, stilled  
As if the stern unyielding fates had willed  
Me mute and inarticulate. It seems  
I may not write the glory that I would.

## THE SORROWS OF THE CORPULENT

ELIZABETH M. BATES

Slim! The little word of four letters is all in all to me. It stands for everything I lack and desire. It represents all my ambitions, ideals and hopes. Because I am not slim. I am prosaically and humbly fat. I can with authority, therefore, explain the sorrows of all those who are similarly afflicted.

There are all kinds of fat people as there are all kinds of thin. When one speaks vertically there are the tall fat, the medium fat, and the short fat. When one speaks horizontally, there are the monstrous fat, the very fat, and the fat. It is my misfortune to belong to the class of the short fat. I shudder in admitting so sad a truth, a truth which is, indeed, my life's tragedy.

For to be fat, when one wishes with heart and soul to be thin, is a true tragedy. A lifetime of bitter yearning for what can never be, is the portion meted out to the beauty-loving soul encased in ugly corpulence. With nonchalant stoicism such souls must defend themselves against the jibes of the world. Romance and an aesthetic pleasure in their personal appearance is denied them.

You, who are thin, may say that romance is not denied them. "Fat people love and marry as do the rest of us," you say. Yes, they love and marry, of course, but not as the rest of you thin people do. The beautiful, golden quality of love which distinguishes the love of a fairy prince and princess from that of a nursery maid and policeman, never exists in the tender affection which binds two plump mortals together. I am addicted to castles-in-the-air. In my dreams I am always of an exquisite slimness. I sprain my ankle on a lonely road and "the one man in the world" who miraculously comes by, can pick me up and carry me miles, without effort, to ultimate happiness and bliss. I shall always in this world be of such weight that nothing human could lift me, but I can dream—yes, I can dream—of being otherwise, though such

dreams make sad reality sadder. Never in this world can I rush gayly and lightly, in the picturesque fashion of heroines of romances, to meet the man of my choice. The momentum gathered in such a rush would result in two fatalities—his and mine. So, when the time comes, I shall lumber sedately to greet him. Never in this world will any one say of me that

"The cowslips scarcely bend their head  
Beneath my light and airy tread."

Though love is blind, it can hardly refute the mute but painful testimony of heavy footprints. Romance, golden romance, is denied me.

We are also denied the soul-satisfying pleasure which comes from the knowledge that we look well. We can never experience the ineffable content whose foundation is a pleasing appearance. We can be neat. We can be trim, but we can never dress with the zest of a woman who knows her pains will be rewarded with admiration. When we choose clothes, often we have to put aside the prettiest frock in the shop. "It will make me look fat," we say sadly. What agonies of renunciation did not those fluffy, full, tulle gowns cost us! How we suffered in giving up the beautiful crisp organdies which made us look like a ship in full sail.

But the worst part of our woes lies in the fact that they must be hidden. We must be insensible to the jibes of the world. We must even ourselves, for the sake of protection joke about our corpulent tendencies. Because people tire of a willing victim, we must show, though we writhe inwardly, that we do not care how much we are mocked. Thus we become immune to mockery. We smile and suffer and discuss useless diets with unfeeling brutes.

Thus in this world a smiling martyrdom is ours. But we shall have our reward. In heaven, we shall be the slimmest, most chic and svelte of all the white robed throng.

## THE IRRESPONSIBLE MAN

MARION ELLET

"He is an irresponsible man," says the World, and the World turns up its nose with that superior air that it has and goes about its dreary routine of daily toil and "accomplishes things." And the man? Well, he continues to be irresponsible, and perhaps the supreme test of his irresponsibility is the fact that the World and its opinions do not in the least disconcert him.

I have seen him cast aside the shackles of obligation and duty that would have crushed and stifled a conscientious man. I have seen him like Service's irresponsible "Fool" marching away to the wars with his musket and his knapsack, leaving behind all that bound him to the realities of life—home, family and opportunity for success (in the World's conception of the term), and taking with him that something which seems to me the keynote of most irresponsible characters, that insatiable longing to taste and to know life.

I have seen him in the last faint glow of the evening twilight plodding along the high trails of the mountain fastnesses. I have heard his merry whistle and my heart has ached with a hopeless envy, knowing that his path would always "be along a woodland," his nights would be spent on a bed of moss and balsam and by the grace of God he might dream by a campfire, while I, because of my temperament, should be doomed to a life in the valleys.

At college I have known him to cast aside with a blissful levity tasks that lay heavy upon the shoulders of his less fortunate comrades, cast them aside for a day's "batting," a game, or mayhap a hike over the country. Oh happy soul, so formed by nature as to "dance to all the pipes that play from town to town."

Then there is another type of irresponsible man, and that is the man who refuses to hold himself accountable to the conventionalities and laws of society. He may be an atheist.

he may be a free verse writer, or he may even be a draft evader; but to whichever class he belongs may God be with him, for his lot is indeed a hard one. He must possess not only that light-hearted irresponsibility but also a certain stalwart, enduring strength, for upon his head shall fall the censure and the rancor of the World. Some may call him a fanatic and others a rebel or a traitor, while still others will say that whichever one of these he may be, his opinions were probably formed with the utmost conscientiousness. But I know that he is only one type of the irresponsible man, one whose nature has made him adverse to conscientious adherence to restraint of any kind. Like Emerson he holds no law sacred save the law of his nature.

I like him, you think from this? Yes, I rather believe I do. In the final reckoning when we are called to account for all we have gleaned from life, its beauty, its truth, though his narrow-minded contemporaries may say that his existence was useless, irresponsible, "only the twinkling of a dancer's feet," still, he shall have experienced and felt and understood, while they shall only have conformed and "accomplished."

#### VEGETABLE FANTASIES

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

Oscar was a radish  
Blond and tall and slim,  
All the lady radishes  
Flirted with him.

He was so proud  
He grew above them all;  
But the gardener pulled him  
Because he was too tall.

The moral is here:  
Don't be too high,  
Or you'll get weeded out  
Bye and bye.

Prissie was a turnip,  
One of the elite,  
Long were her fingers  
And slender her feet.

Where now is Prissie,  
Say can you tell?  
Boiled in the dinner,  
Which tastes very well.

\* \* \* \*

Hugh was a cabbage  
Sturdy and strong,  
Who sat in the garden  
Singing a song.

He was so noisy  
The cook picked him out  
From all of his neighbors  
To make saur-kraut.

This is the moral  
The story would show:  
The softer you sing, why  
The longer you'll grow.

\* \* \* \*

Willie was an onion,  
In the onion row,  
But he was so lazy  
He wouldn't grow.

Along came a cut-worm  
One dark night;  
Willie was so thin  
He couldn't fight.

The moral is here:  
Grow while you may  
To fight the cut-worms  
That come your way.

## UNDER THE WILLOWS

ELLEN EVERETT

As I sat beneath the willow tree whose plumy branches so drooped over the lake that they nearly touched their blurred reflections, my eyes were caught by a tiny pond-lily island resting on the water like a corsage bouquet presented Neptune's daughter by Mother Earth. And as I looked a butterfly with Midas-touched wings fluttered upon a bloom. My thoughts bounded upon his back and rode up and out through clouds of Idle Wandering and Mists of Fancies into the Fairy-land of "Things-as-we-would-they'd-been." My golden Pegasus leaves me there, leaves the me, who is not the every day I, but a lovely visionary I, whose vision name is Maria.

Andrew, the dream Maria, little Andia, and her two grandmothers, we five live on a Fishing Isle with the blue of the infinite sky above and the blue of the finite sea around. Many other people also live on Our Isle, but it is we five, and the dim ghosts of two others who stand most clearly out of the mists.

How lovingly Maria's eyes linger upon Andrew, him of the brawny shoulders and sinewy arms, with a smile that lurks always in his blue eyes and around the corners of his straight wide mouth. Maria loves to watch him as he carries the little Andia on her "firey steed" hither and thither through the small home, and as she happily stirs the lentils and the child and man romp merrily together, Andia's grandmothers come in through different doors. The expression in their eyes is as different from that of two years ago as March sunshine, with its comforting whisper of gentle days to come, is from dreary January. But the scar of the past remains. For what to Andrew and Maria seems a web of romance woven by the spider Time, is to those two the web of life in which they were caught and bitten none too lightly by the hoary tarantula.

Many years ago—it seems but a story to him and her—the two women lived on Our Isle and loved one another from babyhood through girlhood with a love so deep they never

thought to reach its bottom. But before their teens had rolled away, they were loving two fisher lads, one with eyes as brown as the eyes of my dream self and the other with blue eyes and reddish brown hair like my Andrew's. And, perhaps it seems strange, it was Andrew's mother who loved the brown-eyed one and Maria's whom the smile of the blue-eyed lad allured, as the sparkle of the waves does hovering gulls.

Then there was a quarrel among the four, and Spite twisted the love-threads into an ugly tangle. Soon there were two weddings and the fisher-folk looked grave, the wedding march seemed a dirge and the clematis smelled sickly of unhappiness, for Andrew's mother married the blue-eyed man and Maria's him with eyes of brown..

Five months went by, and two widows lived on the Fishing Isle. Their men had both gone down in the ocean which had fed so many of their ancestors and themselves as one fattens a goose but to devour her in the end. Not many months later Maria came to one widow and Andrew to the other. Still Spite and her daughter Hate waxed rather than waned in the hearts of the two women.

And—for years it was a fearful, bittersweet secret—Andrew and Maria were lovers. Hate used all her mean artifices in vain against wily Cupid, who from sunrise to sunset kept whispering to the girl of Andrew's smile and to him of her soft brown eyes. And sometimes from moonrise till moonset he did even more; he let them whisper to each other.

But Spite and her daughter Hate still reigned and neither mother would come to the tiny house that was home to Andrew and Maria. But when one day they chanced to see the little Andrew Maria, with her father's hair and her mother's eyes and a mouth that is a bit of a sunbeam wisp, then indeed they came with eager eyes. As the years have passed the little Andrew Maria, whom one grandmother calls Andrew and the other Maria, but whom he and I call Andia, has dethroned both Hate and her mother Spite.

And now as the Dream-Me turns from the stove and sees his mother looking not at the baby's hair, but at her eyes while my mother strokes her red-brown curls, I think at last I see Love breaking down the barriers of Hate.

Then even as my dream self smiles up at Andrew and as the little Andia plays at her grandmothers' side, an ever thickening dimness envelopes all. Gone is the Fishing Isle, farther and farther recede the grandmothers; then Andrew and Maria disappear and finally even Andia.

I know not where my butterfly went, but my thoughts dropped back to me as I sat beneath the willow by the lake. And they brought me, as a gift from the land of "Things-as-we-would-they'd-been" a big hard lump in my throat, a lump perhaps of longing for Andrew, Maria and the little Andia.

### AUTUMN

ELIZABETH RINGWALT

Whene'er the wind blows I would be  
Where giant poplars pierce the sky,  
And toss and wave their arms on high  
As if to 'fright and threaten me.  
Beneath them hollows deep I'd find  
With dry and rustling leaves piled thick  
Which I could stir with careless stick  
And fling to dance in gusts of wind.  
The steep slope of the highest hill  
I'd climb, where acorns roll and hide,  
And see afar the meadows still—  
The checkered fields yet decked with sheaves  
And ribboned by a furrowed rill,  
All framed in russet autumn leaves.  
Again I'd climb far to the top  
Where stunted oaks, wind swept, do crawl,  
And on the very edge I'd stop  
To drink the spirit of the fall.

## A SMITH COLLEGE MILESTONE

MARY AUGUSTA JORDAN

It is a book; thin, slim, in cool brown boards, with lettering of distinction on a pale buff title card: "Smith College, The Inauguration of President Neilson, 1918." There is a portrait of President Neilson in an attitude familiar to us; introductory notes, biographical and concerning the inauguration; the order of exercises for June 13; and the texts of the prayer of the induction, of the addresses, of the benediction and of the acting committees. Our shelf of Smith College "best books" falls far short of five feet, but it may be said with confidence that this latest contribution is one that all friends of the College will welcome and that book lovers will covet. Nothing but the desire to read the pages would induce a person of taste to cut the leaves of the wide out-margined, high placed paragraphs. This may be war time and the inauguration may have been simple but the simplicity of this book is not that of war time, but of careful purpose. All students of the college should see it, read it, and, if possible, own a copy to keep "clean and uncut!"

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE

CATHARINE SMITH

The last light was turned out in Burton Biological Hall—footsteps died away down the corridor and the door banged to with a thud and was locked. Blackness and silence. Then came the faint echo of a ten o'clock bell telling that everything and everybody was put away for the night. (However this was not strictly true). List to my story.

At the end of the hall on the second floor, the snakes had not settled down.

"Say, *Thamophis Sauritus*, I feel a draft, do you?" hissed *Storeria Dekayi*, from the next cage—they had been best friends before captured and transported in odious cheesecloth bags to their present abode by enthusiastic zoologists.

"Yes, I do—it seems to come from over here by the door. Wait, I'll take a look—why, Great Suffering Copper Heads! That man, Edward hasn't closed the doors to our apartment. No wonder it's drafty—probably we'll all have colds, tomorrow!"

Little *Lampropeltis Triangulum* raised his head—"What!—Is the door open—what luck! That explains the disappearance of that frog then. Each of you swore you didn't eat it—yet it was gone. Why, the thing just hopped out and down the hall—and I'm going after it—always did want to see this building, anyway—my grandfather was quite a scientist. Who'll come along?

"I will!"

"I too!"

"We all will—go on—jump!"

First one door squeaked on its hinges, then that of the other cage, then one, two, three—seven soft thuds on the cold tile floor and the seven adventurers wriggled cautiously down the dark corridor in single file—heads held high and eyes glittering with excitement, *Lampropeltis Triangulum* in the lead.

*Liopeltis Vernalis* giggled nervously, "This floor is so cold—it tickles—and I don't like being the last one—some of you wait for me—I'm afraid there are hawks around in these black corners."

"Baby!" ejaculated *Thamophis Sauritus*, 'Fraid snake! Why there isn't another living thing in this building but us and the frogs and salamanders and maybe a mouse or two. Everything else is dead and pickled—come on, I'm waiting."

"Here are the stairs; shall we go up or down?" asked *Storeria Dekayi*.

"Up!"

"No, down!"

"Frogs always jump up."

"They don't either—water always attracts them, and they'd go down stairs and try to get out of the building and back into the pond. Besides there are laboratories upstairs and they smell of the pickled dead things. Come on downstairs—go slowly, it's steep!" And in the moonrays sifting through the skylight, they slipped down to the first landing, then down again to the main hallway.

"Let's keep together—it's rather large down here—and oh, I say—there's the professor's office. Come on in—I've never been in a private office." And a mouse rustling in the waste-basket fled in horror on seeing seven snaky heads rearing up and peering in at the doorway.

"It's not so interesting though, is it—I don't think I'd ever want a private office—what's across the hall?"

But just then a frog croaked weakly, and like lightening the seven snakes whirled around and sped in the direction of the sound—there sat a single frog, glorified by a patch of moonlight that came through the transom of the door—and

so startling was the sight that the seven checked their mad rush.

"It's the same frog," cried *Thamophis Sauritus*, "and I saw him first—he's mine."

"Not at all—I was way ahead of you—he's mine," cried *Lampropeltis Triangulum*.

"Let's surround him and let the one have him over whom he jumps when he tries to get away."

"That's fair—come and make a circle 'round him. Now keep perfectly quiet all of you till he jumps."

The others agreed and the moonlight shone on eight heads—seven alert and eager, and one, in the midst of them, placid and drowsy with the suspicion of a smile about the large mouth.

The moonlight faded and was replaced by the soft grey lights of dawn, and finally a ray of sun came through the window—and still the eight heads remained motionless. *Lio-peltis Vernalis* sighed frequently for her neck was very stiff, but none of the others moved,—neither did the frog. All was still within the building but outside someone was whistling. Suddenly Edward's key turned in the lock. Not long before, the seven had sped like lightening towards the sound of the frog's croaking, but now—that speed was like a snail's compared to the rate at which they disappeared in all directions.

"Here under the botany specimens, quick!" and *Thamophis Sauritus* dashed into a botany class-room, slid under a protecting branch of blossoms, followed by two others. *Lampropeltis* rushed into the main lecture hall and coiled, trembling, under a back row seat. *Storeria Dekayi* and the rest charged down the corridor past the display of the "Ancestry of Man" to lie gasping behind the museum door. But the frog remained as if frozen to the spot.

Edward entered and went up at once to the snake cage to distribute breakfast, and beholding the open doors, swore roundly and descended in haste to begin the search for the marauders. He knew the building well but it took him one hour, mostly on hands and knees to explore its nooks and corners and from them, to drag forth the seven wearily

wiggling snakes. No doubt he would never have caught Lam-propeltis if she hadn't fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion and rolled down the inclined floor of the lecture hall. But finally he marched, red-faced and triumphant, back to the cage, and restored the night marauders to their former less exciting state of existence as mere zoölogical specimens—and behind him hopped a single frog who seemed to smile faintly with the air of one who knows that "life is full of ups and downs!"

### A COMPLAINT

MARGARET GUTMAN

Gee,—I wonder why that grocer  
Wouldn't let me catch a ride.  
He'd got two girls hitched on behind,  
But loads of room inside.  
I wouldn't hurt his eggs and stuff,—  
And anyhow I'm small,  
But though those girls weigh twice as much  
He makes no fuss at all,  
Just grins, and showin' all his teeth  
He act'ch'y stops his sleigh  
And yells, "Why certainly get on,  
I'm going right your way.  
My mother says them college girls  
Just think they own the town.  
They go a coastin' on the walks  
And knock their elders down.  
She'd like to talk to them just once  
And say a thing or two  
'Bout what young ladies of their age  
Should be ashamed to do.  
But Father says, 'They bring the trade.'  
And uncle booms, 'That's true.'  
Do you suppose when I get old  
I'll fall for women too?"

## GOOD BYES

MADELINE MURPHEY

One hears about so many kinds of good byes; that of the Frenchman, whose airy "au revoir" is accompanied by a kiss, first on one cheek, and then on the other: the Spaniard, with his guitar, whispering a tender "addios" under the balcony of his lady love: the German's "auf Wiedersehen."

How do you say good bye? Not in any set way, I'll wager. How about the time that you go home from faculty teas? There, you are on your best behavior. Sitting motionless in your seat, you fold your gloved hands, and try to appear more intelligent than you really are. The talk is far above your head, but dear me, you wouldn't let one suspect that, for worlds! You can't help but wish, however, that somebody knew how hungry you were, and would pass you that last sandwich. It looks so lonely lying on the plate, all by itself. Soon you decide that it is time to leave. You shake hands very gravely, and say, "Good bye. I've had a perfectly lovely time. Thank you so much for letting me come."

When you meet your best friend in the Note Room, either you pounce on her, or she pounces on you, and you both talk at the same time. When finally you tear yourself away, you slap her on the back. "So long, old girl," you say. "See you later!"

And now I come to the most important farewell of all—the one which takes place when HE takes you home from a dance, some summer evening. I approach this with the greatest delicacy. It really is quite shocking, although the hall is very, very dark. Ah, that sweet, sweet anticipation! Pshaw! It's all spoiled! I never knew a time when something didn't happen. Why under the sun does Father *always* choose this time to appear in his pajamas?

## REVIEWS

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"After a person is sixteen years old, the only part of his education which counts is the reading." This statement was made a short time ago in Smith College by a singularly courageous professor, and to all appearances it fell on deaf ears even among the few people who were supposedly giving their attention to the lecture. That it did not attract attention is witness to the fact that this is by no means the current opinion on the subject of education. People as a rule ignore statements which do not express their own views; they are apt to be unpleasant or embarrassing, and this case was no exception to the rule. Yet as persons in the process of being educated we might have listened and profitted thereby.

We are here in Smith College for the ostensible purpose of acquiring an education to fit us for the life ahead of us. There is all the necessary machinery about us to accomplish the purpose, and the faculty labor valiantly for four years to form something clear out of the muddle which is brought to them each fall. As a group of "seekers after the truth" we respond remarkably little to treatment. There is a tendency to regard ourselves as receptacles into which knowledge is to be poured by the proper persons. This knowledge has to come fitted and prepared for us, more or less like a set of false teeth; it seldom occurs to us to turn it over ourselves and find, or rather make a place for it in our minds. We go to classes with notebooks and pens in hand ready to transfer this mental set of teeth to paper, where we can slowly become accustomed to it, and whence we can finally take it *en masse* to place it on the examination paper. That is the regulation method of acquiring an education (accompanied by a pardonable tendency to cut when the roll may not be called); a passive process.

But there is no doubt that an active process is possible. Nor is it difficult; I hasten to say this so that none may feel

that thinking is a process necessarily confined to a small minority. Surely we, the "intellectual elite," according to sociological terminology, are capable of being more than mere receptacles, mere frame works for those mental sets of teeth. We might grow our own sets, and even in exceptional cases, get to the point of pouring forth knowledge ourselves. But let us not be too optimistic; were we to take the first step it would be a plentiful sufficiency for the moment.

The discussion has so far been restricted to college work for this is commonly considered the realm of education. But that idea would rather dispose of the sentiment at the beginning of this article. Education is not entirely the process of learning things in the classroom and from textbooks; that is the lesser half of it. Even the faculty might be willing to concede that, if they could be sure that we were getting the greater half ourselves. Education is firstly learning about facts, and secondly, finding out what people have hitherto thought about those facts. The next step is intelligence, which should result, in due course of time, in thoughts on our own parts. The curriculum goes as far as it can in this operation, but necessarily falls short of the maximum of education. Where it falls short, we must supplement.

At this point I commence to hear vague echoes of many public opinions, editorials, addresses etc., urging the necessity for reading. Apparently they have been fruitless. The desire to read has been absent, and this is the pathetic part of the whole affair. Many times have we been told that since we are in college we must be intellectually curious; yet seldom is our presence here due to this curiosity. There is a decided lack among us of intellectual curiosity, and this is amply illustrated by the small amount of reading done by college students. The Browsing Room (as pointed out by the author of the initial remark) is never full. Ninety per cent of college girls' rooms contain but one small book case, chiefly filled with text or reference books, supplemented perhaps by a small volume of poems, notably Robert Service, Rupert Brooke, Robert Frost and Tagore. Far be it from me to want to deprecate the intrinsic value of these poets; I

simply point out that as the sole material for the library of intellectually curious persons, they are decidedly inadequate. I cannot be persuaded that whenever people wish to read good books they will go to the library rather than own the books. Therefore, the conclusion must be that the average college girl seldom reads good books, and this conclusion is borne out by investigation. To the continental or English university student this discovery would be horrifying and unbelievable.

As members of the English speaking peoples, we have at our command perhaps the most wonderful literature in the history of the world; a literature rich in every field. Why do we not investigate these riches which lie waiting before us? There is variety, there is truth, there is beauty indescribable, and it is left untouched by the very persons who should be best fitted to appreciate these things. It is possible that were we to commence reading at random, we should read great books in a trivial fashion—a worse crime than not reading them at all. But familiarity with greatness can not help but engender a certain critical ability to appreciate, which is latent in most persons.

The number of things which the average college student has not read is startling, yet I speak only of masterpieces, of the best part of literature. After college, we are caught by life and then we have to commence finding out things for ourselves which no amount of reading can teach. Most of us commence life without having even learned what can be taught by others. In spite of the efforts of the faculty we issue forth from the academic world with scarcely a fraction of the education we should have acquired, and for this lack we ourselves are to blame. We must go forth and seek knowledge, we must want it; the means to satisfy such a craving is at hand more conveniently here than anywhere else. We must meet knowledge half way, rather than waiting for it all to come to us, and the textbook is not the only method of so doing. The more one has read, the more resources one has added to his mental store; the more resources there are; the more action there tends to be.

E. N. S.

## EDITORIAL

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### STILL WAR

More than a month has gone since first we heard the news of the signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities. Again and again during that month we have heard said and have ourselves remarked: "Well, anyway it's all over. We've won the war." And we settle back complacently to consider proudly the glory of America that effected it. Then how often do we lightly turn aside to lay our little plans for what we shall do when the boys come home and there will be plenty of men at the dances again and everything will be just as it was before. Of course we realize, since every speaker and every periodical has been proclaiming it to us loudly, that reconstruction is the most difficult part. But for most of us the idea is rather vague, and it seems to concern us little, until, armed with sheepskin, we may go bodily forth to rebuild French villages.

Now heaven forbid that we should set up to be above rejoicing in the restoration of the gay good times before our brothers and friends marched off and left us to the prosaic task of gathering fuel at college for the home-fires! Save us from the disgrace of a caddish intellectual superiority that will allow us to think only of the grave and nationally significant side of the matter! Still is it not important for us to remember what it is so easy to forget, that the war is not over, not won, that it is really just begun?

Bitter must it be for those who have given fully in this war if the sacrifice shall have been in vain. But for all humanity

what more truly tragic than failure to grasp our opportunity to remake the world! Though perhaps in our hearts we are tempted to think that we have gone through much, still we are generally ready to admit that America has not suffered as England and France have done. The past four years have burned from them the possibility of national vainglory and selfishness. Because our sacrifice has been so much less that it could not thus purge us, America must now put forth the greater effort.

Our danger may not be minimized. The fact that we desire and shall obtain no territorial aggrandisement is not proof that we may not be swayed by hypernationalism. Pigheaded narrowness, commercial greed, and the folly of national glorification will be hard to avoid. The fight against this kind of selfishness must be carried on henceforth with increasing determination, lest we be swallowed up quietly and insidiously at home by the very evils we have been seeking to stamp out in Europe.

These are neither new thoughts nor new expressions of them. Yet another repetition need not irritate. Here at college continual reminders are scarcely too frequent. And what can we as students do about it? It is hard to say directly. First of all, perhaps, we must recognize the gravity of the situation. That it is serious we cannot doubt after reading many of the newspapers or listening to the casual talk of people around us. Then, realizing this, let us remember and think. Let us think carefully just what we are eager to do with our opportunity today, how we wish to remake international relations, what scheme of things we will to establish in America. And let us remember that it is not our military achievements that can be the foundation of national greatness; it is the spirit of generosity and selflessness that made these victories possible, a spirit which must not be submerged by baser passions but which, quickened and expanded, shall permeate all till it controls our national life in every phase.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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### THE FAMILIAR INCOMPREHENSIBLE

Strange and unsearchable are the ways of class meetings, and the psychology of those that frequent them, past finding out. If in truth it be the mark of an educated person to be able to make transitions easily, the attempt to follow the devious courses of a class meeting is the best education I know of. There is absolutely no figuring out, from how it began, how it will end,—into what highways and byways the discussion will be led. The traveler, so to speak, must be constantly on the alert to follow the changing stream of travel, or soon she will find herself in undiscovered country, with no means of knowing how she got in, or how she will get out.

It is a study in human nature, too, to attend one of these remarkable assemblies. There is the person who comes in late, and leaves early. There is the person who remains patiently through the entire affair, knitting placidly, oblivious to her surroundings. There is the person who rises at frequent intervals and "addresses the chair," with remarks that are sometimes relevant,—more often not. There is the person who never says anything, but after deep thought casts her vote with as much solemnity as if it really mattered much one way or the other. There is the person who bursts into impassioned oratory on the slightest provocation, being so carried away by her own eloquence, once she has gotten fairly into her stride, that she knows not where to stop, nor would if she did know. And most obnoxious of all, there is the per-

son who rises and with an air of patronizing superiority delivers her remarks, then seats herself with a "Lo, I have spoken and it is finished" air.

Then too there are the persons who count the votes. I have, most decidedly, no head for mathematics, and I always watch them with the utmost respect, awe and veneration, as they separate and count seemingly countless little scribbled bits of paper, of varying degrees of illegibility, or gaze out over a sea of waving hands. They always seem to be able to tell just how many are there. I never could, I am sure.

Altogether, the class meeting is an institution. The fact that nine-tenths of the persons present have no ideas on a subject, but, having none, always object, as a matter of principle, to any ideas the other tenth may venture to set forth, may or may not add to its interest. That all depends on the point of view. But in any case, I recommend them as an instructive diversion, and suggest that it were better to be numbered among those who attend them than among those who, remaining at home, inquire afterward what took place.

A. I. P.

Even the very tolerant war muse is surfeited with the slightly unreal idealisms of the "happily ever after" hero, and in her eagerness for a new object to worship has found a strange choice. Suddenly—probably in view of the sheer dramatic force latent in such problems,—college publications are dealing with enemy heroes: The *Vassar Miscellany Monthly* tells us of an American educated German noble, who has not yet completed his Harvard career, when he is peremptorily called to his colors. In spite of the friendliest feelings for his fosterland, which are cordially returned, he leaves at once for loyal support of his fatherland. So far the psychology of the situation is excellent; Von Glück is an admirable character, dignified under his perpetual good humor, "good sport," excellent friend, and we only admire the more his fidelity to what he has naturally considered the fulcrum of his duty. But it seems an unforgivable mistake to dilute such a plot at

last by a coincidental encounter in No Man's Land between Von Glück and the son of his American patron, with the tragic (if it were possible) result that in sparing the life of his friend, he brings upon himself courtmartial and death as a traitor.

Both in this story, and in "Paying the Price" from the *Mt. Holyoke Monthly*, the wages of virtue seem to be death; for in the latter case a young German airman, in refusing to destroy an enemy base hospital, is riddled by shells from enemy aircraft.

"A Chance for Cinderella" in the same magazine is unusually well done, and deserves a place nearer the front cover. On the other hand, it is hard to understand that "The Diver" should have captured a prize as a poem. As a vivid rendering of sensations, yes, but what a jerky rhythm when compared with the curved gliding of which it tells!

A vivid bit of description is presented by an alumna of the Western College, in its publication. It is of a Mexican mining center at the apex of a spiral mountain railway, and is called "In Foreign Parts." One of the finest contributions of the month comes, however, in the form of "Letters Written to a Friend while on a Voyage into Browning" from the *Vassar Monthly*, letters which are so filled with wholesome critique as to captivate even a non-Browning enthusiast. There is an original contribution, welcome, no doubt, to Browning societies, and perhaps interesting enough, trivial though it is, to reprint:

"Did I ever tell you the story that was told me by a friend of Browning whom it was once my privilege to meet? This gentleman was visiting Browning in Venice; and every morning there would arrive a great sheaf of letters from Browning societies all over the world asking him what he meant by this passage or that; what was the deep hidden significance of this or that word or phrase. Mr. Browning would glance over these letters and laugh in the greatest amusement.

"How do I know what I mean?" he would say. "I hear the words and I write them."

A. J. K.

## AFTER COLLEGE

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### PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Ruth Walcott, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

### ENGAGEMENTS

- '16. Elizabeth Fellows to Bertram Simonds Viles of Boston, who is in the Motor Truck Service in France.  
Florence Ware to Lovell Corcoran, 1st Lieutenant, 4th U. S. Field Artillery.  
'17. Helena Hawkins to Lieutenant Russell Bonynge.

### MARRIAGES

- '16. Josephine F. Baldwin to Captain Harry Waldo Voxall, M. C., King's Royal Rifle Corps, British Military Mission to the United States.

Gertrude Foreman to James M. Hart.

Florence M. Hodges to Dr. Alfred Morris Hodges on September 5th. The wedding was held in the Sophia Smith homestead, the first wedding ever held there.

Marguerite H. White to Hazen Edward Stockwell on July 8th.

- '17. Margaret Adamick to Lieutenant Trueman Streng on May 25th.  
Irene Haley to J. Burton Stride on June 22nd.  
Eleanor Hunsicker to Lieutenant Raymond Ward on June 12th.

## BIRTHS

- '16. To Elizabeth (Gray) Chapin a daughter, Barbara Farrington, on May 31st.
- ex-'16. To Helen (Hobbs) Cobb a son, Edward S. Jr., on July 16th.
- '17. To Marjorie (Root) Gillett, a daughter, Mary, on July 22nd. Mary is the class baby.

## OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '16. Marjorie Miller is working in the National Executive Office of "Fatherless Children of France."
- Hazel (Wyeth) Williams is director of publicity and circularizing department of Red Cross Headquarters in New York City.
- Priscilla McClellan is Supervisor of Recreation for the out of town operators of the Bell Telephone Co. in Washington, D. C.
- '17. Maude Leach is at the Mt. Sinai training school for nurses.
- Shannon Webster was transferred in September to the Toul Sector, American Red Cross Canteen Service, about fifteen miles from the front.

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Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.



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Smith College  
Monthly

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EDITORS:

CONSTANCE WINSOR McLAUGHLIN

ELsie GARRETSON FINCH	ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP
NATALIE KENT	MARY VAUX WHITFORD
RUTH WINIFRED SEGGERMAN	ELIZABETH MANGAM
ELISE NINA STEYNE	CHARLOTTE BELL CRANDALL
AGNES ISABEL PIKE	ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE
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MARGARET ROBERTS SHERWOOD

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ISABEL MACNABB

RUTH ADELAIDE PERRY

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THE GOAD OF PLATO

VIRGINIA HEINLEIN

Plato is inexhaustible. Would you discuss astronomy, geometry, education, etymology, poetry, rhetoric,—would you have lessons in moral wisdom—seek Plato, for you are sure to find that he has something quite definite and worthy to say about every subject. He has been adopted by every age, by every nation as one of the most precious storehouses of knowledge, and yet, I doubt if Plato expected the subject matter in itself to live after him. He had compiled in his writings the knowledge of his time and all that had gone before, he anticipated the problems of a million years, he was sound in a wis-

dom that has a proof worthy of itself. For although many men, with the air of a conjurer, could bountifully spread before us the fruits of a life of reflection and labor, it is the one in an age who could so clearly and skillfully, and unselfishly lay before us the secret of his wisdom—not only the result but the method used to obtain it. Plato offers us, although not unforgiveably pointedly, a way of living, an attitude of mind which he believes to be the best, and which he, as the "Spirit of Inquiry and Reason" typifies.

Plato puts into the hands of all who care a priceless power—that of thinking—the ability to analyze and synthesize, to separate the true and the false. Socrates, with his keenly ironic "favorite mode of interrogation," his dialectic method,—is his instrument, the goad with which he probes us all awake. He is the spirit of challenge. "Wait there!" he calls when we have cited a worn out conventionalism, an idea that is a useless heirloom from the past that produced it, a narrow unfounded prejudice. And when we wait, secure in our trust that like Gorgias, since we have been able to "create belief" and know well how "to behave to the world" we need know no fundamental facts about our subject, Socrates is critically awake, alert, and we are being weighed in the balance. Then he speaks, and although we may not realize it, he speaks with sympathy and an almost unbelievable amount of understanding. Often he has only to repeat our very words in order to condemn them in our eyes. They are set forth at a new angle, the rosy apple that seemed so sound and enticing while lying among all the other apples, is lifted up and with the bad spot on the other side it needs only to be seen to be rejected. Our words of which we were so proud, blind that we are with the tendency to love that which we have created, are limp and shriveled and devoid of reason when Socrates utters them, and tests them in the light of universal validity.

Even if we are not alone in our belief, and stand firmly against a background of like thinkers, Socrates asserts and adequately proves to us that "a great band of witnesses prove nothing—they are of no value where truth is the aim." He seems to say—"Stand with the crowd only if your private

judgment upholds you, but do not let numbers, and consequently might, make right." And Socrates does not offer this advice to a few favored ones. He is a democrat among philosophers. He believes that in everyone is the ability to know himself, to discover Truth.

To Euthyphro, Gorgias, and any other of us who unthinkingly juggle words and phrases to form definitions and explanations, Socrates has a word of warning. Meditate more on the meaning and less on the sound of the words. And if we are persistent in our carelessness, beware, for he, who confessedly would be willing to pay someone to listen, patiently continues to whisk fresh air and sunlight into our convention clogged brain cells. We struggle at first, then perhaps cry out with Euthyphro, "Somehow or other, our arguments on whatever ground we rest them, seem to turn round and walk away from us," and then, humbly, but with some joy at the new brightness of things, we admit our false position, and seek a better one.

Socrates unfalteringly puts his finger upon another of our faults—"a certain probability and speciousness whence most men derive their opinions." But if we have made such a mistake, and are challenged, we are not good sportsmen if we run away from the argument. Socrates tells us that "no greater evil can happen to anyone than to hate reasoning."

Plato, having set before us the example of Socrates, urges that we take some heed of this adroit, farseeing person, who deliberately and in ever so dexterous a manner seeks to arouse us from our apathy, our indifference to original thinking, our ready acceptance of second-hand credos and wornout conventions. "He doesn't want to see people squirm," says Mr. Randolph Bourne in "Youth and Life," speaking of the man who applies the white fire of irony to all things, "but he does want to see if we are alive or not." *Are we alive?* If not, we shall find that there are Socratic jolts today as well as yesterday, although we should be ashamed to deserve them.

## THE WIND AT SUNSET

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

Listen—down the valley languid  
Comes a laughing sunset song,  
Spreading all about it music  
Where it flies along.

Through the hills of heavy wonder,  
Down the valleys of the sky,  
I have heard the fairy thunder  
Where the frightened fancies fly.

I have seen the honey-flowers  
On the hills of dawnless day,  
And from scented sunset bowers  
I have taken dreams away.  
And sky spirits flit in crowds.

I have tarried in the houses  
Of the silver-hearted clouds,  
Where the lightning god carouses

I have wandered by the mountains,  
Out beyond the longest sea,  
I have dipped my feet in fountains  
Rainbows have made cool for me.

Down white pathways of a far world  
I have come a windy way,  
Through the gardens of a star world  
To your flowery summer day.

Listen—down the twilight valley  
Comes a magic wind-wrought song,  
Spreading all about it music  
Where it flies along.

## FAIRS AND FAIRIES

MARY VAUX WHITFORD

I'll tell you a story, not of Jack and Minory, but of Timmy O'Meara and what he didn't believe about fairies. It all happened a long time ago before those ancient and honorable persons, our grandparents, were born, and Timmy lived quite the other side of a wide, wide ocean where I have never been, so I really can't be expected to vouch for the truth of the tale. Believe it or not as you will. But if you don't the fairies won't bring their blessing to your wedding.

It was spring and that time of morning when sparkling dew-drops still outline the elusive cobwebs. Noisy little birds hopped and fluttered among the thick green bushes and thin wisps of smoke had just begun to curl up from the cottage chimneys and drift away in the sunlight.

"It's a brave morning" said Timmy O'Meara to himself as he walked along a twisty little lane that was white with blossoming thorn. Timmy sniffed at the floating fragrance.

"I'm after thinkin'," he murmured, "that heaven itself isn't likely to be so sweet. And its sure I am that never before have the thorn bushes been so white with the bloom."

Then Timmy began to hum a gay Irish tune, for you see he was very happy. Perhaps it was the morning that made him so, but then perhaps it wasn't. The little lane that looked so inconsequential was, in Timmy's estimation, vastly more important than any of the great trade routes of the world. They lead only to wealth, but the crooked little lane led to a small brown cottage and a laughing slip of a girl, whom people called Daffy because her hair was as yellow as the first fresh daffodils of spring.

So Timmy hummed away and his eyes sparkled as he thought of the joy of their meeting. And then he turned the very crookedest crook of the lane and there was the tiny brown cottage with its wee scrap of a flower garden and its worn wooden benches on each side of the door. Timmy had

meant to approach very quietly and decorously, but the sight of it all was too much for his composure, and he burst suddenly into loud song. The door of the cottage flew open and a yellow haired girl stood on the door step. She shaded her eyes with her hand, and peered anxiously down the lane.

Timmy ceased singing as abruptly as he had begun.

"It's Daffy herself," he breathed.

And "It's welcome ye are," called Daffy, "as welcome as the fine April morning itself."

Then she jumped lightly from the step and came running down the path to meet him.

The only witnesses to the meeting were two bright-eyed, impudent robins and they never told what happened. Neither did Daffy and Timmy. Perhaps, however you can draw your own deductions from parallel circumstances. If not that, you can at least guess.

"It's a shameless lad ye are," scolded Daffy, after a time. "Keepin' me down here this long while an' the old grandmother up to the cottage eatin' out her heart for a sight of ye."

Timmy grinned.

"Sure an' it's hatin' I'd be to grieve anyone this day with me just comin' back to ye and the old home," he said.

So hand in hand they started up the path to the cottage. Daffy's little feet fairly danced along and this time it was she who hummed a song as gay as the budding flowers. When they reached the door-step the old grandmother hobbled out to meet them. She was bent and twisted and brown like the thorn bushes in winter when they are stripped of their leaves, but her eyes were bright and shrewd.

"Indeed," she said when she had kissed Timmy's rather unwilling cheek, "when I saw ye comin' up the lane I was after thinkin' ye was the grand landlord himself. It's a brave showin' ye're makin' in yer fine city clothes," she said to Timmy.

For the first time Daffy noticed the clothes, the blue coat with its long tails and shiny buttons, and the almost unbelievably smooth trousers.

"Sure it's grand ye are!" she exclaimed estatically.

Timmy blushed. "'Tis nothin'" he murmured with affected nonchalance, but he drew himself up very tall and straight, and flecked a perfectly imaginary spot of dust off his coat sleeve. Timmy was proud of the smooth trousers and the shiny buttons, for they stood for achievement, something he had that the other village youths had failed to get. Then he smiled at Daffy.

"It's yourself that's rivalin' the flowers," he said.

"Well, well" said the old grandmother, who had been watching them with amused toleration, "Ye didn't forget Daffy after all, did ye?"

Timmy and Daffy exchanged glances that made words seem limpingly inadequate.

"Mind ye don't be putting on city airs now ye've come back," continued the old woman to Timmy, "And don't ye be ashamed of Daffy, her and her country ways, it's a fine girl she is."

And the old grandmother hobbled back into the house mumbling to herself, "It's ill suited to the country that city clothes is."

But Timmy and Daffy only laughed, for truly it was a joyous day.

"Come," said Daffy stretching out her hand to Timmy, "Let's be sittin' on the bench and havin' a wee bit of a talk. It's lonesome I've been, Timmy boy," she said with a sigh, "with no one sittin' on the bench with me these three years."

So they sat on the worn old bench where they had done their "courtin" and Timmy talked of many things he had not written in his letters, for Timmy did not find it easy to write. And it was Daffy's turn to beam with silent pride.

"Timmy," she said suddenly, "Are ye after rememberin' the summer evenin's when the sun was low and the two of us sittin' out here listenin' to Raftery the poet singin' his songs?"

Timmy nodded "It's well I remember them," he said.

"I am after thinkin' that it's some fine poetry ye've heard up in Dublin" said Daffy wistfully.

Timmy shook his head. "No, Daffy," he said, "it's mighty little time I've had for poetry up in Dublin with me workin' so hard for a bit of money to bring home to you. The bit of

money that would be buying us a fine small house and a squealing pig, and mayhap even a cow." Timmy paused. "It's quaren little poetry there is in Dublin anyway," he added.

"Sure and there's poetry everywhere, I'm thinkin'," reproached Daffy. "If ye'll only take the trouble to look for it. But it's grand poetry we'll be havin' now," she comforted.

Timmy yawned. Poetry did not interest him greatly. He much preferred to be telling Daffy about the wonders of Dublin.

"Sure and I've grown out of the way of poetry," he said indifferently, and then he added softly, "And what would I be needin' with poetry, when I have you, mavourneen?" Daffy laughed.

"I'm thinkin' Raftery the poet couldn't have answered better," said Daffy gaily, quite forgetting the hurt of the first part of Timmy's remark in the joy of the last.

"But tell me," she asked anxiously, "Mayhap the grandmother is right, will ye be contented with the likes of me, an' my country ways, after the grand city?"

"Don't ye be worryn' your little yellow head about that, me darlin'," said Timmy tenderly, "Oh I'm after thinkin' the city's good enough for awhile," he said magnanimously. "And I'm thinkin' every man should see a bit of the world, but after all's said and done, it's the country I'm preferrin', where a man can plow his own field and tend his own cattle."

"And be plantin' his own flowers," added Daffy softly. "'Tis glad I am that the weary years of waitin' are over at last, an' we can be settlin' down in the wee home."

Timmy patted her hand. "It's happy we'll be, macushla," he said, then he looked up at the sun. "An' it's long we've been talking here," he said in surprise. "Sure 'tis time to be leavin' for the fair, with the sun so high in the heaven."

Daffy was silent for a few seconds and she sat wrapping the corner of her little white apron nervously around one finger, then;

"Timmy," she said impetuously, "With you comin' home to me it's too happy I am this day for the likes of a fair."

"Too happy for a fair," repeated Timmy incredulously.

Daffy nodded her yellow head vigorously. Timmy was amazed and disappointed. Things were not turning out as he had planned. You see, like most people, Timmy liked to be appreciated, and he had not been, by anyone but Daffy, before he went to Dublin. Also Timmy had always yearned for one tremendous splurge of glory. After three drab, hard working years in Dublin he felt that the time was propitious. He had earned enough for the "wee home" and so he was planning to return anyway. The big spring fair, the new suit of clothes, and a bit of money to jingle in his pocket, what better combination could there be? What better opportunity for admiration and adulation? So Timmy timed his arrival accordingly, and now Daffy, all unconsciously, was trying to rob him of the success of his shiny buttons.

"An' what would ye be doin' instead of goin' to the fair?" he inquired.

"Goin' out into the woods," replied Daffy promptly.

"An' me in me best clothes?" exclaimed Timmy in horror. If Daffy heard that remark she ignored it.

"Indeed it's a grand day to be goin' into the woods" she coaxed. "Sure we could be huntin' in the long grass for the wee tender flowers and pickin' of the yellow primroses and the sweet purple violets. An' it would be cool and quiet, with just the two of us an' mayhap a bit of babblin' brook."

"But, Daffy," objected Timmy, "I'm thinkin' many's the day we can be gatherin' flowers an' it isn't often we'll be havin' such a grand fair. Sure there'll be the pipes an' hurlin' an' dancin' an' a bit of something to drink an' fine fat pigs for us to choose from," he concluded as a final inducement.

"Tis fine they all are," admitted Daffy, "But, Timmy," and she bent towards him and lowered her voice confidentially, "it's yourself must be knowin' that mortals are not the only folk that celebrate this April time. 'Tis the fairies' own season," she said triumphantly. "Sure Raftery the poet told me so himself. A brave time they have of it, dancin' on the soft grass an' playin' hide-an'-seek in the flowers. Many's the time I've wanted to go in search of them, but it wasn't for

the likes of me. 'No mavourneen,' says Raftery, 'They'll not be showin' themselves to a mortal, an' he not with a great sorrow or a great happiness on him.' It's not a great sorrow I've had yet, may the Saints be praised, but it's today it is, that I'm after havin' a great happiness. Come into the woods with me Timmy darlin', " she begged. "An' I'm after thinkin' the fairies will give us their blessin'."

For a second Timmy almost relented, Daffy was so ardently earnest and her cheeks were so pink. But somewhere in the depths of him a mean little voice said:

"Take care. Don't be sellin' your glory for a bit of a yellow haired girl, Timmy O'Meara." So Timmy hardened his heart.

"Tis that I'd give for the blessing of the fairies," he said snapping his fingers scornfully.

"Timmy," gasped Daffy recoiling in horror, "Sure an' ye don't know what ye're sayin'."

"Indeed an' I do," replied Timmy. "I'm knowin' it an' I'm meanin' it. I'm after thinkin' there's no such things as fairies."

"May the Saints preserve ye from the anger of the little people, for it's in danger ye are this day," said Daffy earnestly.

"In danger," scoffed Timmy, "An how can a thing that's nothing be bringin' danger to a body? It's only the old folk and the childer that believes in fairies these days," he added.

"An' ye weren't believin' that before ye went to Dublin town," said Daffy. "Raftery the poet was right. When ye went away he said to me he did, 'An' how can ye be lettin' him go from ye, Daffy girl? The city's a wicked bad place, an' mayhap it will be takin' him from ye.' Sure I laughed at him then an' I laughed at the old grandmother this mornin', but I'm not laughin' now." And two large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. Timmy was distressed.

"Ye mustn't be lettin' a wee thing like a fairy come between the two of us," he said, reaching clumsily for her hand. But Daffy snatched it away.

"Tis not a wee thing," she flared, "It's the fairies that's after bringin' all that's sweet an' bloomin', the flowers an' the dew-drops an' the poets, sure an' happiness itself."

Timmy felt hurt. Apparently, Daffy did not realize just how hard he had worked in Dublin to bring her happiness.

"But ye must be rememberin', Daffy, that I can give ye a fine house with grand fat hens scratchin' in the yard. There's not another man in the county can do as well by ye. That's better than the fairies, I'm thinkin'," concluded Timmy in a tone of justifiable pride.

"I'll not be goin' to the fair with ye this day, Timmy O'Meara," said Daffy, jumping to her feet. "Nor will I ever be goin' anywhere else with ye. Ye can't be bribin' me into takin' ye. 'Tis not your gold I'm wantin' anyway. I'm much preferrin' the fairies' gold."

Like a flash she was gone and the cottage door shut with a sudden bang behind her. Timmy stood gazing blankly at the blank wall. He felt very forlorn and wretched.

"After all," he said to himself, "It's Daffy that means more to me than the fair. Sure an' she's wrong about the fairies, but I'll not let that be keepin' us apart," and Timmy stepped forward to open the door. But he didn't, for just then he heard a laugh, derisive, but familiar. Turning quickly he saw Daffy running down the green slope behind the cottage. She waved a slim arm at him and called:

"'Tis a fine time ye'll be havin' at the fair with yer city gold but it's a better time I'll be havin' in the woods with the fairies." Timmy stood watching her until she disappeared in a clump of trees at the foot of the hill, then he turned and walked slowly away towards the fair.

"Sure there's many another girl will be glad to see me this day," he comforted himself. "An' I'll not be lettin' the actions of *her* make me unhappy." But this time he forgot to notice how white the thorn bushes looked in the sunshine.

Timmy was right, there were many girls who welcomed him warmly, almost hotly in fact, and there was all the admiration and adulation he could have wished for, from the wrinkled old women who called him a "brave lad, like the grandfather before him, God rest his soul," to the young men who cast envious glances at the blue coat and shiny buttons. The green was gay with dancing couples and the music was

merry. There was more than a bit to drink and the pigs were remarkably fat and fine, but it was all "dust and ashes" to Timmy.

"Begorra, it's because I've outgrown the likes of it, livin' so long in the city," he assured himself. But he knew only too well that was not the real reason for his discontent. So the afternoon was yet young when he stole away unnoticed while everyone was watching, with absorbing interest, a "hurling" game.

Timmy didn't take the open road where there was a chance of meeting people who were quite happy and carefree, but he took a little "short cut" that he remembered of old. It was very much grown up in tall green weeds and, as Timmy walked along stumbling occasionally in a hidden hole, he thought gloomy thoughts of how he hated yellow haired girls and shiny buttons and fairies.

"Sure an' if there are any fairies in the world, it's the wicked ones they are," he muttered to himself.

And just then Timmy felt something tug at his leg. "An' even the briars are tryin' to make me unhappy," he murmured as he stooped down to tear it away. But Timmy was not destined to punish that offending briar, instead he straightened up abruptly and his eyes fairly bulged with surprise, for there at his feet stood a wee bit of a man in a tight green suit. The tip ends of his pointed shoes were red and the tip tassel on his peaked cap. His face was very round and so were his mouth and eyes and his tiny speck of a nose. Timmy wanted desperately to make some polite and pleasant remark, but the power of speech seemed to have departed from him so it was left to the wee man to begin the conversation.

"Good evenin' to ye, Timmy O'Meara," he said in a voice that was altogether too big for his body.

"The Holy Saints preserve us," gasped Timmy, "An' he knows me name." The little man frowned.

"It's that I do," he said, "An' what's more there's not one of the little people that doesn't, an' ye sayin' such wicked bad things about us this day."

"An' it please your honor," said Timmy hastily, "Not a word of them did I mean, it was only a bit of a joke."

"Humph," said the wee man in disgust. "'Tis dangerous jokin' that, but it isn't what I've come to talk to ye about. Are ye after knowin' a yellow haired slip of a girl called Daffy?"

"Am I?" asked Timmy. "Sure an' there's no one I'm after knowin' better."

"Humph," said the little man once more, "Then it's strange it is, that a great strappin' fellow like you would let the likes of her go off alone in the woods. It's lost she is this minute, with not a mortal being to protect her."

"Daffy, lost in the forest?" cried Timmy in consternation. The little man nodded.

"Then it's not a minute I must be loosin' in goin' to search for her. Ye'll have to be excusin' me, yer honor, but it's this second I'll have to be leavin'."

"Hold on there," called the wee man angrily, "An' what did ye think I'd come to ye for, if it's not to show ye the way to Daffy. Mind ye," he added severely, "It's not for ye I'm doin' this, it's for Daffy's sake that the fairies sent me, for sure the girl is almost a fairy herself."

"It's right ye are," said Timmy fervently, quite forgetting his former opinion of fairies.

"Now ye be followin' me and mind ye look sharp," warned the wee man. "It's a long way and hard an' it's a wise thing ye'll be doin' if ye mark the bushes in some way. Comin' home without the fairies' help will not be so easy as goin'."

So Timmy pulled out his handkerchief, it was of fine linen and from Dublin town, but without a qualm he tore it into narrow strips, then he set out to follow the wee man.

And Timmy followed him and followed him, along the weedy path, through boggy places that stained his smooth new trousers, and on into a thick wood. At last Timmy began to think that they were going to the world's end. Over head the little sunset pink clouds were fading into gray, when the wee green man said:

"Just a second now an' ye'll be seein' the yellow-haired Daffy." And in just a second they came out on a wide green field. There were a few young green trees that were slim and straight and a few old ones that were gnarled and knotted, but

it was mostly soft green grass and flowers, millions of them, some hiding shyly in the grass, others standing out boldly in a blaze of color. But Timmy saw none of these things, for in the middle of the field lay Daffy, curled up and fast asleep. Timmy quite forgot the wee green man and started with a rush toward Daffy. A peremptory voice stopped him:

"Wait there," said the wee man, "It's careful ye must be," he continued. "Can't ye see she's sleepin' in a fairy ring? An' if ye trample on the flowers of a fairy ring, sure it'll go hard with ye."

This time Timmy looked carefully, and around the place where Daffy lay there was a wide, gay ring of flowers, primroses and blue bells, pale wind flowers and tiny white hyacinths, columbine, fragile pink lilies and blue forget-me-nots. Perhaps some of you are saying scornfully to yourselves, "Sure Timmy O'Meara was no botanist if he saw that strange conglomeration growing all at once." But that just proves your ignorance, for in a fairy ring buttercups and Christmas roses often grow side by side.

So Timmy approached the ring cautiously, and as he stepped inside he felt a feeling of happiness and joy come upon him. Lightly he knelt beside Daffy and lightly he kissed each eyelid. Daffy sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Timmy!" she exclaimed, then, "Sure, an' I must be dreaming still," she said. But Timmy stretched out his hand:

"Feel of it," he commanded, and Daffy did.

"It's real you are" she exclaimed joyfully, and she flung both arms around his neck in an estatic embrace.

"Oh Timmy it's passin' glad I am to see you," she said. "Tis dreadful unhappy I was, thinkin' I was goin' to die an' me treatin' you in that wicked bad way this mornin'. Sure an' I've been quaren sad this day, an' Timmy lad, I'm after thinkin' it was ye that was right. All day have I hunted and not a fairy have I seen."

"Use the eyes of ye, Daffy darlin'," cried Timmy.

Daffy looked around, "A fairy ring" she exclaimed incredulously. Timmy nodded.

"It was ye that was right," he said, "Sure an' it is the fair-

ies that brings all the happiness, for it was the fairies that brought me to you." And then he told her the story of the wee green man.

"An' where is he now?" asked Daffy when he had finished.  
"Sure an' I must be thankin' him this minute."

The sunset pink had quite faded away, but by the light of an obliging moon the two of them searched the field for the wee man, but not a trace of him could they find.

"It's gone he is," said Daffy sadly.

"Yes," agreed Timmy, "An' it's goin' we must be, but many's the happy time we'll spend in this field." Daffy shook her head:

"No Timmy," she said wisely, "It's not every day ye can be findin' a fairy field."

"I'm after thinkin' ye're right," replied Timmy thoughtfully, "But any way, 'tis passin' happy we'll be with the blessin' of the fairies, for wasn't ye after tellin' me that any mortal that stepped inside a fairy ring was after gettin' a blessin' on him?" Daffy nodded;

"Yes," she agreed, "'Tis happy we'll be with the fairies' blessin', but it's not that alone that will be makin' our happiness, I'm thinkin' that the wee house that ye worked so hard to get for me will be addin' more than a bit."

She slipped her arm through his, and in silence they started homewards. In spite of the warning of the fairy, the way seemed short and smooth.

## THE SCISSORS GRINDER

BARBARA MCKAY

Scissor-r-rs to grind! Scissor-rs to grind!  
His bell jangles harshly; he shuffles along—  
His pack and his lathe are strapped on behind,  
And creak, as he wearily drags out his song—

"Ombr-ellas to mend! Ombr-ellas to mend!"  
He snarls out the words with malevolent whine,  
He frightens the children; they fly round the bend  
And hide in the tangle of clematis vine.

His back, it is crooked; his step, it is slow;  
His eyes, in the shade of his hat's tattered brim,  
Are lit with a sullen fanatical glow,  
As he peers through the twilight so somber and dim.

The shadows of dusk creep out, stealthy and gray;  
A star glitters over the hill like a spark.  
The sound of his slow-ringing bell dies away  
Down the road, and he vanishes into the dark.

## A STEVENSON FOR ME

FLORENCE E. WOLFE

By way of Apology:—

A librarian conducted me to the shelf. I stood amazed, over-awed by the many books, all with Robert Louis Stevenson at the top and a great name at the bottom. I was overwhelmed by my audacity. I turned to go away and choose another topic. I was very forlorn. I had the guilty feeling which I remember experiencing at seven when I had presumed at a grown-up's affair. But I went back, for I remembered that, although I was one of the million bubbles of the Eternal Saki there was a Stevenson for me.

"Art is an expression of personality." The creation of the mind is but the mirror of the man. I accept this but I wish to add, reading is the interpretation of personality. "Child of the brain," seems to me to be a peculiarly expressive phrase. As the child is the reproduction of the parent, the work of the mind is the reflection of the author. It is he. But when I read it, I take the lights which are suited to my personality, the shiny spots which cause an echoing appeal in me. Stevenson is a mirror of himself. Into each book he has written Stevenson. Stephen Chalmers calls him, "a human paradox, whimsical, purposeful, quick-tempered, generous, selfish, forgiving." He is a human prism—but the Stevenson for me is the one who is in the child's verse—the essays—the letters.

It is the Peter Pan Stevenson who is in the verse, the man who carried all through his life, the make-believe spirit. To me the phrase which describes the child's Stevenson is buoyant simplicity. That is the circle which holds in the eagerness, the abandon, the freedom, the pretense, the frankness, the naturalness, in short all the child characteristics of Stevenson. In "My Shadow," Stevenson shows the eternal happiness and sing-song freedom. The last verse appeals to me particularly because of its glee and I-fooled-him spirit.

"One morning very early before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an' ancient sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed."

My nephew who has attained the conquering age of seven gives daily evidence of the "Good Play" frankness and joy—

"We sailed along for days and days  
And had the very best of plays."

and the resignation with which seven recognizes Fate and comes back from the lets-pretend land:

"But Tom fell out and hurt his knee  
So there was no left but me."

The "Land of Counterpane" repeats this resignation of seven to the inevitable, but adds the jack-in-the-box optimism, the delight of the new play—the pleasure of each novel detail.

Stevenson remembered how silent—how lonesome—how awful the just-before-tea hour was, when a grown-up's presence is a solace, unconfessed because nine is braver than nineteen. In the "Lamp-lighter" the plaintive, tea-time wail has crept in. It is almost minor. Stevenson has shown his remarkable tone ability in keeping it grey, with broad black streaks—which do, however, lead to the light.

Stevenson is a real poet of children. When I was a third-grader and in the Winken and Blinken and Nod period, I remember enjoying Stevenson more than these three brave men because Stevenson was of me. His verses were not what a grown-up thought I ought to be or imagined I was. This difference is shown even in Stevenson's own poetry—the difference between the Peter Pan Stevenson and the grown-up Stevenson:

"How do you like to go up in a swing  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do.

and

"When children are playing alone on the green  
In comes the playmate that never was seen.  
When children are happy and lovely and good,  
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.  
'Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed,  
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;  
For where e'er they're lying, in cupboard or shelf  
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself!"

In the latter, Stevenson is one with mother, nurse, sister—who-tells-me-to-wash-my-hands. In the former, he is seven—like me.

The essays give the merest shadow of this boy. They are the expression of the eagerness, the freedom, the pretense, the frankness, the naturalness turned into the unconventional, the whimsical, the virile. In the essays he is essentially human. It is just a you-and-me talk about an experience. Of course, it is egotistical but it is gently egotistical. If R. L. S. wrote R. L. S. into everything—it's because R. L. S. was his sole theme. But he never poses as one of the world's

most famous products, one of its successful, strong citizens. Stevenson had a sense of humor. He was conscious of himself. "He lived at the heart of life." He understood men, women, children, nature. He was a keenly interested spectator in his own actions and emotions. Is it not impossible that such a man should be entirely unconscious of self? Stevenson knew himself, enjoyed himself and impartially admits you to enjoyment. In "*Walking Tours*" and "*Inland Voyage*" and "*Travels with a Donkey*" you are graciously asked to come. You may or may not. If you do not, you are the loser. If you do—you must be as frank, as intimate, as much a comrade as he.

The essays are like an oriental flower whose perfume has its greatest charm in the elusive trait. It is something indescribable. Perhaps it is the swiftness of Stevenson, perhaps it is the open intimacy—it is because Stevenson does not seek a reader. He has a tale, an experience, and like a Hindu, merely exhibits. And perhaps it is the bubbling optimism, for Stevenson was one of the first priests of optimism. To me this is incomprehensible. Born with weak lungs and a diseased throat, he was dogged all through his life by a hacking cough which tore and tired his thin body, and long, weary spells of illness which sapped his meagre vitality. But to the world, through his books, he is the example of perfect health. He believed himself honor-bound to keep his ill health out of his books. He wrote to Sidney Colvin, "To me the medicine bottle and blood on my handkerchiefs are accidents. They do not color my view of life, and I should think myself a trifler and in bad taste if I were to introduce to the world these unimportant details." There are those who believe Stevenson superficial, over-intimate, self-conscious, impartial, but even they admire the tenacity of will that held the master of egotists through twelve long years to write—and write—and write. It is from the debris of these agonized years that he built his wholesome philosophy; a philosophy of optimism and romance, but never a philosophy of success. He developed the romantic tendency through his imaginary bevy of friends. Driven by ill health into social

exile he was forced to these "little people." He had a boundless zeal for experiment and a boyish love of adventure, and yet he was the sanest of men. Richard Rice says of him, "He is that rare man whose doctrine accords with his experiences whether announced before or after. He is that rare man who appears in spite of jarring difficulties in life to have seemed whole and to have made the most of it. Life for him was a pageant of adventure—a series of social experiments—a game to be played as well as possible." Sick, worn, living always in expectation of Death, he made this his philosophy and lived his gay creed of optimism and learned to cry sincerely, "'Tis a merry world, my masters."

Stevenson was the prince of idlers: a trait which made him the despair of his parents, teachers and friends, but loved by his readers. He said of himself, "All through my life,—my boyhood and youth—I was known and pointed out for a pattern of an idler." This was his master stroke, for fundamentally Stevenson was a poet and he idled as a poet. Shamelessly negligent of his duties, his studies, he would wander in the open country with a notebook in his pocket, a pencil in his hand, and another book loosely clutched under his arm. It is from these wanderings, the poet's response to Nature, that the open-road atmosphere of his essays came. He was a homing-place for the wanderlust. He was a vagabond. For who else but the prince of idlers could have "prooted" after Modestine, or floated in a sail-equipped canoe, and come back a native of France and not a tourist?

And yet the writer of open friendship, of inviting companionship, is impersonal in his most personal writings—his letters. There is no trace of the delightful personality, irresistible, or of the delicate intimacy even in those to Sidney Colvin. There is more of the swiftness, the brilliancy, the warmth of Stevenson in his letters. Stevenson knew the core of life. He had the divine touch of sympathy. He was an egotist and knew how, in our modern way, "to play up." Certainly these are the attributes to make a letter-writer. Yet Stevenson was a miserable failure as a writer of personal letters. They are dominantly commercial, and hint at adver-

tisement and publication. They are the products of a man who had perfect technique and no soul. "He turned to letter writing as a skilled cabinet maker might fashion an elegant toy, for the fun of using his tools skilfully." He has produced an elegant toy, masterpieces of description carrying tone and atmosphere, tinted by the picturesque. They are an alive diary, not letters. But the interesting thing about man is his imperfection. Stevenson was a man. He was a Don Quixote. Few men have had the wealth of personalities. This trait which endears his essays and makes his poems breathe—is absent from his letters.

Perhaps it was R. L. Stevenson in capitals for him—but for an open-air, open-road companion, a waster in comradeship—for us it is R. L. Stevenson.

### THE LONELY-HEARTED KNOW

ELIZABETH McCausland

The lonely-hearted know  
The sorrow I have had.  
The lonely-hearted go  
The paths that I have trod.

The lonely-hearted weep  
For death and are most sad.  
The lonely-hearted sleep  
Eternally with God.

## SKETCHES

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### THE EXPERIMENT

ELLEN DOUGLAS EVERETT

The evening was queer, eerie with the clammy cold of the near winter and the dead stillness of the passing fall. There was a weirdness in the atmosphere which the dense fog and the gloomy cries of the hoot-owl accentuated. Even the stars shone with a leaden light, as if reluctant to pierce the darkness. Through the back window of the snug little log cabin, standing midway between the Big House and the negro quarters, peered a white-encompassed Form.

The room into which the Form was intently gazing was large and finished in cedar logs; ancient rafters and a worn, knotty floor, with a gay red rug snuggling here and there, gave an atmosphere of comfortable age. An old-fashioned four-poster bed monopolized one corner; nearby stood a bureau spread with a white linen cover in the corner of which was embroidered "Mammy." A brilliant hued shell jewel-case, gift of Master Bob, adorned one corner of the bureau. In the center, a Japanese pin-cushion stood primly pinless, on the other side was the picture of a happy, dimpled, white baby. Pinned to the picture with a huge safety pin was a crinkled rabbit-foot. On a little table near the window, a bright red geranium lent both fragrance and color to the atmosphere. A crocodile clock ticked monotonously on the mantel and a goldfish swam round and round the narrow confines of his small bowl home. In the large old-fashioned fireplace two logs burned brightly, sending forth dark shadows to frolic fitfully about the room. A basket of stockings stood on a medium sized table by a big red lamp. By its side sat

an old negro woman darning and minding the two babies—one white, the other black, playing merrily at her feet.

The old woman was short and flabbily fat. Her hair was like twisted black wire and the whites of her eyes were emphasized by the dusky ebony of her skin. Over brass-rimmed eyeglasses she carefully observed the vanishing hole. Her nose was broad and nearly shapeless, her mouth wide and thick-lipped, and the large teeth vied with her eyes in whiteness. Contentment, happiness and love were stamped in the many wrinkles of her kindly black face as now and then she put her darning aside to play with the babies. As she worked she softly hummed, "It wus good fer Paul and Silas, Good fer Paul and Silas, It was good fer Paul and Silas, It am good 'nuff fer me." And the two babies played happily with characteristic innocence of their racial difference.

Suddenly a sound of scuffling in the adjoining room aroused the old woman's attention.

"Heah dar," she called ferociously, "Woodrow Booker Wilson Washington Lane, ef yer don't let up dat noise and leave Sam alone, needer one of yer is gwine to der party! Heah me? I means perzackly what I say. Come heah dis minute, yer good-fer-nothin'—both of yer!"

Shamefacedly two pickaninnies came into their mother's heated presence. Both were shining in their Sunday-go-to-Meeting clothes. One's thick kinks were smoothed back with soap; the other's were ruffled and a portion missing which Mammy's keen eyes found still residing in his brother's chubby fist.

"Ain't you ershamed of yerself, er pulling out Woodbook's wool? Ef it twarn't dat yer were a gwine to dat party at der Mission dat der Mistis done speshully got yer azed ter, I'd beat yer ter a pulp, yer good-fer-nuthin' niggers. Get out and when yer come back—" The old woman dropped her belligerent attitude and with shaking fingers put her two hands on the boy's shoulders. "Wait boys, has yer got yer rabbit-foot?" she asked with deep concern. "Yassum, Mammy," answered the two boys, who had stood fearlessly awaiting the end of her bark-tirade.

"And ef yer see a fever worm or a yellow caterpillar—yer spit on it and spit quick. Heah me?"

"Yassum Mammy," the elder of the boys replied, "We ain't er wantin' dat plague no wussun you does. Unkle Jake—"

"Jes hush, hush," commanded his mother, "Don you eben speak of nobody what's done died wid it, kazin' der Speerit might heah yer and gib it to yer. If yer see der Speerit—"

"What do it look lak, Mammy?" queried the younger child.

"It's tall and white and can run faster dan der lightnin' and its voice is lak der thunder wid der lightin' tricklin' ober it. And ef yer see it, yer run home to yer Mammy jes lak yer had fire on yer heels." For a minute the three stood with wide eyes, anticipated horror making their eyes gleam and the creeps go up their spines. The babies for a moment stopped their play, while the black one's body writhed nervously.

"Shoo, get out or yer will be late fer der party," Mammy's words broke the spell and the two boys hurried away.

"Lord, chillun sho is pestiferous, but dey's—heah dah, Rufus! stop dat hitting your liddle white lamb marster. It do look lak black babies has furgot dey ain't white uns." She took both babies into her wide comfortable lap and soothed and kissed them impartially. A silence settled over the room, a silence like that on the outside of the cabin, oppressive and murky, and the fire snapped and blazed as if to voice an evil spirit lurking in the smouldering blue folds of smoke.

The door opened. A figure shrouded in white filled the open space and the echo of an owl's hoot penetrated into the room. With staring eyes Mammy gazed at the Form and held the babies fast to her breast. For a moment there was no sound. Then something fell from the rafters on the bowl of goldfish: it broke and water and fish dashed into the glowing coals, where the fish sizzled and squirmed.

The Form at the door held out white-inclosed arms. "I am the Spirit of the Plague," the words came deep and with a fearful resonance, "Your master's child or yours! Give me one."

The old woman writhed and held the children closer, but did not speak. "If you do not, I will take them both," and the second echo of the owl's omened hoot was heard.

"Tek me, Speerit, tek me," the old woman's voice rose in a pleading shriek.

"No, one child or the other—or both. Choose."

"With longing eyes Mammy looked now at one child, now at the other. "Oh, Lord," she reiterated mournfully, "My own black baby what ain't but jes been born when der crops wuz put in. I can't give her up Oh, don't make me gib up my chile, my littlest, purtiest, black un. Oh! I can't, I can't!" she shrieked.

"Then give me your Master's child," the Spirit commanded.

"No! No! Gib der child what der Mistus done trusted me wid, to der Plague? Oh! what will I do? He's der young Marster and I can't gib him up."

"Give—and Now," doomed the Spirit of the Plague.

Shaking as though palsied, and the dusky face now ashy, the huddled old woman shut her eyes tightly and held out to the Form—her black baby.

In the darkness outside the cabin, the Form spoke to a man. "Well Rob," it said, "You certainly win the wager. Her love or her duty to 'Her Mistis' proved stronger than her mother-love. Even if I did lose the bet, it is worth it to get this much material for my article on the Feeling of the Present Southern Negro."

"Cute little shaver," commented the man addressed. "Mammy and my wife used to play together when little." He paused and as he did a wailing shriek came from the Cabin. "What's that?" he asked tensely. In answer the Professor flung open the cabin door, and not a moment too soon, for with rolling, frenzied eyes and shaking figure the negro woman was advancing menacingly toward the white baby, who lay on the hearth rug, kicking and cooing. Almost in one bound the father reached the hearth and snatched the child to safety. With a face cendent from emotion he turned to the Professor who was struggling with the crazed woman.

"The child is safe," he gasped. "But Mammy—God! is science worth it?"

## A DISSERTATION ON DANCES

MADELINE MURPHEY

Why is it, do you suppose, that so many things which are primarily meant to give pleasure, in reality make one miserable? Every time I go to a dance I feel like sending a reply to the invitation, which reads as follows:

"It gives me great misery to accept your kind invitation for Wednesday next."

I do not think that I exaggerate. It does cause me misery—agony, in fact. I have tried to conquer this feeling many times. One can conquer a great many things, if one tries. Once I overcame my dislike for string beans, and once I subdued a longing in my breast to slay all teachers of mathematics.

Whenever I prepare for a dance, it is like doing an experiment in chemistry. My mind goes through certain reactions, and I get so worried and upset that my face resembles an acid radical.

As an example of what I suffer, I shall describe to you my feelings one beautiful evening last summer when the stars shone in the heavens, and I was slipping my ball-gown over my head..

I had patted my nose with my powder puff a dozen times, a dozen times had I gazed into the mirror, and as many times again scanned the face of the clock, straining my ears in the hope of hearing the front door bell ring. My thoughts ran in this fashion.

"Suppose he's late! Everybody's dances will be gone. Then where shall *I* be?" Then, "Oh suppose he's forgotten he's asked me. What if he has? Oh, dear, I know that's what's happened!"

Finally the bell *did* ring, and I breathed a sigh of relief. It was he at last, and I was filled with the desire to rush to the door with my coat on, and pull him into the hall-way. I knew it was late and I wasn't particularly anxious to spend an entire evening with an empty programme. Did I do it? Not

I! Do you suppose for one minute that I would have let that man think that I had been ready and waiting? Never! So, I went down very leisurely, shook hands and said, "Isn't it great that there have been so many dances lately; they're such fun!" I said to myself, "He'll have to take three anyway—first, last and supper. Perhaps he'll take some extras. I wonder if he will."

I managed to get him out of the door without any difficulty, and, after he had pocketed the front door key, he escorted me to his machine very gallantly. No sooner had he put his foot on the self-starter than I began to worry again. Why do men overlook the fact that girls hate to have their hair blow? Don't they know how uncomfortable and embarrassing it is for them to appear before a lot of people with wisps of hair covering their eyes, their cheeks, their chin—as the case may be; and to be forced to chew those wisps all the evening? There we were going forty-nine miles an hour with the top down, and there was I trying to be flirtatious and sweet and charming, but in reality inwardly suffering acutely. I didn't like to say anything, for fear of appearing less enticing.

When we reached the house I rushed to the dressing-room, powdered my nose again, came downstairs, greeted my hostess, and stood in a corner of the room, a forced smile on my lips. Presently some one sauntered up.

"Well, well, how are you this evening?" said he, and in the next breath gave a full description of a movie he had seen that afternoon. I should have loved to have heard about that movie at any other time. But how, how could I take an interest in Charlie Chaplin knocking the elevator boy down when all the while I was thinking, "will he—or won't he?" Finally he said in an off-hand manner, "I don't suppose you have any dances left." I felt like saying, "Any left? No, just a dozen," but instead, I remarked hesitating a trifle, "Why, yes I have one or two." When he put his name on the card, I refrained from thanking him. I refrained from falling on his neck and saying, "Thank Heavens, oh, thank Heavens."

This performance was repeated several times. At last my

card was filled, and the music started. I found that I had all sorts of partners—those who climbed up my legs, and those whose legs I climbed up; some who enjoyed talking through the dance, and others who were silent as the tomb. I said a great many things that I did not feel. I felt a great many things I did not say. I grew intimate with people I had never set eyes on before.

When my ability to converse forsook me, I resorted to the punch-bowl. Punch-bowls draw people out in a strange way. The person with you has had seven glasses of punch already—you yourself have had nine—and yet you both pretend that you have had none at all.

I remember that the punch had too much sugar in it, but I happened to strike impossible people to converse with, about the middle of the programme. Therefore I persevered. I conducted more unwary youths to that punch-bowl than I should like to have the world know. I watched them drink and sicken, and pretend not to sicken. I drank, I sickened, I pretended not to sicken. Feeble attempts at wit were indulged in, hollow laughter; then separation!

I could not keep this up forever, and I began to wish I had not come. I got so tired of climbing up people's legs, and hearing them apologize when I knew I was at fault. I got so tired of trying to be funny and not succeeding. It hurt my idealistic idea of Emersonian friendship to pretend to be everyone's best friend. My feet ached.

At last it was over. The musicians put away their instruments. I got my coat from the dressing-room, rejoined my escort, said good bye to my hostess, and got into the machine once more. I felt depressed. The night air made me shiver, and I regretted the fact that my coat was not heavier. My escort did not know how I felt. I flirted nobly to the end. I said things which would have made my puritanical grandfather rise from his grave. I did not once show that I had not spent an ideal evening.

My dancing days, alas, are not over, but some day I shall be a grey-haired old lady, and sitting by my fireside, shall hear the logs crackle cheerily. I shan't be bothered with dance in-

vitations. No one will conduct me to the punch-bowl. Won't I gloat over my poor worrying grand-daughters as I see them standing before their mirrors, powder-puff in hand! I can almost hear them dolefully saying:

"Do you suppose he's forgotten he's asked me? Oh, what if he has? Then where shall I be?"

### HOLLYHOCKS

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ALICE BRADFORD STEVENS

Down in the garden, back against the wall,  
Stood a row of hollyhocks, gay and slim and tall;  
Into the garden gaily scampered two:  
A boy in a velvet jacket and a little girl in blue.

*He* bravely rode his hobby-horse, *she* clasped a wooden doll,  
*Her* pantalettes were stiffly starched, *his* cap was round and small;  
They stopped before the hollyhocks and there—I tell you true—  
The boy in the velvet jacket kissed the little girl in blue.

The brightness of that summer day faded years ago,  
And yet against the garden wall the hollyhocks still grow,  
And still they laugh among themselves and whisper softly, too,  
Of the boy in the velvet jacket and the little girl in blue.

### TEA TIME

JEANNETTE EVERETT LAWS

You and I and the candle,  
With the tea table set for two,  
O, why did we talk of the little things  
When I was there with you?

For you were so near me then, dear lass,  
Eating your buttered scone—  
Why couldn't I make you understand,  
That afternoon alone?

O, it's over the channel I am, dear lass,  
But I still keep tryst, you see,  
For it's twilight time in Scotland now  
And the table is set for tea.

## THE VIOLENT DEATHS OF PENTATOXIOUS SMYTHE

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

This is a story about a goat; his name was Pentatoxious Saxaphronious Obligatus Smythe. His father had had Pentatoxious engraved on one little horn, and Saxaphronious on the other little horn, but the Obligatus Smythe you had to remember.

One day Pentatoxious was out ranting around in the strawberry patch killing strawberry-bugs; for his father paid Pentatoxious a cent for every strawberry-bug that he killed. Well, he was out ranting around and stamping his little hoofs and grinding his little teeth and butting at everything with his little horns, when his Auntie Antoinette came to the back door and called him.

"Hoo hoo! Penta—Penta—Pentatoxious!"

But Pentatoxious didn't answer. He kept right on stamping and ranting around, because he guessed what his Auntie Antoinette wanted.

"Hoo hoo! Pentatoxious, come here."

He left the strawberry patch and minced and sidled a tiny bit nearer.

"Wha' d'ya want?"

"Time to get washed and brushed for supper."

"No, it ain't."

Then without more words Auntie Antoinette put her hoof into her pocket and drew out a lassoo and whirled it around her head once as quick as a flash and lassoed Pentatoxious around the neck. And *then* there was trouble, for Pentatoxious began to stamp and leap and pull and cavort. But Auntie Antoinette was strong and she held onto the rope. And Pentatoxious was bad and he pulled and muttered.

"Pentatoxious, you must come in and get washed and brushed; there's going to be company for supper, too."

"I do' wan' to come in."

And he pulled and pulled and the lassoo got tighter and tighter around his neck. And he cavorted and tugged and leaped and with an awful snap his head broke right off and Pentatoxious rolled over headless with his feet sticking up in the air.

And he died.

And the family felt bereft; and Mr. Smythe had to hire some one to come and kill strawberry-bugs; and they all missed Pentatoxious sadly.

There was once upon a time a goat whose name was Pentatoxious Saxaphronious Obligatus Smythe; and he was obstinate and headstrong and imprudent and mischievous, usually.

Now one time Pentatoxious' father and mother went away to the National Woolgrowers Meeting, and Pentatoxious was left in the care of his Auntie Antoinette. When she left, Pentatoxious' mother told him that if he would be a good goat all the while she was gone, she would bring back something nice for him.

So Pentatoxious was a most exemplary goat: he didn't butt when he shouldn't, and he didn't dig holes in the garden, and he polished his little hoofs and brushed his coat for dinner every day, and said, "Yes Ma'am," to his Auntie Antoinette and did what she told him to do, and nothing that she told him not to do; and there were a great many things that she told him not to do.

So just before Mr. and Mrs. Smythe came home Auntie wrote and said that Pentatoxious had behaved very well. And the very night that they returned Mrs. Smythe said, "Pentatoxious, I have something nice to give you after supper." Pentatoxious could hardly eat, he was so excited. Then after supper Mr. Smythe took out of his overcoat pocket a big paper bag. And what do you suppose was in it? A brand new set of skates for Pentatoxious, because he had been a good goat! He was so happy he pulled his father's long beard and rubbed his mother's long nose and leaped up and down and ran around the room five times, and by then it was eight o'clock and he had to go to bed.

Pentatoxious woke up early the next morning with a plan in his head. He got up and dressed and took the long woolen muffler that his Auntie Antoinette had knit for him and the new set of skates that his daddy and mother had given him and he started off to the pond. Now Mrs. Smythe had told Pentatoxious not to go skating until afternoon when his father could go with him (Mr. Smythe was a very fine skater). So he left the house very quietly and tried not to let anyone hear him. When he go down to the pond he sat down on a snowbank and put on his skates—the back ones, left and right, and the front ones, left and right—and then he started off.

The ice was smooth and hard, and he went along, and he went along, and he went along, until he saw a post with a square thing on it that looked like this:—DANGER. But goats don't go to school, so he couldn't read, and he didn't know what it meant. So he went right up to find out; and he found. For what happened? There was a crack, and a gurgle, and a glub, and a scrunch, and a noise of a goat in distress. Pentatoxious fell through the ice, front feet, and hind feet, and then all over. And he was drowned. And Mr. and Mrs. Smythe and Auntie Antoinette were all very sad because they missed Pentatoxious and his boyish ways.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### ONLY A FRESHMAN

ATHENA MCFADDEN

They say I am only a Freshman. I look about me with wide terrified eyes. I know not what is expected of me. I sit when others sit; I stand when others stand. I came as an individual. I stay as a unit. I am only a Freshman.

I have a curious sick feeling inside me in some vague spot, and my knees assume a strange unstable condition when I enter my Latin class. I writhe beneath the eye of my stern instructor. I have not learned to bluff. I have not learned to "study the teacher more than the subject;" I have not learned to hide a quaking heart behind a brave front and a brass eye, and convince said teacher that I knew all about his paltry point ages ago—was born knowing it in fact. I have not learned to live up to that laudable motto our beloved upperclassmen set before us; viz. not to let your studies interfere with your education. I am very ignorant. I am only a Freshman.

I stayed up very late one night last week. I had a headache when I finally went to bed. I studied (which proves I am only a Freshman). And I set my alarm clock for five o'clock the next morning to finish. I had a written coming. I worried. Freshmen do. When I went to class—far preferring to be shot at sunrise—I was shaky and tired. I hated my teacher. I sneaked in to the back seat and sat there shivering. I took my written. It was awful—oh, awful. I flunked it. I fled. When it came back it was illegible

because there was so much red ink on it. My room-mate said it looked like a map of Turkey. I fled to my student adviser. I wept in her arms. I wanted to drop the course. I was determined to. She tried to bring a lonely beam of light to my heart by explaining that instructor's method of correcting papers. She takes the pictures all down off her walls and pins up a sheet. Upon the sheet she pins the papers in rows. Then she uncorks her bottle of red ink and flings it at them. After they are dry, she runs down the rows and flunks every thirteenth one. The rest she marks D and E alternating, and then she hands them back to us and tells us we must study. This is true. My student adviser told me so.

At Freshman song trials the Seniors all came with their knitting. They settled down for the evening. When I led I made a mistake and slipped. I bumped my knee. They laughed—all of them. I couldn't see anything funny. And after we had all tried our best to draw sounds of harmony from the vulgar crowd, they went home and laughed. And then the Sophomores sat up the rest of the night drawing pictures of us to put in the *Campus Cat*. I think the *Campus Cat* is well named.

There was a thing they call the Freshman Frolic a while ago. An upperclassman called for one. It was in the gym. Your upperclassman took you by the hand and towed you through a crowd—oh an awful crowd. She had a long card with a red pencil attached in the other hand. She introduced you to several million other upperclassmen with Freshmen, who wrote their names on your card and you did the same, and sometimes the cards become so mixed up that when you read it over afterwards you found you'd written your name on your own card several times. At any rate you were introduced. Then just as you started to talk to the other upperclassman's freshman, your Senior rudely interrupted and pulled you off to meet more people. At first you thought it was quite discourteous. And finally you forgave her. She's only a Senior. It's just her little way. Sometimes you almost suspect her of trying to see how many names she can get on your card but you are careful not to mention this to her.

After a while the Glee Club sings a song. They call it the Topical Song. Everyone laughs and says that is the cleverest one yet. It is about a Freshman who did things that seemed funny to them and they wrote a song about it and everyone laughed. I didn't. I felt sorry for the Freshman. Anyhow some of it struck me as being oddly familiar. I was quite puzzled. When I asked my Senior, she said not to bother my head about it. I wouldn't understand. I didn't. I am only a Freshman.

Yesterday I pulled a B+ in chemistry. One "gets" ninety in High School but one pulls a B+ at college. I was happy. I ran all the way home to tell my roommate. She wasn't in; so I went in to tell the Sophomore next door. She said huh! that was nothing because in her first chemistry written last year she pulled an A double plus and nobody in the class had gone below A. I felt dampened. Somehow Sophomores are funny.

A rumor went around campus the other day. It was that Freshman Warnings were out. Miserable groups of us hung about the official bulletin board scanning rows of square authoritative looking cards for our name written in that horrid squirmly little backhand, requesting our immediate presence in the registrar's office. I looked them all over, a cold slippery spot inside. But my name wasn't there. I breathed. But I saw one for a girl across the corridor. It was different from the rest—squarer and bigger. I felt sorry. I wondered if she'd find it. I wondered if I'd better tell her. Then I thought I wouldn't. I only knew her by name. Anyhow if it had been my name, I wouldn't have wanted anyone to tell me. I would rather bury my dead alone. So I watched anxiously. One day it was gone. Then later I overheard her talking excitedly to another girl in the corridor. She said she'd just found a card calling her into the Registrar's office. It was to tell her she might have had special permission to go home Thanksgiving—it was then five days after.

"Did anybody see it? Why didn't they tell me?" she was asking.

I am truthful. "I saw it," I said.

"But why, oh why didn't you tell me?"

"I—I thought it was a Freshman flunk note. I thought you'd rather not," I said.

I didn't know then—but she was a Junior.

Nothing is expected of a Freshman. They only expect you to live up to your name and be fresh. I looked up "fresh" in the dictionary the other day. I wanted to do the right thing and see what was expected. It said "recent, new, unfaded, uninjured by time, in good condition, pure and cool, not salt, forward, intoxicated." I was forced to meditate a long time. I was recent; I supposed I was new. I felt my muscle and was assured of being in good condition. I was too modest to say as to the purity, but by the thermometer in our room most of the time I had no doubts about the coolness. Inexperienced—I sighingly supposed so. No one had lost any opportunity to tell me so. About the rest, I decided to ask my student adviser.

"Marion," I asked, "Am I unfaded?"

By the vivid stare that greeted me, I thought I must be—if she was reflecting. (This is a joke)

"Am I uninjured by time, Marion?" I persisted, determined to get to the bottom of it.

"Do you think I'm pure and cool? Marion, I'm not salt, am I? or forward? What does forward mean, Marion? or am I intoxicated?"

"I think you are," she answered fervently. "Where—who ever said you were such things?"

"Webster," I answered simply, but before I could press my questions she was gone, I know not where. Seniors are very strange.

I am only a Freshman. My gray matter has not yet reached that point of unrest which is called education. My interior moral decorations are not always understood when I seek to propound my views. I am misunderstood. I have been known to be not only green but a very deep shade of indigo besides. Sometimes I have almost wanted to chuck the whole thing in the bottomless pit and go home to mother. Sometimes I haven't loved my Alma Mater very much. College is

very large and strange and artificial, I think. Perhaps some day I shall be a Senior and then I will look back and laugh—yea, even laugh at other Freshmen.

But meantime I am still only a Freshman whose lot is not a happy one.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA  
OR BLOOD WILL TELL  
GLENNNA NEWHALL

Once upon a time there was a prince, young and handsome as all princes are, and an only son. One day the prince, tiring of polo, started out in his little racer to see what he could see. He had been travelling merrily along for some time when he realized that he had just passed the only maiden in all the world. He stopped and waited while she approached, then politely asked her if he couldn't give her a lift. The maiden had often been instructed never to accept favors from strange men, but her position as song leader at college had given her more independence than was usual in the princesses of old. So she got in. The prince had one wild moment when he thought of running away with her, but he controlled himself and tried to run away with the car instead. In a short time he had learned the maiden's name from the name tape on her handkerchief, and by careful questions found out where she lived. He could not understand why he had never met her in his various trips across the Hadley bridge.

The prince put her down when she requested it and went clipping home to his mamma. Now he was a frank and open-hearted lad and the queen soon saw that some girl had happened. She talked to him quietly for a short time and soon he told her all. Her mother-heart burned within her—she was subject to heart burn—but she saw that this was indeed a special case. The maiden had money but no family. Could a prince marry a girl without family? Ah! perhaps she had formerly had a family and didn't know it. She felt that she must see this girl of her son's choice. So, shortly after the

prince found out that his choice suited the girl, the queen invited her to spend the week-end.

Mindful of the story of the princess and the pea, the queen had an old humpy mattress brought down from the attic. Her good and faithful servant who had already been in her employ for six months, prepared for the maiden the room known as Greenland, both because of its color and its temperature.

The girl had never wandered far from the region of luxury and gold spoons, until she went to college, but there she had learned that all beds are not alike. She was an athletic young person, had always slept with her windows open, so didn't mind the cold and went downstairs the next morning with a smiling face. Wise in the ways of men she realized that two gourches at the breakfast table are not desirable.

The queen wondered if she had felt the sharpest rock in the mattress but when questioned the maiden answered that she had passed an excellent night. With all fears at rest, the good queen said to herself, "She has good breeding—all is well!"

Tears came to her eyes when grapefruit juice hit her and as she raised her napkin to cover her face she gave her son a meaning look, saying "Bless you, my children." The son who was not a half-witted prince seized the opportunity and the girl (the good and faithful servant was in the kitchen) and they all lived happily until Monday night when the girl had to go home.

## REVIEWS

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*Quality Street. The Admiral Crichton.* By J. M. Barrie. New York: Scribners.

*A Village in Picardy.* By Ruth Gaines. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

In these days when a book is more than ever the perfect Christmas gift, after the holidays there are more or less desirable additions to our collection of books at college. The germ of this collection is a neat selection—the new set of Shakespeare, Thackeray and Scott, Poe and Tennyson, the Bible, a dictionary, and a few odd books. There is sometimes a funny little volume of *Cranford*, the *Alice in Wonderland* of childhood days, or perhaps the *Bab Ballads* and the *Just So Stories*. Then the number grows. Some girls direct the expansion of their little libraries by the "book a month" plan. Others have an indulgence fund which is used to provide books that are particularly desirable to own. Besides these, there are the books that accumulate we know not how—collections of war verse and those extraordinary productions, each of which has enjoyed the distinction of being the best book of the war, gift books and books bought to read on the train. We long to dispose of the literary misfit through some ideal book exchange, and after Christmas especially, when our cousins and aunts have solved the gift problem so happily for themselves, and there is no place for these new books, we ruminate sadly over what might have been.

A place can usually be found for the welcome book, no matter how well filled the shelves may be, and aside from additions to the uncompleted set of Kipling perhaps, and old

favorites in lovely new bindings, there are new books that are well worth keeping. For the lover of Barrie, there are two delightful satirical plays. *Quality Street* has the whimsical humor and the quaint atmosphere of *Cranford*, and the two spinster sisters are irresistible.

*The Admirable Crichton* is a satire on class distinctions. The hero is a butler in the extensive household of Lord Loam, who chooses to ignore social distinctions. He entertains his servants once a month at tea with his family and friends. Difficulties arise, the admirable butler saves the situation again and again, and in the end he is still as perfect a butler as the most lordly peer could wish. We are delighted with the tender humor and the comfortable sympathy, the wit and the fancy in these plays.

Not because the author is a Smith graduate, nor because the book is about the work of the Smith Unit, nor because the introduction is by President Neilson, is *A Village in Picardy* worth reading; but because it tells of the kind of work which needs to be done in reconstruction and which some of us may have a share in doing. It is a clear, straightforward, simple account of the bravery, the loyalty, and the dauntless courage of a little group of French peasants in Canizy—"un village tout oublié." There is no veil of romance around these villagers, and no glamour about their deeds of heroism. The author says simply "voilà la misère," and gives us a faithful sketch of the work of reconstruction over a small area of the devastated country, which has given everything, needs much, and demands so little.

No one has a perfect collection of books, for there will creep in some that we do not care for at all. But in spite of the few discarded ones there remains no less an enjoyment of those which are a constant delight or a rare treat, which are, in short—according to the individual taste—good books, and these we are glad to own.

C. B. C.

## EDITORIAL

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### OUR RAMPANT CRITICISM

Do you look at this page with a wry mental expression and wonder which of your faults is to be analyzed and prescribed for with that cheerful belief in the efficacy of the remedy suggested that characterizes the panacea of the sophomore college Editor? Does it occur to you to consider the why of this ceaseless verbal reforming to which this section of the magazine would seem to be dedicated? Or, gentle skipper, is this your virgin encounter with the dreary acres of print that weight the end of the MONTHLY? Do you, in short, resentfully regard the Editorial as an organ of never-ending, unpleasant fault-finding, or do you skillfully avoid the distasteful reflection by leaving uncut these spiceless pages?

Let us for once reassure you. What follows aims to be a criticism—nay even comment is a strong enough word—of some of the criticism to which we subject ourselves and others here at college.

To say that to criticize is easy would be a singularly tactless way of opening a paragraph on criticism. However, that simple statement does away with much explanation. Furthermore to criticize things sufficiently removed from oneself is rarely a disagreeable occupation. What more thoroughly enjoyable than a good heart-to-heart exchange of protests against, say, the perfectly good food served us! Our comments always fall on interested ears. And cannot our wrath and indignation at "the way they're working us" be traced in large measure to the desire to be thus conversationally pleasant? Each of us tries to outdo the others in horror-tales of the assign-

ments she has had, until not to have a good mouthfilling cry of rage is to be looked upon as the pityable, inarticulate slave of things as they are. No topic is more sure of welcome reception than criticism of the heartlessness of the grindings of the mills of education. Who can really doubt that many of our scathing remarks are uttered for the mere pleasure of utterance?

Then what a useful weapon of self-defense is criticism! And here it need not always be adverse. But to be able to criticize implies a reservoir of reflection and a depth of judgment that must tickle the vanity of the most Thoreauean scorner of human folly. We are not highly intellectual here at Smith. We need not refuse to face the fact. Yet even while admitting it for the college as a whole, how soothing it is to secretly except ourselves! Now no method of proving our intellectual prowess is better than criticizing. Are we not told on every hand that we are sent to college to improve our critical abilities? Go to; let us then show that we are indeed becoming educated: let us criticize. So we strike out, lashing at this and that, and clearly demonstrating by the heat of our invective the perspicacity of our vision. Perhaps sometimes we even convince the faculty of the ideational wealth of her who politely sips tea and carries on a vigorous conversation about the shamefully small attendance at improving public lectures. Truly to criticize is quite worth while.

There is no moral to this tale. If you find it all groundless, you can spend an agreeable half hour criticizing the Editor. If you think it true, you can shrug your shoulders and remark knowingly on the foibles of human nature. Or perhaps you are interested in the betterment of society, in which case you may frown at the destructive nature of the above comment and wonder why there was affixed no plea for healing frankness and sincerity. So be it. At least one Editorial shall have avoided the admonishing note.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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### THE PLAY'S THE THING

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The idea may not be without qualifications, but at all events a little knowledge, when it is *only* a little, in the hands of those who criticize us, is a dangerous thing for the reputation we want Smith to bear in the world outside Northampton.

A certain eminent lecturer remarked at a public lecture in New York not long ago that Smith College students evidently were not very intellectual, for they did not support a production of Strindberg's *Easter* when it was put on by the municipal theatre at Northampton, while on the other hand they liked *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, evidently because it had animals in it. This gentleman's criticism can hardly be justified, when the truth of the matter is that *Easter* was put on during the week that the college vacation began, and as the college closed on Wednesday of that week, the first two performances were the only ones the students could possibly have attended. Therefore the fact that the play was not a success that week can hardly in fairness be attributed solely to this alleged lack of intellect on the part of the students. No more can the popularity of *Quincy Adams Sawyer* be charged wholly to the attitude of the college. The management of the theatre counts on Smith only for one third of its audience during a week. Therefore sixty-six and one third per cent of the large audience which attested the popularity of that remarkable production was evidently not of the college.

In spite of these things, the management of the theatre

continues to regard the attitude of the college as distinctly *low-brow*, complains of its lack of support, and meets every suggestion, timidly put forth by persons interested in the better type of drama, with the above recorded complaint about Strindberg's *Easter*.

While these specific accusations are unfair, the unfortunate part of the situation is that there is an undercurrent of justification for the criticism. It is true that the students do attend the poor plays, and it is perhaps to a certain extent a blot on our 'scutcheon that Bernard Shaw's *Fanny's First Play* meant a financial loss of \$300 to the theatre, while the receipts were most gratifying from *The Gypsy Trail* and *Mother Carey's Chickens*,—the latter wholesomely delicious, like malted milk, and recommended especially for invalids, the aged, and the young.

It is surely up to the college to attend the good plays—when they are occasionally presented to us—if it is true, as we would like to believe, that the majority of the students are genuinely interested in worth-while productions, and are ready and anxious to support them.

If the management of the theatre could be cajoled, tempted or threatened into believing that this is truly the case, and could, incidentally, be persuaded to cast about for a leading man who did not provoke laughter when he was aiming at tears, it seems not beyond the bounds of reason to believe that Smith might retrieve its reputation in things histrionic, and that the ghost of Strindberg's *Easter*, which, like the poor, we have always with us, might thus be forever laid.

A. I. P.

"THE BROKEN HERITAGE."

"As coral islands underneath the sea  
Are builded grain by grain for centuries,  
A million years had given of their store  
To make his mind the precious thing it was.  
Its symmetry was born of Attic art,  
The portals hewn from marble white as milk,  
And all within was ordered with the skill  
Justinian welded into Roman law.

The East smiled on him. So he loved the sun  
That gilds the earth, and loved the earth;  
His thoughts like winged birds sang wild, sang sweet;  
His Holy Place was always swept and clean.  
When the proud Vikinys sailed the winter seas,  
They gave him daring. His deep wisdom sprang  
From the great books of all the universe.  
And so the high walls soared—Old age came by,  
And pounded at the gate, the building rocked,  
And high among the clouds bowed its proud head,  
Crashed to the earth. The heritage was lost."

This poem from the *Mount Holyoke Monthly* marks the highest standard reached by this month's poetry from our exchanges, and indicates the need of leisure for recuperation and a change of ideas. For although an average output of such poems would be creditable, it should by no means represent the supreme effort of the season. Occasionally one must recall the fact that its central figure is that of an edifice elaborately erected from the materials of centuries of effort. But in the midst of the figure, the poem returns to reality "They gave him daring. His deep wisdom sprang—", obviously there is, for the time being, no edifice of mind to be considered.

Similarly, in the *Holy Cross Purple*, five lines of an eight line poem are required to impress the fact that

"A lone leaf fluttered down  
From a lonely linden tree,"

the remaining three being employed to point out a comparison with "Wilhelm's crown, when its last support will flee." This issue abounds in poems, not one of which rightly deserves its name.

If the poetry of the month is unusually disappointing, there is compensation in some of the stories and "heavies." Of the latter, "The Psychology of Character," in the *Holy Cross Purple*, "The Spirit of France as Revealed in French War Literature," from the *Lake Erie Record*, and "The Young Girl Chooses," from the *Wellesley College Magazine* are most suggestive and thoughtful.

Foremost among the stories is "The Hound" from the *Radcliffe Magazine*, in which the characters not only walk and

talk naturally, but in such fashion that the reader surprises himself into drawing a moral from their actions without for a moment realizing that the moral is the author's and not his. "Kamerad," *Wellesley Magazine*, once more voices the international spirit which is recalling enemy heroes to our literature, from which they were so long excluded. In the *Mount Holyoke Monthly*, someone has employed a critic in the person of a custodian in a library, to voice her own objections to Mr. H. G. Wells' theory of the personal god; and the objections appeal to the reader who was long in doubt.

A. J. K.

## AFTER COLLEGE

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### PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Ruth Walcott, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

### ENGAGEMENTS

- '16. Luella M. Orr to Paul R. Baldwin, who is in the Aviation Branch of the Service, and who has been in Texas.

Ruth Saperston to Lieutenant Alann D. Openheimer, Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia.

Jean Tait to Lieutenant John H. Robertson. Lt. Robertson is a doctor in Base Hospital number 48 in France. Jean is continuing her work in the Albany Hospital and Medical College.

- '17. Helena Hawkins to Lieutenant Russell Bonynge.

- '18. Eleanor Temple Smith to Captain Henry P. Briggs Adj. 302nd Infantry, U. S. R., now in France.

Frances Coates to Lieutenant Donald H. F. MacPherson.

### IN COLLEGE

- '19. Katherine E. Wales to Ensign Rowland B. Haines U. S. N.

Bertha Louise Hicks to Ensign Carl W. Bonbright, U. S. N.

- '20. Gertrude Carder to Kenneth Morse.

### MARRIAGES

- '18. Frances Fuller to Charles T. Holloway, a lieutenant in Naval Aviation.

Eva Gore to William A. Seelye.

Mary Hottel to Alwyn Litsinger.

Margaret de Rongé to Thomas Wolcott Little.

## BIRTHS

- '16. To Dorothy (Dielhenn) McLaughlin, a son, Rowland Hazard, on August 13th.

## OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '18. Christine Brown is rent collector for the People's Savings and Trust Company, Pittsburgh.

Ruth Gardiner for the New Jersey Zinc Company.

Eleanor Grant is assistant sales manager for Robert H. Ingersoll & Bros.

Katherine Kerr is society editor and feature story writer for the Index, Pittsburgh's weekly magazine.

Elizabeth Miner is assistant director of educational activities, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

## CITED FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

The Army and Navy Register of December 14th contains the following notice:

The Commander-in-chief, in the name of the President, has awarded the distinguished service cross to Captain Kenneth S. Littlejohn, 6th Engineers, for extraordinary heroism in action at Claires Chenes Wood, France, October 20th, 1918. Captain Littlejohn reorganized three Engineer companies after they had retired from the woods, and by his personal example of daring and bravery, successfully led his men against enemy machine guns. His gallant action resulted in the capture of the Claire Chenes Woods.

NOTE: Captain Littlejohn is the husband of Josephine Keizer, Editor of the MONTHLY in 1910.

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Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.



The  
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## EDITORS:

CONSTANCE WINSOR McLAUGHLIN

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

NATALIE KENT

MARY VAUX WHITFORD

RUTH WINIFRED SEGGERMAN

ELIZABETH MANGAM

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---

## BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

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---

## ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ISABEL MACNABB

RUTH ADELAIDE PERRY

---

## NURSING AND THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

SARAH C. CLEMENT

All my life I had thought of a hospital, especially a large New York hospital, as well equipped with all the latest devices in the way of getting people healthy and keeping them so. And at least during my college life I had read about, written about, and thought about the eight hour day, but not as applied to myself. I think I had imagined it a settled fact that all working people worked eight hours a day and had one whole day a week for rest. Science had proved in some mysterious way that one could work better and accomplish more if one worked only eight hours out of the twenty-four.

I had not realized how great a part these two cherished ideals—or shall I say, illusions?—had played in my thoughts until I entered the hospital and began my probationary term. Then came the facts. A student nurse goes on duty at six forty-five A. M. She has two hours "off," sometime in the middle of the day, if her work is done. She has supposedly thirty minutes each—generally boiled down to twenty—for luncheon and dinner. At seven in the evening, again if her work is done, she leaves the ward. On an average it is nearly always eleven hours a day. Once a week she has one half day for a holiday and on Sunday either the morning or the afternoon. She never has a whole day and on the day of her "P. M." she works six hours in the morning. She never knows, until she reports on duty in the morning, when she is to get the cherished "P. M."—thus wrecking any plans with a friend for a little amusement.

Night duty is even worse. The nurse works nearly thirteen hours with twenty minutes at midnight for a hasty lunch. She never has a night or even half a night off duty. Nurses are sometimes kept on night duty for fourteen weeks at a time. There is no set limit. I myself served only four weeks on night duty during the influenza epidemic, but the nervous strain of such an utterly abnormal life I shall never forget.

One's nerves are utterly fagged and the hospital becomes the only thing in life. Newspapers, war, peace, friends, letters,—you know nothing about them. You live in one world, an etherized, antiseptic world, and you sleep, eat, breathe, think, and dream *Hospital*. Work becomes an endless, endless round and one whips one's self into accomplishing anything. Ambition is a thing of the past and routine is the order of the day—or rather of the night.

I have never heard of a nurse's strike but to my mind no strike could be more justifiable. The obstacle lies in the fact that a nurse is so down and out, so tired mentally and physically when she comes off duty that she cannot be bothered with striking. What she wants is a hot bath and bed, and too often, just bed, as soon as possible.

Of course she might leave the hospital but I have heard so

many nurses say that they were so tired that they couldn't even think of packing. A hospital, too, seems to have an enormous hold on one. It is indescribably hard to break away.

The hospital was equipped with the latest operative devices and facilities, the most skilful surgeons and doctors, the most modern sterilizing plants; everything seemed up to date except the medieval treatment of its most important unit, the nursing staff. Will the realization ever come to the heads of the various hospitals (and as far as I have seen, all of them have practically the same hours) that a nurse can live longer, work better and accomplish double what she is now accomplishing for the hospital, if her work is arranged on the scientific basis of an eight-hour day?

There is no necessity for a woman's spending two or three years in a hospital training school and coming out looking at least ten years older. A hospital will become less of a prison and more of a healthy, happy factory for the business of saving life when economic reform reaches the profession and puts fresh life into the work of nursing.

### MILKWEED

ANNA J. KOFFINKE

Today I planted milkweed, for I shook  
One fluffy handful of the the lovely seed  
Out of my gable window. The wind took  
Each downy pompom, tossed it up, and freed  
Its clinging silken threads. Through trees they sped,  
Betwecn the arches of a shaken oak  
And higher, pirouetting overhead,  
Drawn to the heart of unfelt gales, that broke  
Their fairy ranks, and taught them each to glide  
Downward against some faraway hillside.

## A FLIGHT OF FANCY

CATHRYN FLOTEY

Shirley Rixford, with a vacation's buoyancy and talkativeness had been transferred from her mother's hallowed presence in the compartment to a section in the car,—for Mrs. Rixford was very tired. Shirley bristled with importance. She had twenty hours of "Thirt" to do before Mid-years. "Grab time by the fetlock old girl," she cried. And so she ordered out a table, produced a business-like portfolio, much paper, and her leaky fountain pen. She started to write. She scratched busily for some time, wholly engrossed in her work. Suddenly the scratch, scratch ceased. What was the word she wanted? She stuck the point of her fountain pen into her mouth and looked out of the window for inspiration; she gained none from the gray desert. Her eyes turned back to a survey of the car. They rested on the heads of the people in front of her, crossed the aisle and then traveled up the opposite side of the car until they stopped, arrested by the quizzical eyes of a fine-looking old gentleman in the section directly opposite. She smiled. He smiled.

"You must know that little poem by James W. Foley, about the little girl."

She shook her head regretfully. "I'm sorry," she said, "I don't. Tell me—what is it?"

He quoted that charming bit of verse ending with "if you just smile at folks, they'll all smile back at you." "I think that you are like that little girl."

"I think that you are too," she answered shyly.

"You've interested me all morning," he said. "I've been thinking about you. I believe you are an author."

Shirley flushed with pleasure. She would have liked nothing better than to pose as a writer. It took a severe wrench to admit that she wasn't. "No, I'm not really an author. I'm just writing to pass away the time—and 'Thirt'—." She interpolated this last internally. "But I'm stuck."

"You don't look as though you would get stuck at anything. If it's anything about cattle or Indians I might help you out."

"It's not exactly either of those; it's about—about love."

He smiled. "Well, what about it?"

"That's it. What about it? If I use my rather vivid imagination—it's—too—"

"Too much like Gene Stratton Porter," he suggested.

"Umh!" She nodded vigorously. "When I finish the love scenes I always think what perfect idiots the hero and heroine are. And that's not the impression that I wish to convey at all."

"No, hardly that," he agreed. "I'd help you—but I'm sort of out of practice. Ranch life doesn't further such enterprises."

"There is some hope if you are only out of practice. I've never been in."

"Well, I don't know much about the struggles of lovers," he answered thoughtfully. "But wait—I have it. There's a young lieutenant on board, a Princeton man, who might furnish a suggestion. If he passes this way I'll corral him. Why, if here he doesn't come now, our professor in Hearticulture. Just what we've been waiting for. Lieutenant West," as the soldier came up, "I'm getting off here and leaving this rising young author to your entertaining mercies. Tell her all your tales of the Western Front."

After he had gone, they prattled enjoyably for some time and finally withdrew to the observation car. As Lieutenant West helped Shirley into her fur coat her heart pounded excitedly. He was attractive, horribly so. His eyes had such a far-away, dreamy look, as though they were looking into the shadow of the past. At first they talked only of impersonal things. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Shirley succeeded in dragging from his unwilling lips his part in the Great War. He had been in the Lafayette Escadrille for two years. When she asked him if he had got his German, he looked at her with eyes haunted by his own suffering and that which he had seen, and he said so simply, so modestly that it made the tears come to her eyes, "Yes, I got my German—again and again I got him."

She gasped. "Why, you are an ace!" She whispered the word almost reverently. "An ace!"

"Don't!" He put his hand over his eyes. "We deserve so little praise. The British and the French, it is they who have suffered; it is they who should be enshrined in our hearts."

"Is it really so terrible, over there?" she asked timidly, afraid of breaking the spell that held him.

"Is it terrible?" His sensitive chin trembled. "My God! Is it terrible! It is unspeakable--" controlling himself with an effort, "*for I have seen.*"

But he valiantly strove to shake off the cloud of the war which weighed upon him and he turned the conversation to lighter subjects. It was from this time on until Mrs. Rixford put in an appearance and marched Shirley off to bed that the Nevada moon and the misty, white landscape played such stellar rôles in Shirley's search for local color which was to make her story worthy of Miss Jordan's most exacting love scene taste.

"You don't know how I feel," whispered Shirley as she said goodnight. "I feel graced by the divine spirit to have talked with you tonight. You have shown me life at its true value. How futile our lives are, we who have not made the supreme sacrifice."

He smiled his beautiful sad smile, that made Shirley feel her own insignificance and his wonderful magnanimity. "But some day you may experience that exultation which comes as the result of utter forgetfulness of self." He said it as if he doubted it.

"But not everyone grows by it as you."

"Shirley! Are you coming?" Mrs. Rixford spoke unfeelingly.

"Yes, Mother," in a patient voice. "Just a minute." Shirley at times secretly accused her mother of having a sordid nature. "Take for example Major Corlett, the officer on the train who was wounded at Soissons. He has been over too, but he is different. He talks and laughs just like any man in mufti. He has not gained that spiritual uplift—as you have."

"If he has not," returned the Lieutenant, "then for him the war is a failure."

"Shirley!" Her mother's voice had a note in it which Shirley had long ago learned meant a call for immediate action.

"Goodnight, Lieutenant West. Thank you so much for bothering to talk to me."

"No bother at all," he answered politely. "Goodnight."

As Shirley was escorted on guard back to her car, she ventured one last look at the observation platform. The tall slender figure of the aviator stood silhouetted against the moonlit sky.

"A man," she murmured. "A real man. A man who has lived."

She did not see him again. He left the train at Sacramento and that was much too early for Shirley to be up and dressed. But she thought about him often during the next few weeks. The Lafayette Escadrille shed a golden light around him. And Shirley did not hesitate to pass it on to her less fortunate mates while she held them enthralled with the stories he had told her. The whole house was acquainted with the young hero's flights over the German lines and secretly envied Shirley her prestige in knowing him. She watched for his name in the paper. He had said he was to take a squadron over in the early Spring.

In June college closed and before going home, Shirley departed gaily for Long Island to spend a few weeks with a friend. One morning her friend, Betty, danced into the room with the news that they were going over to Minneola to watch the flying—that Lieutenant Owen had just called up. They dressed themselves in flannel sport suits and panama hats, stepped into Betty's little Mercer and whirled over to the field. Lieutenants Snow and Owen were at the gate waiting when the girls drove up and escorted them down the field to the hangar where they watched with breathless interest some stunt flying by a little Italian. A lieutenant passed. The man with Shirley saluted. Shirley glanced carelessly at him as he passed. Then suddenly she turned and looked at his retreating figure with a puzzled pucker on her face. Tall—slim. "Why," she cried, "I know that man. Tell me, what is his name."

"Westhouse," answered Lieutenant Snow.

"Westhouse," she repeated slowly. "Westhouse. No! That isn't it. Wait!" She closed her eyes and thought for a second. "I have it. It's West. Where is this man from?"

"California, I think."

"It's he. I know it is," she cried, excitedly. "I thought he'd gone over by this time with his squadron."

"Gone over—with what squadron?" asked Lieutenant Snow, blankly.

"Why, he was expecting to take a squadron over this Spring."

Lieutenant Snow looked puzzled. "Why, that's impossible—the man just began instruction with me yesterday. First time he's ever been up in a ship. He's a ground officer."

"Do you mean to say he's not an aviator—wasn't in the Lafayette Escadrille?"

"Good Heavens! Did he tell you that? You're more gullible than I thought, Shirley."

She let this remark pass. She was too busy thinking. Lieutenant Snow watched her with interest. Her merry brown eyes had narrowed. Her chin was tilted at a dangerous angle. Her lips straightened in a determined smile.

"Have you any idea where Lieutenant Westhouse is going?" she asked, crisply.

"Looks as though he is headed for the Hostess House."

"Is there a short cut we could take and get there first?"

"Umh!" he responded. "I believe there is. I'm yours, Shirley, to do with as you may."

"Well, come on then." The light of battle smouldered in her eyes.

They half walked and half ran to the Hostess House and were seated at a table eating ice-cream when Lieutenant Westhouse entered with the girl who was with him when he passed the hangar.

"You know him?" asked Lieutenant Snow.

"Yes, I know him," she retorted, grimly.

"He's quite a lady killer, I guess."

"I judge so by the dog-like devotion exuding from that girl's face."

Lieutenant Westhouse ate ice-cream, blissfully unconscious of the clouds of war gathering about him. His back was turned toward Shirley. When she turned to go she accidentally—quite accidentally—dropped her bag, passing his table. He jumped to pick it up and handed it to her with a bow. Their eyes met.

"Why!" She started back in surprise. "Why, to think of finding you here."

He stared at her.

"Well, I'll be—why, if it isn't the girl of the Overland Limited," he said, quickly recovering from his astonishment. "Isn't this jolly."

He was less joyful than his remark warranted.

"You here for long?" he asked anxiously, hoping for the best.

"Yes," she answered, happily. "Quite long, I think. We're so near Minneola—and I adore flying—I hate to leave."

"It is attractive. Well, I hope I see you again some time," with an attempt at bringing the conversation to a close.

"Oh, I am sure you will," she assured him. "Lieutenant Snow is going to bring me out often. You know each other, don't you."

Lieutenant Westhouse looked far from happy with this new addition to prolong the conversation.

"I expected that you'd be in France by this time—with that picked squadron that you were to take across." She looked at him wistfully. "It must be wonderful to be an aviator. If I could only make one little flight. But to make flight after flight and swoop and glide and dip and spin! Oh, it is glorious." She warmed to her subject. "But not all can have the great distinction of being in the Lafayette Escadrille, Lieutenant West." She pleaded for forbearance. "Now here is Lieutenant Snow, poor man, who swoops and glides and dips and spins—but all over American territory—just hasn't been lucky enough to get across and do it over German lines, as you have. It isn't your fault, is it, Jack?" She patted his arm comfortingly. "Oh, my gracious," looking at her tiny wrist watch, "I must be going. Betty and Lieutenant Owen will

be wondering if we too have taken flight." It is not known just what she meant by the stress on the word *too*.

She held out her hand, enthusiastically. "I can't tell you how very glad I am to have met you again and I hope that you have all the success that you deserve—every bit of it. Good-bye." She bestowed upon him the most brilliant of smiles.

"Goodbye," he gulped.

"Whew," remarked Lieutenant Snow, fanning himself with his hat as he turned down the street. "I thought Westhouse was going to pass out."

"The attack has been a failure. He didn't."

"Good Lord, Shirley, what were you raving about?"

"Just a flight of fancy," she murmured. "We all have them, I guess—even would-be aviators."

### THE RETURN

(A Sequel to Mathew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman")

JUDITH MATLACK

Hear the waves crash on the shore!  
There's a storm in the brewing tonight.  
No, children, no, you cannot go  
To play in the pounding surf tonight,  
You would return no more!  
The tide washes over the rattling stones  
And knocks them about like the dead men's bones,  
The men who are drowned at sea!  
One more look at the boiling sands  
And the dull, gray fog on the near-by lands;  
Perhaps on that height your mother stands  
Thinking of you and me.  
Just one year ago, she heard the bell  
Of the little white church. . . . She said farewell  
To the swaying moss and the blue sea-caves,  
And swam away on the smooth ground-swell,  
Rode in on the sweeping waves.  
But sometime, she will come back to me,  
For she loved her home in the wide, wide sea.  
Dive through the line of the curling crest,  
Shake the hair from your eyes,

Lie in the swinging trough to rest,  
Then steer your course as the sea-gull flies,  
Straight for the open sea!  
Hark, did I hear the sound of a gun boom out of the fog ahead?  
A ship in distress on the crouching shoals  
Only some hundred of human souls  
Whose bodies will soon be dead.  
There's a flare of red, red lights on the shore!  
Aye, run men, run at the sound of the gun—  
But pause at the breakers roar!  
Nearer, nearer and nearer yet—  
We are close to the great ship's side.  
Back, children, back, do you hear the crack  
Of the fragile timber, black and wet,  
Tossing and smashing beneath the ride  
Of the drenching billows' heavy weight  
Washing across the stern?  
Their talons rend their prey apart—  
The human sobbing tears my heart—  
Children, let us return!  
But wait! did I hear a voice I know,  
Calling my name afar?  
A woman, her face like the driven snow  
Is lashed to that drifting spar!  
The white foam weaves her a veil of lace,  
My beautiful bride of the sea!  
Children, look, your mother's face,  
She is coming back to me!  
But her eyes are wide and her lips apart—  
She holds a child to her still, cold heart,  
I see the gold of its sun-hair shine,  
A golden-haired child is no child of mine!  
And what is that gleam on her fair left hand?  
No token of mine is that golden band!  
How slowly the spar drifts by!  
Come away, children, come, come away!  
The current is strong and the surf is high!  
My tears flow free from the soul of me—  
Come back to the deep, deep sea!

## THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS

ELIZABETH HAERLE

I walked in the woods today where I have not been since I was a little girl. As the gate swung shut behind me I felt as if the ghost of my dead childhood stood there with reproachful eyes, grieved that I had stayed away so long. For it used to be my playground, my favorite haunt, almost my home. An imaginative and lonely child, I had found companionship and happiness in these quiet woods. The trees spoke a language that I knew, and the shy wild birds were my friends. I knew and loved each stick and stone.

Now as I trod the well-known path, my heart contracted queerly at the sight of the old familiar landmarks. There was the gnarled old maple-tree with the bent trunk on which my brothers and I had played horse long ago. Here was Tanglewood, the shady secluded spot under a network of branches, where I used to sit in the low grapevine swing and dream away the golden afternoons. It was a favorite haunt of birds, and how well I remembered the breathless delight which held me motionless as I used to watch them by the hour.

I wandered on till I came to the tiny rocky hill that we had named Stony Point. How often had I stood there watching a beautiful sunset, seeing in it the bourne from whence no men return, my heart aching with tremulous wonder and awe. Under the inspiration of the moment I would invariably compose poetry, which I fortunately forgot before I could write down. I used to linger till the last rosy cloud had changed to ashes, then I would scramble down and run with panicky haste through the fast darkening woods, with frequent anxious glances over my shoulder.

At the foot of the hill stood the little crabapple tree which, because it was such a glory in the spring, I had named Queen o'Rose. I had not seen it in bloom for many years and the apples it bore were remarkably small and unpalatable—what matter, it was Queen o'Rose to me still! Each spot had its name, its associations, which time itself could not change.

The trees rustled in the breeze, as I had once fondly imagined they greeted my approach. Now I had no ears to understand, but I fancied they rustled disapprovingly at the intruder. The birds scurried away as I came near. In the distance a mourning dove cooed softly to its mate, the only sound in the stillness of mid-afternoon. The hot sun beat down on my bare head. I turned to go. But I could not resist one sentimental tribute to the memory of the Little Girl That Was. "Do you remember her?" I asked as wistfully as she could have done. But the trees rustled emphatically, as if shaking their heads in negation. "Why should we? You have forgotten her yourself," they seemed to answer.

### NATURE CRAFT

ELIZABETH MANGAM

You may build you houses of stucco and brick,  
With strong doors fore and aft,  
But the tiny ant, she builds the best,  
For she uses Nature's craft.

You may weave you carpets of Persian threads,  
With intricate, queer designs,  
But the spider, she weaves one far more strong,  
In the needles of the pines.

You may temper you needles of finest steel,  
Needles with golden eyes,  
But the barberry thorns have sharper points,  
For Nature made them wise.

You may build you planes of Northern spruce,  
With platinum trimmings and brass,  
But the sea-gull is swifter and knows her flight  
She was taught in Nature's class.

You may try to invent, and discover, and learn,  
You may work at every trade,  
But the little things of forest and air  
Are the best,—they are Nature-made.

## MARBLE HANDS

DOROTHY E. CRISWELL

Mrs. Lytte was a woman of temperament. She did not have red hair nor did she wear the traditional blouse commonly attributed to artists, but nevertheless everyone realized that she was temperamental. In her youth Mrs. Lytte had been commonplace, claiming nothing more than indigestion or inclinations but later she had resolved to aspire to the luminous ether of poetic fancy and chose her associates accordingly. She collected them, one by one, an artist here, a dilettante there, until finally she had a wide range of artistic acquaintance, Bohemian and otherwise. Gradually, she achieved,—at least she acquired the bubble reputation of being rather clever. She would repeat what the latest poet had said to a musical friend, and vice versa. It proved a very successful formula and soon she could juggle the lingos of all most effectively. In fact, after a long time, everyone forgot that she herself never created anything and but wanly reflected the glory shed by those about her.

Somewhere or other during the commonplace period of her life, Mrs. Lytte had contracted matrimony, but the party of the second part had somehow faded away, leaving only two children—who after all resembled their mother—and a large fortune to mark his uneventful life. The children, Earnest and Candida, were of course, temperamental too. From an early age they had been skilfully encouraged in the expression of the individual, except when the expression of the individual did not coincide with their mother's fancies about such matters. When young Earnest expressed himself by playing an ordinary game of ball with ordinary children, Mrs. Lytte had called him in to practise on his violin or to express himself by learning reams of French poetry. On the whole, it was all very satisfactory and Mrs. Lytte secretly prided herself that she had willed artistic insight and initiative into her children. They had never been herded with ordinary flocks of children

at school. Candida, as an infant, was educated by a French governess; had graduated from her on the occasion of Mrs. Lytte's discovery that mademoiselle was "psychically depressing" the temperament of the wilful Candida. Then the children had travelled abroad and were shown everything from mummies and the prehistoric paintings on the tombs of immortal Egyptians, to the Manets and Monets and Degas exhibited at the Grande Salon in Paris. All their friends were to be found among the stupid little sons and daughters of clever people. They heard poetry pouring forth in an unchecked torrent, first hand from the mouths of these whom Bernard Shaw says "should be heard and not seen."

At the age of eighteen, Earnest could tell you why the music of Débussy was superior to Bach; why impressionist art with its laws of scientific light and shadow had superseded a more undefined art; he could even tell you offhand wherein lay the cleverness of the latest critics. Candida loved everything Russian from a Samovar to a Cossack. She loved the tragic tone of the Russian writers,—their passionate appreciation of warm beauty and their dramatic cold philosophy. She learned to trip the light fantastic in St. Petersburg and almost learned to speak a Russian tongue. Under the shadow of the Kremlin she had met a real anarchist and for a time she thought she could never love another country as she loved ice-bound, stolid Russia. But alas, she was strangely fickle and once in Paris, she felt extremely frivolous and French. I could go on almost indefinitely with Candida but I forget,—this is to be the story of Earnest. I think we left him at the age of eighteen, at which age, the unnecessary quality of bourgeois good sense bequeathed by the late, unlamented, but worthy Mr. Lytte, asserted itself. In spite of his erratic boyhood, he had grown to be a strong, attractive, young American with no worse fault than that one side of his character had been sadly overdeveloped. At any rate, the fact that he stood out firmly against his mother's very strong will until he secured her permission to attend a good, hardworking American college is a point in his favor. Once there he decided to be an architect, and after a number of years of transition

from an ephemeral violin player to a really promising architect, he came forth somewhat altered. This pained both his mother and sister, and neither of them thought the friends that "Ern" brought home with him in the least interesting. They were not made of that finer fibre which experiences exquisite rhapsodies of spirit in the presence of art. No, they were not at all like that!

When Earnest finally came home for good, both Mrs. Lytte and Candida decided to take him in hand. In doing this, they sought the aid of one of the "initiate," a very charming young sculptress with a pale skin like marble, a faraway look in her eyes and very lovely hands with their long, tapering, clever fingers. All the artist folk raved about Rowena's hands,—exquisitely beautiful and so strong. So Mrs. Lytte tried to arrange it as she had arranged everything else and she did her best to make Earnest fall in love with Rowena's hands, until one would have thought falling in love a matter of admiration for tapering fingers. Now that you may not be too severe in your judgement of Earnest, let me remind you that Mrs. Lytte and her daughter were extremely clever, and in themselves summed up most of the weapons of feminity at large. The end of it all was, that 'ere long Earnest found himself engaged to Rowena, though it was mostly a matter of taking tea at each other's studios. At first, Earnest could only feel dazed but soon he found himself watching the swift fingers of Rowena modelling surely and effectively until they seemed to fascinate him with a wierd, hypnotic charm which he longed to break. Perhaps, it was because he could not quite forget Mary Ann.

However, he worked very hard and very long at his architecture and his mother and sister kept him more or less amused, and on occasions he went to Rowena's studio where of late he never took his eyes from her marvellous hands. Sometimes they moved slowly like graceful birds, at other times they lay listlessly on the arm of her chair, but more often they modelled the dull grey clay and with tireless energy fashioned lovely forms from the insensate mass. As they worked more and more nervously at their task, Earnest would grow restless and leave immediately. Every day someone

was sure to remark that Rowena had the most beautiful hands in all Bohemia.

The days passed and soon Mrs. Lytte began informing him that Rowena had decided he'd better marry her as soon as she'd finished her "Eros," before she began anything new. One afternoon, he dropped in at Rowena's studio; she was working even more intensely, fervently, and unceasingly than usual. When he entered she scarcely looked up but remarked, "I'm putting the finishing touches to Eros," and her long, tapering clever fingers seemed to fly more swiftly than ever as she deftly modelled the left wing of a charmingly naïve god of love. She worked on and Earnest watched, not her cold, classic profile, but only those matchless hands. He waited until she was finished but as she stood back for her final survey of the little smiling figure, Earnest snatched both her hands relentlessly in his and despite the disapproving glances of Rowena, he scrutinized them closely. There was absolutely nothing the matter with them,—no, they were quite the most beautiful hands he'd ever seen, but even as he looked, they seemed to turn to perfect marble hands within his. When finally he could bear it no longer, he dropped them. "I'm not going to marry you," he said and left.

Mary Ann was surprised to see him and more than ever was she astonished when, without any greeting, he snatched her hands, soft and white and smooth also, but thank heaven, they were not clever, or tapering, or cold. They were warm, dear, little hands and he didn't let go for a long time. "I'm going to marry you," he finally suggested.

When they were married his mother remarked to Candida, "To think that my son shouldn't have had a bit of my temperament!"

## SUNRISE FROM MY WINDOW

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

I watched God weave the morning  
On a loom of passing night.  
His warp was mist of autumn  
And his woof, the dawning light.

I saw the fabric growing,—  
Blue lines across the grey,  
Then streaks of red and yellow,  
And the mystic gleam of day.

God's Will, the silent shuttle,  
Worked quickly to and fro.  
Against the sky of sunrise  
The trees began to show.

And some had flaming branches  
Like the sunset of the year,  
While others stood majestic  
With branches bare and sere.

I watched God weave the morning  
On a loom of passing night.  
His warp was mist of Autumn  
And his woof, the dawning light.

## SKETCHES

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### AN O. HENRY ADVENTURE IN BAGDAD-ON-THE-SUBWAY

ELIZABETH MANGAM

From the start of this story you will recognize at once that I have been indulging in O. Henry. Before you are half way through you will be thinking that I have learned every word by heart. By the time you have reached the end you will put me down for a confirmed plagiarist. To save you the trouble of exerting your lung power to the nth degree, I will state that I know it. Last summer at one sitting, I read "Strictly Business" from cover to cover. By the time I had reached the end I felt that with no one on earth was I on such familiar terms as Mr. H. A. Rashid, restaurant-waiters, cash-register-girls with bowery Romeos hanging around the corner for them; and always near the end, a twist which is as inevitable as the spots on a fox-terrier. Now, I do not object to this choice of names or plots—on the other hand, I think they are too distinctly "O. Henry-esque" not to be delightful. But why, I ask, does he wear them out with such constant usage? Having discovered how clever they are, he becomes possessed with a mania for them and cannot be torn from them. The other day I happened upon an incident which would fit beautifully into "Strictly Business." The following is, in synoptical form, an imitation—pathetically poor, I know—but it may serve my point:—

It was eight o'clock in Bagdad-on-the-Subway—the time when all good Caliphs Harun al Rashid rise from their marble

thrones and go forth upon some quest. Under the guiding genius of the Rev. Mr. H. A. Rashid, Pecunious Brant, millionaire—broker but unbroken—sallied forth from his marble mansion, limousineless, in quest of romance and adventure. He evaded successfully the mêlée of trucks, automobiles, and Fords, and, catching his breath and a cross-town car with joy, progressed to the Bowery. Let us leave him as he hangs by one hand to the money-box while with the other he endeavors vainly to obey the "Have-your-fares-ready-step-lively-plenty-of-room-up-front" instructions of the man who looks after your carfare.

From one of the many store-bottomed, dirt-and-children-covered flats of the Bowery emerged Mame O'Toole. Having tongue-lashed her youthful but inebrate hubsand, and tucked the second offspring in or rather on the floor, she was going forth to make the rich less rich, the poor more poor by her "taking ways"—in other words, Mame was a pickpocket. Across her path a cross-town car jerked and stopped suddenly. From it alighted with more haste than dignity a man wearing an all-covering smile of benevolence and wealth, and a broadcloth coat. On the wings of theft, Mame tripped noiselessly after him. It was by the dim light from a hallway that Pecunious first noticed his follower. She was little and thin and as he glanced at her, he thought he saw hunger gleam in her eyes. So he upon whom the spirit and wealth of the great Rashid had descended turned and spoke with tact and kindness. "My little girl," he said, "would you like to dine with me at the P--a Hotel?" "Sure," said Mame, edging off, "if ye'll take me around the world wid yez in yer private yacht when we've finished."

But the great Caliph-descended was not to be swerved from his purpose. Here was a chance—here was hunger driven to madness! "Come," he said, "don't be frightened, we'll have a splendid supper and then I'll see that you get home again safely to your mother." Mame smiled ironically at the thought—her father had killed her mother fifteen years ago by throwing a brick at her head. She took a hasty look at him. There were two large pockets in his coat. "Sure," she said, "you sound like a Sunday-school collection plate. Lead on, Schwaby, I can stand it."

By the time they had reached the foyer of the hotel, Mame had assured herself in disgust that there was nothing but lining and air in his pockets—but still she continued. Adventure is sweet—sweeter if you live in the Bowery.

"Say," she said as the paté-de-foie-gras followed the oysters, "you got Rockefeller squashed to a pulp when it comes to spelvin' the cash. I'll have some more of that stuff with the Bertha Clay name that looks like kidneys."

With the nonchalance of wealth Pecunious got up from the table and into the fur-lined coat which the patiently hopeful waiter was holding for him. With carelessness akin to riches Caliph Pecunious Brant slid his hand absent-mindedly into his inside pocket—with a shade less of nonchalance he drew it forth empty. The waiter stood. Mame began to hitch into her own ragged furless super-epidermal covering. Deftly the waiter slipped to her side. "Allow me," he said with the forced ease of the well-bred disappointed. The lining of the coat was pitifully ragged. The neat observant waiter saw this while looking into thin air.

"O my," said Mame, "I forgot to get the pumpernickel and cheese for the baby and the stores will be closing—thank's so much for the meal-ticket—I'll keep the spiel from my hubby; he might get jealous, you know. So long, Mr. Vanastor!"

I might tell you what the waiter bought with the money from the pocket-book in the lining of Mame's coat but I must catch that train for Duluth.—So long!

## FREEDOM

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

Can souls love tyranny? Must there be bonds  
To wake the freedom-seeking spirits, so  
That struggling past the hampering chains and bolts  
Of circumstance and laws and prison worlds  
They may strive higher, higher, till they reach  
What seems like freedom, only to be stunned  
Into the consciousness that they have wings  
By beating them against relentless walls  
Invisible yet hindering the soul?  
Or can a soul love freedom—utter—void  
Of obstacle or objects of constraint?  
So lost, an atom in abyssmal light,  
Can it find peace, or rather will it grow  
Bewildered by infinitude of space?  
Tired by boundlessness, a weary thing,  
It folds its wings to drop and fall, fall—No,  
For in the very act of falling—Hark!  
The mighty rushing of untiring wings  
That spread themselves and bear the self-sick soul  
Up, up through sunlit skies and clear, warm airs,  
Till, brought to rest in perfect confidence,  
It learns the vibrant theme of ages gone  
And all the ages yet that are to be,  
“Who fullest freedom seeks must choose his bonds—  
Highest allegiance makes the soul most free.”

## GHOST DREAMS

EDITH HILL BAYLES

A ruddy moon stares in through the trees,  
And pine branches sough like the winds on the sea;  
An owl hoots—and the ghosts of my dreams  
Come whispering back to haunt me.

My dreams were so fair! And so hard to attain!  
Faint whispers of hope that tortured my soul!  
So I killed my beautiful dreams—and now  
Their ghosts come back to haunt me.

Oh, better by far my barren dreams  
Than these wisps of the night that taunt me!  
Better by far dreams unfulfilled  
Than the ghosts of my dreams to haunt me!

## BY THEIR COUGHS YE SHALL KNOW THEM

AGNES PIKE

Have you ever tried the fascinating game of judging people's characters and feelings by their coughs? If you have not, I can insure you by this method instantaneous and permanent relief from boredom during weary hours spent on station platforms. There are coughs and coughs, every one full of information about the cougher, if the bystander will only hear, interpret, and use a little imagination.

There is the smug, self-satisfied cough of the callow youth who settles his tie, with an eye to conquest, as a pretty girl draws near. There is the disdainful, frigid cough of the pretty girl as she sails past, evidently not desirous of surrender.

There is the timorous little cough with which the sweet elderly lady beside you prefacing her anxious question, "Dearie, don't you suppose the train ought to be here soon? My grand-daughter will be so worried, she's waiting at Cherry Hill for me, you know." You assure her that the train ought certainly to be along soon, when you are both startled by the stertorous rumble, directly behind you, of a mighty cough issuing as from a deep-throated bellows, from the lungs of a powerful young son of Italy, and accompanied by a flourish of red bandana and energetic blowing of nose.

There is that humorous, unfailing sign of family despotism, the placating, pusillanimous little cough of the small meek man who pilots his unwieldly spouse through the treacherous lanes of suitcases and impatient passengers crowding the platform.

There is the pugnacious chortle of the aggressive disagreeable person who thrusts you violently aside and strides up to the guard, to render that unfortunate person's unendurable life still more unendurable, by inquiring menacingly, for the third time in the last ten minutes, "What in hell is keeping that confounded train anyway?" and heaping abuse in general

upon the company, the weather, the train service, and, for want of any other victim on whom to vent his rage, upon the poor guard himself.

You listen with relief and warm-hearted friendliness to the straight-forward, healthy, acts-as-if-he-meant-it woop of the little newsboy who unhesitatingly thrusts a grimy "La-a-st Edition,—Extrer!" into your unwary hands, and cheerfully pockets his coppers.

Buying the paper gives you the opportunity of hearing another type of cough, the apologetic, nervous little gurgle of the dapper, spectacled male who, having spurned the newsboy's advances, slides up alongside you and proceeds to read the headlines over your shoulder, hoping, of course, that you won't notice.

There is the fussy little cough of the sweet young thing who minces past, glancing coyly up at her escort and striving to put a few strands of hair into place without attracting his attention. You know the type. They are always adjusting hair, or hairpins, or powdering noses, or pulling veils into place. They always employ that fussy little cough. You have no patience with that cough, in your present mood. As if anyone should worry about a few strands of hair, when there were hideous realities like belated trains.

Oh, there are all kinds of coughs. These are just a few choice specimens, garnered during otherwise tedious hours of waiting; but the variety of their expression and meaning convinced me that here is a fascinating unexplored field of research, the study of cough psychology.

## HEROINES

BARBARA MCKAY

Heroines are a very interesting class of people. Styles in heroines are like styles in anything else; you can never tell what is going to be popular.

The family of heroines is a large one but all the members are different and equally interesting. The grandmother of the family is the one with whom we of the present day have least acquaintance, but she was very charming in her youth. Her name is Cecilia, and as a girl she was of medium height, slim, with graceful carriage. She kept her love-letters tied with blue ribbons and her hair in smooth ringlets; she was subject to overwhelming floods of emotion; she was mistress of many ladylike arts, the chief of which was the ability to faint on any appropriate occasion with ease, grace, and decorum.

Her daughter, Eleanora, was strikingly different. She was tall and regal, with raven tresses and a marble brow. She was statuesque and dignified and her eyes flashed fire. She was strong-willed and upright, and was possessed of intense and almost aggressive virtue. She could and did quote lofty sentiments with fervour, and many were those who cringed beneath the lofty scorn of her indignant glance.

It is with Eleanora's several daughters that we are most familiar. The eldest, Barbara, is now in her prime, a tall divinely formed being with deep brown eyes and gleaming auburn hair. She has a rich, full voice and is inclined toward wearing a brown corduroy skirt, silk shirt, with a crimson handkerchief knotted loosely about the "white column of her throat," and small, extremely western leather boots with spurs. She wears no hat, those "sunset locks" always streaming in the ever-present wind. She has a phenomenal horse named Danny, who can travel at the rate of a mile a minute, simultaneously gazing at his mistress out of liquid amber eyes, and eating sugar out of her firm brown hand.

Barbara has a younger sister, Anne, a very trig young person with what is popularly known as a "crooked smile," pleasing irregularity of feature, and a way of efficiently accomplishing every thing that comes her way, in a neat, off-hand fashion. She sets right everybody's wrongs, as she trips calmly along her path with a sunny smile, a helping hand, and an everpresent twinkle in her clear gray eyes.

The youngest sister, she who is now the "darling of the world" is named Delphine Cherry Sue-Alice Sicily-Ann, and is often referred to as The Girl. She is tiny; she has sunny straying golden hair and great wistful blue eyes. She has an appealing manner all her own and a habit of gazing up at the hero, her hands pressed naïvely over her heart and incidentally over a frilly lace blouse, and cooing plaintively, "Oh Mister Man! Do you know the way to Arcady?"

Taken as a family, the Heroines form a very interesting study. There are of course many cousins and distant relatives of whom there is no time to speak but they are all more or less like one of the members of the family above described.

We can see Cecilia in her old age now, a gentle, prim, sweet old lady in gowns of rustling silk and collars of old lace. Eleanora is a middle-aged woman now but it is evident that she will be one of those crabbed, cross old ladies with snapping black eyes and rapping cane, and with an awe-inspiring sternness of glance.

Barbara will be one of those old ladies we read about, who wear sweaters and boots, take long walks on cold winter days and ride horseback at the age of sixty-odd. She will continue to be very fond of small boys and will always be followed by two big Scotch collies who obey her slightest word to them.

Anne will be a comfortable little grandmother with neat little caps and dresses. She will be a wonderful cook to the end of her life and when she isn't cooking she will be mending, sewing, knitting or crocheting.

As for Delphine Cherry Sue-Alice Sicily-Ann, let us hope she will die young!

## LIFE, "THE MISTRESS"

ANNE JOHNSTON

The joys of living are many. One may be a spectator, casual or critical. One may be a participator, joyous or cynical; and at times, if one is ingenious, one may assume a versatile combination of the two. But I have chosen a jealous mistress and I have no hand in the turning of my mood. It is as she will and as such I must be content with it. She asks of me all my time and in return she gives bountifully of her blessings. The question arises in my mind: is this wanton waste, or is my time well spent in gathering her store of intangible gifts? Seeking an answer I consider my days.

My mistress will have me wake early in the morning and watch the pines come into shape as the rose of the snow behind them pushes their black boughs into distinctness. She will have me silence my thoughts that I may hear the slurr of water over the dam. She demands that I forget everything else to put my whole soul into the momentary enjoyment and as a reward she brings to me the sweet realization of her loveliness and solitude.

Having monopolized my first waking moments she considers herself entitled to the rest of the day. My room-mate wakens and with a nod my beloved pushes me forward into the rôle of participation and I am privileged to bandy idle words about the house. Powerless against her I soon find myself turn again as spectator to watch the world about me.

I watch as the people crowd into chapel. The day is still young and all the hopes founded on it are crowded into the eager faces. There is the eternal wistfulness and longing of youth. The sunlight seems pale and wanting some of the dashing brilliance it will have when the day is older and the nopes are founded on a certainty. Inside, the chapel is filled with hum and hurry, until the organ's first notes come in their calm slow way to soothe the perturbed air into a peace like their own. Then out troop the half-hidden dreams and if I

glance sharply at my neighbor I will see there something new and strange. Something that sunshine and chatter can dispel, but only those slow notes can bring forth.

Forgetful momentarily of my jealous attendant, I consider going to the "Libe" to study, but I am no sooner seated than she intrudes herself upon me. She points out the sailing clouds that emphasize the April blueness of the sky. She whispers of the tossing winds that blow one's hair, reminiscent of last March, and, all unknowing, I find my eyes resting on the high-piled banks of snow, the symbol of the month that is. I cast my mistress from me in a fury, she is too all-absorbing, and her charms are many and—I have a class. But, alas, in my reading I come across such a sentence as this, "*Extreme busyness whether at school or college is a symptom of deficient vitality and a faculty for laziness implies a strong sense of personal identity.*" There it is, on good authority. Perhaps my lady love is justified after all. And feeling a certain leniency for her views I decide to let her have her own way. She seems to be urging me towards the browsing room. She calls to my mind the leisurely delights of choosing from its well stocked shelves and the seeming lack of hours as soon as I stepped across its threshold and shut behind me the humming throngs. She charms me with the promise of endless time and thought as I see the lives of men and the dreams of eternity represented around me. I might take up a book at random merely for an excuse to sit and dream, dream of the fire that might be roaring up the chimney, the companion who might be lounging with me on that broad delightful divan, of the coldness that might be without to add to my seclusion and comfort by its very bitterness. My mistress can paint me dreams indeed, but she does not let them last. She tears them rudely in the middle, that they may not become too dear to me. Then, to make my sudden awakening a gentle one, she gives me a reality as delightful as the dream and leaves me with it to play.

So she takes me through the day, asking much, giving infinitely more. She makes me happy at the sound of bells and people's voices. She makes me smile at vague remembrances.

She paints me pictures, unforgettable, of crowds, of people's faces, buildings, long brick walks between tattered, half hopeful grass. And at night as I walk down the wide avenue shining with the light of the orange moon, she gives me the right to say, tenderly, "Day that I have loved. I close your eyes."

Life is indeed a jealous mistress. Yet as I consider the outlay I have made, I realize that for each second spent, there is some loveliness, tangible in my mind, if not in my hand. She repays me in the very smallness of the things she gives me joy in, for the smaller they are, the greater is the happiness in the realization of them. As long as she will fill my heart with joy in her, I am her slave. As long as she shows me the loveliness of life, I will follow where her finger points.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### SMITH COLLEGE GHOSTS

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

Smith College is not without its ghosts; indeed no place is; it is the people who live in a place and have not the eyes for seeing ghosts who make the difference.

Like cats and memories, ghosts have a fondness for place, and year after year they may be discovered still lingering about the chosen vicinity. Some of the most beautiful ghosts are hardly more than memories longing to be known again. I think that such a one is Gwendolyn Edgeworth. She it is who whispers that strange sort of sing-song chant that you may have heard down in the botanical gardens, in the grotto of a warm clear May night, when you were out to get a little of the quiet and loveliness away from work. Gwendolyn is a sentimentalist. She won't even try to sing to you when you go briskly through the gardens chattering with some friends. But go there alone, thinking about trees and stars and things, and if you tell me later that she brushed your sleeve, and peered over your shoulder and softly sang, I shall believe you. This Gwendolyn Edgeworth as I have heard was very much misunderstood by her classmates. It is a rather pitiful story. At first they thought she had a lover, a nice ordinary man-lover; but it was noticed that she never had any letters or callers and so it was surmised that her love was not reciprocated. How wrong they all were. Gwendolyn was in love with beauty. She lived for the stars, she thrilled at the flowers, she wasted away with yearning for the beauty behind the May-

wind and in the silver moon. Companions prosaic, critical, misunderstanding, wore upon her endurance, and she pined all the harder. At last came a day when with all her pining and thrilling and wasting away she no longer had strength to support her own physical life. She feebly went to the botanical gardens. It was a spring twilight. There were violets and little bethlehem-stars in the grass. Gwendolyn lay down to be nearer them; and her last mortal breath was given in a whisper of love. Those of us who do not go in for sentimentality may laugh at this serious ghost, and shall never see or hear her. But, as I said before, let one go to the grotto of a warm spring night, and then . . . who listens may catch a dim delicate song from our frailest of ghosts.

You may wonder how I happen to know so much about Gwendolyn; well in the first place I confess to have heard her voice; and then I asked someone who knew. I asked Bobby Woodkin when he was in a talkative mood once and he told me about her and some of the other campus ghosts. He knows about all of them and is acquainted with a few. Bobby Woodkin is one of the Other People himself; so he might be expected to know, especially as he is always interested in things going on. I've been rather surprised to learn from him that of late years the students haven't been so friendly to him as before. I think he gets rather wistful about it sometimes, though I've never seen the little chap appear sad. Perhaps when he is sad he climbs up the flagpole on College Hall and thinks about the days before he came to Smith College. He came here, so he says, though may be he was only yarning, in the pocket of one of the carpenters who worked on the building of College Hall. He says he is an English fairy. I don't know. I do know however that he is sixteen inches of friendliness and whimsicality and good-will dressed in scarlet and green. With his atmosphere of friendliness, Bobby is a comfortable companion when one goes adventuring about the campus. I went with him up to the tower of College Hall one morning after some of the college spirits had had a conference in the psychological laboratory. Bobby knew all about it, for he had been present though uninvited. He had hid behind a large plaster

model of the human ear. There had been some foreign ghosts there that night, and they all had engaged in a serious talk about human unawareness to their presences and the ensuing discouraging effect upon their entities. (You must know that for a ghost repeatedly not to be noticed and not to be thought of, weakens his personality till he fades away almost entirely; although I for one believe that he will never quite fade out.) It was discussed whether, on the part of human beings, subconscious awareness to their existence would to any degree take the place of conscious awareness in keeping strong the ghostly personalities.

So far as I have found, our ghosts are neither harmful nor malignant, though others are more tragic than those of whom I have spoken. There is the girl who jumped from the Amherst bridge and killed herself. She thought no one loved her. But with the wisdom of death she learned that the faculty loved her, and now she calls out to any of the faculty who ever chance to cross the Amherst bridge, asking them not to forget her. There is the spirit of the student who fell through the ice in Paradise Pond skating too early in the season, and whose body was never found. Her spirit seems to be held down, for when the pond is frozen one may hear her groaning and beseeching help. A ghost lives in one of the pillars of Dewey House. When the pillars were being put up in hollow sections a girl peeked over and fell in. The rest of the pillar was joined and the whole put in place, but the girl was never taken out. They tried to lift her up by a magnet but only her hairpins rose. I dare say there are even more spirits about the campus. Perhaps the soul of the girl who committed suicide right in her own room in a campus house comes back. At any rate the room has been walled up; for if you count the windows on the outside of the house you count one more than you will count from the inside.

As for these melancholic ghosts, perhaps it would be as well if we should neglect them; but the wise ones, the friendly ones, the singing ones, let us not deny our sight of them that they may not fade from our campus.

## VACATION BORES

NAOMI LAUCHHEIMER

Of course it's jolly to be home again with the family and the friends who want to hear all about everything—but those beastly bores, the acquaintances of the family who consider it their duty to ask obvious questions and make obvious statements! I dodge around street corners, back out of parlors, and attempt to walk blindly through street-cars, but to no purpose—the bore always catches sight of me and I brace myself for the ordeal, smile outwardly, curse inwardly, and answer mechanically.

"So glad to see you," I murmur mendaciously in answer to the lady's expressed delight at our meeting.

"Well how is Smith's?" That is the first question. I think I could stand for the rest of the senseless catechism if only it were not for that *Smith's*. One may speak of Smith's Grocery, or Smith's Liver Pills, or Smith's Patent Carpet Beater, but one may not mention Smith's College and remain a friend of mine.

Therefore you will readily understand why my first impulse is to box the lady's ears and thus correct her forcibly; my next impulse is to answer "Smith finds itself in excellent health, thank you." But resisting these desires I interpret her inane question correctly and gush, "Oh it is simply wonderful. I just love it."

"Do you have to work hard?" she wants to know then, and instead of withering her by remarking ironically, "Oh no. Nobody works at college. We just go to pink teas and read dime novels and play around." I show my breeding by answering politely that we do have to work hard.

"It agrees with you though. You've gotten stouter." I wonder does she think I like to hear that. "How much did you gain?" asks the brazen creature, and when I admit to ten pounds, she actually looks pleased.

"Do you get good meals?" "Are there nice girls up there?" "How do you spend your evenings?" "Do you need many clothes?" The woman can think of more things that are none of her business and which can't possibly interest her. "Where does your room-mate live?" You'd think she were going to call on my poor unsuspecting roomie but really she only likes to hear her own voice. And finally she takes herself off. For my part she may take herself to the North Pole or beyond to warmer regions around the equator. I comfort myself with the thought that her messages to my family will never be delivered.

There is only one method of escape from her and all her kind. Some day I will find courage to adopt it. I will firmly attach to myself a placard, and when I meet one of those bromides, before she gets a chance to cross question me, I shall turn toward her that portion of me to which the placard is affixed so that she may read for herself:

"Thank you I like college very much.

"We work very hard.

"I have gained—pounds."

and all the rest of it.

#### THE MONTHLY

ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP

The MONTHLY is the things you write,  
It does not grow up over night;  
From azure skies it does not fall,  
Nor make itself, nor come at call.  
So if your reading makes you blue,  
Bear this in mind, it's up to you.

## EIGHT MONTHS OUT

It is odd that we should think so little about education while we are in college because that is where we lay the foundations for the education which is life. Most of us think of being educated as of being fed. We take our food and let it nourish us and give it nothing. This young alumna will not soon forgive that young alumna of last year who wrote to the effect that it didn't make so much difference what one did in college as long as one feels that one has had a good full meal when one is through. That may be a good formula for a successful chef but not for a person with aspirations to the title of "educated."

Everything in life has two aspects. A person who wishes to be educated, and I take it that that is why we come to college—not to pass four awkward years nor to be popular nor to make friends nor to "become broadened,"—must mould while he is being moulded. He must decide in the first place what he thinks education is for. Why are we taught what we are taught? Is there a plan by which we are to use our knowledge, or is it just that we may derive a little more meaning and beauty from a conglomerate directionless world? Isn't it more likely that the world is moving through a maze of bypaths and retro-paths in a certain definite direction and that we are being educated to help it move in that direction? And if this is so, are our colleges fitting us to the highest degree for our places in the world? If you were going to change something in Smith College what would you change? And by changes I don't mean what the Public Opinion columns of the *Weekly* would make a stranger think were our chief thoughts—flapping goloshes, guests for meals on other days than Sundays, the noise of the batting societies and other far-reaching and vital matters. I mean do you think that you have wasted time in college; and why have you, and if you don't want to waste time what are you going to do to get away from it when every one around you seems to be doing it? I wasted three of my four precious years in college and I am

paying for it dearly now. Instead of knowing the fundamental facts I should know, I know on what page of my notebook or the text-book they may be found. My mind is a mass of hazy ideas and good intentions. And that is because until my senior year I never realized that college was not a machine through which I was being ground but a living organism which I, petty and inexperienced though I was, could help to change and improve. The great privilege of belonging to college is that you, because you are in the process of being educated, have as much of a right to mould that process as it has to mould you.

Are you changing Smith College? Will it be a better place for your having been there? Have you added anything to the solution of the educational problem of this country? If you haven't, you are no better for having been to Smith College nor any nearer the goal of an educated person.

## REVIEWS

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*The Graftons.* By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Company.

After being subjected on all sides to the present day fire of criticism—criticism of life, thoughts, politics, society, in short of the universe—it is a relief to read a book which is merely a chronicle. We are all aware that a certain amount of exhortation by the God of Things as They Ought to Be is rather good for us; it keeps us alive to our manifold imperfections and sometimes inspires us to attempt an improvement of the disgraceful state of affairs. But too much admonishment is apt to fall on deaf ears and we are becoming somewhat inattentive to the many cries for reforms which assail us from the pages of periodicals and current literature. The God of Things as They Are is once more coming into his own, as indeed is only proper, for sons should never try to overshadow their fathers. They should decorously follow in the parental wake.

Mr. Marshall does not give us a one sided picture of English country life. He portrays it as it is, pleasant, smooth, unruffled by the breezes of contemporary strivings. We find no evidences of great social changes, no traces of the stress and toil of the sordid world which many authors delight in describing so realistically. One finishes the book with a pleasant and rare sensation of being at peace with the world even though it is not absolutely perfect. That the world is neither wholly good nor wholly bad is common knowledge, and it is a great satisfaction to learn that literary men are not unaware of the fact. The characters in this picture are as real as their setting, and are equally mixtures of good, bad and indifferent. On the whole they are rather likeable—one suspects that the

author has a genial point of view—but they are not so pleasant as to be incredible. Mr. Marshall's gift for characterization has been likened to that of Anthony Trollope and only those who have read the *Chronicles of Barsetshire* can appreciate the comparison. There is no array of types, for each person is an individual with consistent opinions and natural actions. There is no particular plot for real life does not have an introduction, body and conclusion. The Grafton girls fall in love with no glorious halo of romance but with the ordinary pleasurable sensations which accompany that commonplace state of mind. They marry, not with glorious prophecies as to the future, but with simple trust that their new lives will be happy because they love their husbands. The youngest goes to school quite in the customary way and has no particular adventures there. In fact, the book is free of adventure of any kind; it neither attains great heights nor falls to great depths. Yet, without any artificial tricks and conventions, the reader's interest never flags for a moment. No one could fail to become vitally interested in such a delightful family as the Graftons; it is simply a proof of that ancient platitude which declares that people are the most interesting objects in the world. To those who had read *Abington Abbey* this further chronicle of the Graftons was doubly interesting and I for one am curious to know the fates of the amiable, matter of fact Bunting and the slightly caustic Barbara. One likes to know what happens to one's friends.

E. N. S.

## EDITORIAL

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### LET WAKEFUL DOGS SIT

This editorial does not concern you probably or your room-mate or your neighbor. Neither, it is more than likely, does it touch your best friends or their friends or your room-mate's friends or aught that are thy neighbor's. It has to do only with that small minority of the college that wishes to visit classes. Now by a recent ruling of the faculty it is forbidden students to attend classes for which they have not signed on their course cards; that is, visiting a class to listen to the lectures without being responsible for the preparation. To the ambitious few this regulation is a bitter blow. For them we would speak. This is a plea for the minority.

Let us now examine the arguments of the faculty and, with all respect, discuss them. First of all comes the argument that it makes conducting either recitation or lecture harder for the teacher, this having a foreign element in the room. These visitors, feeling no responsibility to teacher or class, are ready, it is maintained, to take everything and give nothing. In short, by thus refusing to coöperate, they are felt to break the unity of the group and so make reaching the class a more difficult task. Indeed it has even been contended that students would visit with nothing short of a hostile purpose, "just to see how Proffy So-ond-so carries on," the intent to criticize uppermost in their minds.

As students we must object strenuously to this last charge. Curiosity about a teacher's methods cannot be denied to be a motive that occasionally brings visitors. But labeling this

curiosity even of the weakest kind is unjust. Smith students, as members of the faculty have themselves frequently testified, are polite, and are therefore above such petty discourtesies. Furthermore, there is here no boarding-school attitude of trying "to put one over on old So-and-so," of regarding the faculty as our natural enemies, an attitude that alone could account for taking play time to sit gloweringly in the back row of the "enemy's" class.

As for failure to coöperate, surely these visiting students who are present of their own free will to listen that they may learn, surely these are far less of a drag on a class than is the dead wood that obstructs the flow of the lectures in required courses. Here you find the nearest approach to hostility and the only real lack of coöperation with the faculty among the students. Since, they argue, the faculty force them to take these courses, let the faculty do the work and make or mar the three hours a week without their help. And yet the presence of visitors who contribute nothing is deplored! A student who is willing to take the time to visit a class is not going to be willing to hold the class back. Why should she bite off her nose to spite her face? But how could she by her mere presence slow up the movement of the work? No teacher would stop to make explanations for her benefit. And anyway, if she had not the necessary background for the course, need we damn the training in judgment the college gives us by maintaining that she would not realize the fact and speedily remove herself? Finally, even though she may not recite and hand in papers, still her interested attention makes no mean contribution to the class work.

In the second place, declare the powers behind the regulations, this system of allowing students to listen and do no work would quickly lead to a wholesale rearranging of programs, so that students would actually take only "snaps" and would visit in the more difficult, interesting classes. In the fascinating but demanding courses only a few people would be enrolled though the room would be filled with listeners, parasites. Now has such been the case hitherto? For up to the time of this emphatic ruling of the faculty there has been a general

understanding abroad among the students that visiting was perfectly legitimate. Anyone who wished to attend a class did so with a guiltless conscience, assuming that there was nothing irregular in her so doing. And yet has the enrollment in the most difficult courses suffered and the number of visitors been large? On the contrary, while the numbers of those dedicated by their course cards to toil and sweat and take "writtens" and receive grades has steadily increased in the last few years, the proportion of visitors has not. Would-be visitors, let us repeat, are a small minority of the college. This indubitable evidence leads us to the conclusion that this second argument against visiting is not valid.

But what of time? comes the cry. Attending classes outside the schedule must take time that should be put on regular work. Alas, perhaps with shame should we confess it, but there are few students even of this ambitious intelligent minority who have not pretty well cut down their work to the irreducible minimum. If they could not carry their fourteen or sixteen hours of regular work and take time to visit too, they would of course stop visiting instead of reducing the amount of studying they do. No, the answer is that time taken to attend unrequired lectures is subtracted from play time, from batting and movies and futile gossip. Is that to be discouraged?

Then finally we hear it said that visiting is nothing but a cheap, easy way of getting a lot of general information. Granted. Has materialism so penetrated the field of education itself that only that is thought valuable which one has to pay a high price for? Should we not rather congratulate ourselves on the economy of getting something cheaply? Or is a store of general information considered superfluous in this scientific age of specialized knowledge? As a matter of fact, general knowledge, breadth of culture, is what most of us come to college to get.

There are about twenty-five courses that we have time to take in our four years here. More than a fifth of these are prescribed for us and are administered all protest notwithstanding. We believe that we are voicing the united student

opinion on the matter when we contend that if there are those whose avidity for knowledge is such that twenty courses do not suffice them, why should they not be allowed to satisfy their hunger by visiting? There is little enough maturity in most American colleges at best. If a girl has the intelligence to prefer sitting in a class room to sitting in the movie theater, to value information above chatter, to crave brain action more than physical motion, let us not interfere with her. Let us rather rejoice in the intellectual ambition of the "visiting minority."

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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### THE EXERCISE CARD

The exercise card,—with what deep significance is the name invested! Two groups of persons there are in whom the mention of this time-honored institution calls up conflicting emotions; namely, the members of the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education, who give out the cards, and, more especially, the members of the student body, who have to keep them. On a certain day appears a notice: Exercise cards will be given out at such-and-such a time in such-and-such a place. That is the concern of the first group. Thither flock the second group, to procure the required bits of pasteboard.

Once having procured them, there are again two groups of persons,—those who keep them and those who do not. Among those who keep them are to be found some interesting studies in human nature. Of those who do not, more anon.

Strange and wonderful are some of the activities that have been known to be listed under the general caption "One hour's exercise." There are croquet and clock golf, which I never could bring myself to believe were exercise at all, there is fifteen minutes of swimming, there is twenty minutes of archery, and I have even heard of cards reading "two hours riding in a train with the windows open," "two hours packing a missionary box," and last but not least, "Christmas shopping." When I ventured a mild inquiry of the girl who intended to report the last-named, her indignant remark was, "And why not? Do you know of any more violent exercise

than pushing through those Christmas crowds? Why, it exhausts all your bone and sinew to get a clerk to wait on you!" I had to acknowledge the justice of her contention, and could only remark feebly that there was one consolation, there was generally more bone in evidence when you finally did procure a clerk.

I could not suppress a slight feeling of admiration for her, for she at least wrote down some exercise when it occurred. And that is more than frequently happens. Our consciences play us queer tricks in the matter of exercise cards. Some of us keep the card propped up in front of our desk, so that its appealing blankness may be a reminder of the need for a daily record. Others of us, feeling keenly that it is not by nature and cannot be made by man—or woman either—a thing of beauty, hide it away in the cavernous recesses of our desk, along with certain bills, paid and unpaid, an ancient chapel card, relic of a barbarous but not far-distant past, and other items; and here amid these quiet surroundings it rests peacefully until perhaps an hour before the cards are due, when it is frantically searched for, at length discovered, and feverishly inscribed upon.

Difficulties often attend this last step. Unless a friend with a head for dates stands watchfully by, "One hour basketball" is likely to appear on the date of some Sunday, and we may even find that we have been having gym in vacation time.

It takes either a good conscience, a good memory or a good imagination to make a success of the exercise card. Without any of these attributes one is sure to come to grief. But since most of us possess at least one, else we do not linger long at Smith, this venerable institution will doubtless be preserved in all its dignity, and with that pleasant aroma which clings about the features of antiquity to lend it added charm.

A. I. P.

At the end of a long discouraging slump there appears at last a rise in our market. This bit of initiative on the part of literary magazines of fellow colleges is all the more encouraging in that it holds out an inducement for our own co-

workers, whose contributions have seldom been offered so hesitatingly and slowly. In other colleges there are signs of a pre-spring drive, holding out to us the hope that it may prove contagious.

As yet, it is true, our exchanges have found no fault with us and continue very kind in their criticisms. The more desire and responsibility, on our parts, to please, and the more pleasure in stating that many excellent numbers have reached us this month. One deserves special mention for its aim as well as for the sustained excellence of the aim's fulfillment; the *Wellesley College Magazine* for February is a war and peace number, and probably derives its vigor and intensity from the stimulus of November eleventh. Ever since that day, much has clung in our minds that is part echo, part effect of the crowd of new sensations we were at that time exposed to, and with a peculiar feeling of "I feel just that way about it," we read this issue from cover to cover. Whether or not we as individuals have lost some friend in the war, have had experience in war manufactures, or have tried to bring the Bible into relation with the world's modern phenomena, we follow familiarly all those pages dealing with such topics, and whether we approve or disagree, at least we are personally responsive. "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Americans" is startling, daring, and somewhat grotesque, wrenching from their original intention many of St. Paul's most familiar maxims, in order to bring them up to date. In the midst of a quotation to find this: "our beloved fellow servant" Woodrow, cannot but direct our attention into a humorous channel, for it is after all a far cry from the communities to which Paul preached to the democracy of our United States. Two poems in this issue suggest by their similar themes, (a similarity which does not dull their appeal), the dramatic situation of the patriot who remembers a personal loss while he is glad for the national victory. A very timely and thoughtful informal essay on the prospect of a league of nations comes with the same appeal as the other treatments of national subjects.

Turning aside from this excellent number, there remain a few others of first rank, notably the December *Sepiad* with its

remarkable little study called "Simple Souls," and the poem, "To a Friend in the Hill Country"; and the *Vassar Miscellany Monthly* and its charming tale of "The Leprecaun's Son." No wonder the Irish peasantry believes in fairies, if it hears of them so authoritatively as we have in this story. One forgets to ask where, exactly, the leprecaun's bog may be, but never doubts for a minute that it can be reached by the help of the stray names mentioned in the story.

An essay called "City Ways and Company Streets" from the name of the book it tries to judge, is perhaps the best part of the Christmas number of *Holy Cross Purple*, and the "Mother of Sistek" of the *Mt. Holyoke Monthly*. The fall issue of *Sorosis* also brings a few original and amusing sketches, and on the whole, we regard this month's pile of magazines with a feeling of real satisfaction.

A. J. K.

## AFTER COLLEGE

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### PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Ruth Walcott, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

### ENGAGEMENTS

- '18. Marjorie Balch to Lieutenant John W. Clarkson.  
Elizabeth Curtiss to Wesley Plimpton Montgomery, U. S. N.  
'16. Marion S. Coates to George C. Kaulbach.  
Dorothy Mellen to Earl C. Hughes, 1st Lieutenant.

### MARRIAGES

- '16. Frances M. Bradshaw to Brand Blanshard, Hospital Corps, U. S. Army, on November 3, 1918.  
Gwen Davis to Joseph Prendergast.  
Alberta Merrill to Dexter Hunneman, Ensign, U. S. N.  
Hazel Gilpin to Foster L. Stagg.  
Cora T. Wickham to Edwin R. Frazier.  
'18. Louise Adams to Ensign Harold B. Dugan, U. S. N.  
Mildred H. Clark to Claudius F. Black, Lieutenant in U. S. Army.

### DEATHS

- '16. Margaret E. Wood on October 19, 1918 of pneumonia.

### BIRTHS

- '16. To Dora (Goldberg) Schatz, a son, Arthur, December 30, 1918.  
To Doris (Mathewson) Catchpole, a daughter, December 19, 1918.  
To Constance (Remington) Northrop, a son, William Herbert 2nd, on November 21, 1918.

## OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '16. Florence Eis has been appointed to the Smith College Canteen Unit and is waiting for the call to go to France.  
Elizabeth Hazelhurst left on January 7th, for Y. M .C. A. Canteen work in France.  
Margaret Hussey is training to be an army nurse, at Camp Meade, Md.
- '18. Marjorie Brigham has been working in Filene's Paris Shopping Service for soldiers abroad.  
Ashley Burton is a graduate student in the department of nursing and public health at Teacher's College, Columbia.  
Helen (Butler) McGowan, whose husband is with the A. E. F. in Italy, is now attending business College. She will return to Smith in February to finish her senior year.  
Stella Garrett is in the War Trade Intelligence Bureau office in Washington, D. C.  
Mary Gazzim has been doing "confidential war work" eight hours a day, and taking a business course in the evening.

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Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.



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Smith College  
Monthly

March - 1919

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE

# SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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No. 6

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## EDITORS:

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## COMMEMORATION ODE

BARBARA FOSTER

Across the heat and turmoil of our days  
The cleansing wind of heaven sweeps wide and free,  
Serene and high, above the shifting sea,  
The radiant moon holds still her endless ways.  
But we whose house is dark  
See not the glory of her light, nor hear  
The rushing wind, nor mark  
Its mighty force; or, dimly sensing, fear  
A clearer vision, dreading Strength and Light  
Lest they might tear us from this fetid night  
Whose very phantoms are, through custom, dear.

It was not always thus,—our nation's pride  
Counts rightly as her mightiest moments those  
When, standing at the parting ways, she chose  
The untried path where Faith would be her guide;  
She names supremely great  
Those who with eyes fixed on the constant right  
Bowed in no servile state  
To weakling's fears or cynic's doubts—their might  
Rising by Faith, not held enthralled by Fate.

And first among these names of power stands his  
Who championed, through the weariness of strife,  
The truth of things unseen,—whose steadfast life  
Desired and reached Faith's high immensities.  
His strength was not to heed  
The old, disheartening pleas of Circumstance;  
His pride was, not to need  
The day's rewards; through night he dared advance  
To meet the dawn he felt, but could not see;  
From doubt and indecision strongly free,  
He dared believe the truth he knew to be—  
And lived to show his vision true indeed.

The Faith in which he nobly lived and died  
Has shone above us in these later years  
Undimmed though veiled by doubts and blinding fears,  
Though half forgotten in our hours of pride.  
We found it glowing still  
When war's reality broke our selfish dream,  
When with a common will  
We fled hypocrisy, and dared to seem  
What in our hearts we knew ourselves to be:  
Fighters for brotherhood—knights of the free  
Against the stifling forces that would kill.

We won our common cause and live—by power  
Of faithful men, who with their latest breath  
Bade us to take the life they bought with death  
And win the glory of this crowning hour.  
Now while the lands are torn  
With strife of restless hordes no longer weak,  
In watching souls is born  
The hope that now at last all men may seek  
The promised gift of morn.

No mad excess shall win that sacred right  
But noble self-restraint and common might,  
With common faith and common rallying cry:  
"We are one blood, one kindred, you and I!"

Fling wide your arms! across our heated days  
The cooling wind of heaven sweeps broad and free.  
Lift high your head! above the shifting sea  
The radiant moon holds still her endless ways.

### THE WIDENER LIBRARY READING-ROOM

(Which is an enumeration, and has no claim to Verse, free or otherwise.)

BETH MacDUFFIE

- The pillars; round, smooth, and rising infinitely upward.  
Jimmy, the page, with the engaging grin which lacks three front teeth, who confides that he is reading "a book by Henry James."  
The Summer School "girls" who have been teaching all winter, and who turn over the pages frantically, biting their lips.  
The Harvard undergraduate reading Gibbon.  
The sailor, who tips back his chair at a dangerous angle and does problems in his head.  
The lamps and lamps and lamps.  
The Amherst student, who has been advised by his instructor to use the dictionary.  
The little girl with a big hat and *such* a pretty ankle.  
The Chinese boy, whispering over his book.  
Through the open window, a clock tower outlined against a thunderhead. Trees moving slowly.  
The Philadelphia lady who reads Strindberg with a slightly defiant air.  
*The Boston Herald* and its latest head-line.  
A bugle call. The sound of marching feet.

## RUBBISH

MARGARET BROAD

SCENE: The Rubbish Heap in Hell

TIME: A red-green night

But, I say, cabby, I don't want to get out here!

Sorry, ma'am, but this is the end o' the line.

*The cab dissolves slowly into sulphur vapor, the tail of the horse and the shiny hat of the cabman remaining longest visible, but by the time the passenger has ceased expostulating nothing is to be seen but the rubbish heap. And what a heap it is that looms before us, huge, humping, hollowing, with clearly outlined bumps and peaks and vague, shadowy hollows. This is only a spur of the great mountain range of the whole, which was a good-sized pile even before the red-green light came and has been growing steadily through all the centuries since. We cannot see all that is in it, but we know that it holds all the objects, all the terrors, whose owners have come down to Hell or that have no longer any place in the world above.*

*On closer examination we find that the passenger of the cab is a woman, and not such a bad looking woman, either, if it were not for the hard lines about her mouth and the cold green of her eyes.*

*There is some one else at the heap,—a someone who has been there a long time—a listless, dejected figure wandering about the edges where the latest accumulations are to be found. The figure stoops now and then to pull something out of the rubbish, only to drop it again with a hopeless gesture as if apologizing for ever having expected to find what he wants.*

THE WOMAN approaches him, apparently, to ask him the way to the nearest cabstand. He hears her footsteps though she is picking her way fastidiously among the fragments at

*the edge of the pile, not because she cares whether she crushes them or not but because her golden slippers are very new and must last her the rest of the season.*

*He looks up in the hope that it is some one bringing new rubbish but on seeing that she carries nothing, starts back to his monotonous search. Yet something in her bearing, especially the way she carries her head, makes him straighten and stand waiting for her to come nearer.*

*And now we see him clearly, for the queer light brings out his black hair and makes his dark eyes look darker. There are lines about his eyes, too, but very different from hers—lines which were started by the twinkling, squinting smile he used to have, but which despair and utter weariness have turned into patterns of their own. They look very cold, those eyes, but if you could keep from seeing them you would say that he was very young when he first came to the heap. And that was not so many years ago, but those years have lasted so long that he has quite forgotten there is such a thing as time.*

**THE WOMAN** sees him, too. *She is surprised at the change in him, especially in the eyes which were once so full of laughter and hope. But she shows nothing of this, only smiles—a rather impersonal smile as she comes toward him.*

**THE WOMAN:** Aren't you coming off that disgracefully dusty heap? You surely can't expect me to come to you?

**THE MAN** starts slowly toward her. *As he reaches the outer edge he stoops suddenly, but comes up with only a handful of dust. He stands looking at it sadly as it sifts through his fingers.*

**THE WOMAN** (*with a touch of impatience but with her voice as coolly modulated as before*) : You really might seem glad to see me.

**THE MAN** (*using after a long, long time a word which he had almost forgotten*) : Glad?

**THE WOMAN:** It didn't use to be necessary to ask you come to me.

THE MAN: No. (*He has stopped moving but continues to stare at her as if groping for an adjustment to new conditions*). No, there was no need to ask . . . I was always there.

THE WOMAN (*smiling slightly*): You were really a dear boy, Geof.

THE MAN (*slowly*): A dear boy,—I used to think you meant something when you called me that.

THE WOMAN: Yes, you were always so serious. I think that was why I was kind to you.

THE MAN: Kind? Was that what you called it?

THE WOMAN: You don't suppose I ever thought of *marrying* you, do you?

THE MAN: (*doggedly*): I did suppose.

THE WOMAN (*firmly*): Do be practical, Geof. For a girl like me with only five hundred a year to marry a man with even less, no matter what charming verse he could write, would be utterly impossible.

THE MAN: What if he gave you all he had to give? (*breaks off; his voice drops dully*) Yes, it was impossible—for *you*. (*It rises again*) But if you'd told me that in the beginning, instead of keeping me hoping, hoping, throwing my life away on hope—while you played and flirted with me,—used me as a foil to keep your hand in until the real game should come along—

THE WOMAN: Don't be absurd! Of course I liked to play about with you. You did dance well, though you bored me with your sentimental speeches . . . and your uncle had a title.

THE MAN (*bitterly*): Yes,—a title. (*There is a pause. The woman draws her cloak closer about her.*)

THE MAN (*this time there is no bitterness in his voice. He is almost defending her*): You were always heartless, Avis, and with no heart of your own you could never know the

agony you caused mine . . . That night—the stars were hard and white that night—when you told me—

THE WOMAN (*interrupting*) : That I was going to marry your uncle . . . Why go over that again?

THE MAN (*unheeding*) : That night my heart, burnt and tortured as it was, shattered into a thousand fragments.

THE WOMAN (*sharply*) : Poetical nonsense! It's perfectly ridiculous to talk of broken hearts—no one has them now-a-days.

THE MAN (*looking at her intently*) : Then why am I here?

THE WOMAN : Here? Where is here? It's frightfully untidy—my poor slippers!

THE MAN : You don't know?

THE WOMAN : Certainly not! I yielded to a foolish impulse.

THE MAN : You? An impulse?

THE WOMAN : It was my last night of freedom . . .

THE MAN : Freedom? I don't understand.

THE WOMAN : I seem to be catching your poetical fever. I mean that I'm to be married tomorrow.

THE MAN (*still puzzled*) : Tomorrow? But my uncle—is he dead?

THE WOMAN : My dear boy—oh, beg pardon, I forgot you objected to that term—in what ends of the earth have you been? Don't you know that they found your uncle had no right to the title, or the estate, and naturally the marriage was—well—postponed indefinitely.

THE MAN : Then who is it tomorrow? The real title?

THE WOMAN : He has a deaf wife and four daughters. It was jolly hard for me, you can imagine.

THE MAN : I can imagine.

THE WOMAN (*quickly*) : But that's all over now. Tomorrow (*triumphantly*) I shall be Her Grace, the Duchess of Hantsford-Marley.

THE MAN : Her Grace? . . So the real game has been caught at last, thanks to the foil that kept your hand in.

THE WOMAN : You needn't be nasty about it. I'm sure I've worked hard enough to deserve it. But, as I was saying,—and after dinner, Aunt Julia dozed off in the drawing room and Mamma's back was toward me and so—and so I slipped out and hailed a hansom and told the man to drive me for an hour,—anywhere. And (*looking around in disgust*) this is where he brought me!

THE MAN (*thoughtfully*) : He may have been right.

THE WOMAN : You might at least tell me where we are. When you rushed off so foolishly that night I pictured you hunting tigers in Africa or dreaming of me beside the Nile (*mockingly*)—all because of that broken heart.

THE MAN (*nodding*) : Yes, that is why I am here.

THE WOMAN : You've said that before. I'm asking for information.

THE MAN : This is where they always go—people without hearts or with them shattered into such tiny pieces that there's no hope of ever mending them.

THE WOMAN : Can't you keep off that ghastly subject?

THE MAN : Where else would they go? They don't belong up there any more.

THE WOMAN : Up there? What in the world do you mean?

THE MAN : It's the world I do mean.

THE WOMAN (*growing alarmed*) : Geof, tell me, where on earth are we?

THE MAN : On earth? No.

THE WOMAN: You're mad. I won't listen to you (*starts to go but is confronted by the heap and curiosity gets the better of her*). What is that pile?

THE MAN: The heap, the rubbish heap.

THE WOMAN: *What* rubbish heap? Of London?

THE MAN: Of Hell.

THE WOMAN (*terrified*): Of Hell! The rubbish heap of Hell! Geof, Geof, it can't be!

THE MAN (*wearily*): Of Hell. The rubbish heap of Hell.

THE WOMAN (*struggling to free herself from a stifling sense of unreality*): But it can't be! It can't! Half an hour ago I was in the drawing room. There were yellow roses—and Mama was knitting—there was a blue stripe in the sock . . . and tomorrow my wedding . . .

THE MAN (*soothingly*): You don't believe it now. I didn't either until I'd been here a long, long time and had seen nothing but rubbish.

THE WOMAN (*slowly*): Rubbish,—rubbish. (*The rubbish is a fact. She can find no way to escape it. She bends dazedly and picks up a battered lyre from the miscellaneous mass at her feet.*)

THE MAN: Sappho's. That's the very old part of the pile. Come over here.

*She moves slowly across the stage to the other side and stands staring fixedly at the objects about her. The man picks up a half-knitted sock with rusty needles and holds it out for her to see.*

THE MAN: Madame Defarge's. She was here looking for it yesterday.

THE WOMAN (*as though waking suddenly*): But I? Why am I here? (*Angrily*) They have no right . . . I never did a wrong thing in my life!

*He does not seem to know the answer, or else he hesitates to tell her. There comes up to the heap an old, crooked man with dusty overalls and a long grey beard beneath his pipe. He is leading a dejected looking horse who is attached to a huge dump cart.*

THE MAN (*pointing to the newcomer*) : Ask him ; he knows everything.

THE WOMAN : Who is he ?

THE MAN : The janitor. He goes about the world sweeping up all the stray belongings of people who are here, or that have lost all beauty or usefulness.

JANITOR : Whoa, 'Cep, you ain't as young as when Alexander brought you down here, but you're as stubborn as ever. Whoa, there !

*He backs the horse to the edge of the heap, dumps the load then turns and looks quizzically at THE WOMAN. She is still very erect but her head is not high and she has lost some of her confidence. The situation which she took in so quickly has turned out very strangely.*

JANITOR : So you're here, are you ?

THE WOMAN (*taking a step toward him*) : Yes, yes , but why ?

JANITOR : Why ? For the same reason as him (*nodding his head in the direction of THE MAN who stands gazing at THE WOMAN*).

THE WOMAN (*protesting*) : But my heart isn't broken. That never happens anyway.

JANITOR : Oh, doesn't it ?

THE WOMAN (*certainly*) : No . . . at least, I think not . . . but (*with an attempt to be rational to the end*) I suppose it might, since bones break.

JANITOR : It's not just because it's broken. We've had breaks here before that we could mend and send up again after a while. Now, there was Dante, 'twasn't long before he for-

got all about Beatrice and was as chipper as ever. Then there was Calantha; she needed a lot of cement,—had to have seven stitches taken, too, but—

THE WOMAN: I don't want to hear about them.

JANITOR (*imperturbable*): But it's only them whose hearts are total wrecks, that haven't got any left at all. That's it, ma'am, it's because he hasn't got any left at all.

THE WOMAN: But I—You have no right—you can't say that I . . . (*suddenly remembering*) Geof! You said that I was—

THE MAN: Heartless. I'm sorry, Avis, but it's true.

THE WOMAN (*appealing to JANITOR*): It isn't, it isn't true!

JANITOR (*stolidly*): He's right, and what's more, it's all your fault. You had one once. (*He takes the pipe out of his mouth and looks at her steadily*) Do you remember when you were a little girl you found the gardener's boy beating the dog?

THE WOMAN: No, I remember nothing about it.

JANITOR: And you ran and caught his whip and you cried—

THE WOMAN (*indignantly*): I never cry. That story isn't about me at all.

JANITOR: Not you the woman but you the little girl,—before you shut your heart up tight, and whenever it tried to come out you shook your head at it sternly and you always said, "*do be reasonable, do be cool, do be practical.*"

THE WOMAN: Certainly, that's the only way to get on in this world.

JANITOR (*nodding*): To be sure, to be sure. You kept pressing it back and never letting it out into the light and sunshine until it grew drier, and harder, and colder, until finally one night—the stars were cold and hard that night—you had no heart,—no heart at all.

THE WOMAN: What if that is true? You have no right to keep me here. Tomorrow is my wedding day. (*Haughtily*) I'm to be Duchess—

JANITOR (*putting his pipe back in*): You can't go unless you find a heart. That's what he's been looking for these long, long years. I never knew such a persistent chap,—most generally, they're glad to get away from the world and forget their troubles.

*She turns from him in desperation, drawing her cloak about her so tightly that she reminds us of the mummy of some far Egyptian queen. While she has been talking with the JANITOR, THE MAN has been watching her intently, longingly, with a tremulous fear, a fear that the old fascination will drag him to her again.*

THE MAN: Why did you come? I was beginning to forget how mad I was about you—I was beginning to remember how much I loved the careless, laughing world—before I knew you.

*She does not answer. He touches her cloak.*

THE MAN: Oh, Avis, Avis, there must be some way out for you. (*turning to the Janitor who has taken a broom out of the cart and is sweeping some of the scattered trash back into the pile*) There must be a way . . . She's so young yet.

JANITOR (*without looking up from his sweeping*): And so were you.

THE MAN: She had a heart once—you said so yourself.

JANITOR: And so did you.

THE MAN: But tomorrow—there *must* be a way—

*He draws the JANITOR over to one side, still talking, the JANITOR goes on with his sweeping.*

THE WOMAN seems taller; it is because she is so rigid that not one muscle in her body is relaxed. Her hands are gripping the folds of the cloak at her throat. Ever since the JANITOR appeared the red light has been fading but the green remains and we see that she looks older, very much older, and

*the firm lines of her face are tightly drawn and her eyes are desperate and terrified. Half to herself, half to the green light, she murmurs: Heartless . . . Heartless . . . I was proud to be called that once . . .*

*She moves toward the center of the scene, her head droops ever so slightly but we notice it because that head was so high before.*

THE WOMAN: He said I was heartless,—and I laughed at him.

*Her head droops more. THE MAN and the JANITOR have passed to the back of the stage. We can hear the murmur of their voices, or rather of THE MAN'S voice, for the JANITOR says nothing, but only shakes his head.*

*Heartless, heartless . . . She is close now to the rubbish which has just been added to the pile. Heartless . . . Her head droops still lower. She pauses, gasps slightly, then stoops swiftly, letting her cloak slip into the dust. She reaches down into the rubbish and brings up a heart—a dull, heavy thing, but undeniably a heart. She gives a little cry of joy and takes a step toward the JANITOR, then stops uncertainly.*

THE WOMAN (*looking down at the heart*): That's what he's been looking for all these years . . . these long, long years . . . while I danced . . . (*fiercely*) And I shall dance tomorrow! (*She takes another step.*) He was young, too . . . He had one once, too . . . Nonsense, I must be practical. (*She looks at it for a moment.*) I don't believe it's a very good one, but it's a heart . . . And it's all my fault—for him, too—all my fault . . . But I must go—Duchess of Hantsford-Marley. (*This time she takes more than one step but once more she stops.*) His eyes—they were once so happy, so laughing,—and now . . . but to stay here, to see nothing but rubbish, rubbish . . . how much he loved the careless, laughing world.

(*And once more she takes a step but this time it is back toward the pile, where her cloak lies. And once more she stoops,*

*a quick, decisive movement and when she rises, her hands are empty.)*

THE WOMAN (*calling*) : Geof, Aren't you through talking yet?

THE MAN (*coming to her*) : Yes, Avis, I'm through—there's no way out for you.

THE WOMAN (*lightly*) : Then let's not worry about it. Pick up my cloak for me, it's growing chilly.

*And this time it is he who stoops, he who utters a glad little cry and who comes up with a heart in his hand,—a dull, heavy thing, but undeniably a heart.*

THE MAN (*excitedly*) : Look, look, I've found one at last—in the last load of rubbish. (*Almost hysterically*) I'm free—free—free!"

*The ring dies out of his voice as he looks from it to THE WOMAN.*

THE MAN : But you . . . (*Holds it out to her.*)

SHE : Nonsense, it's yours.

THE MAN : But your wedding.

THE WOMAN : I've changed my mind. Come, Janitor, tell him he must keep it.

JANITOR (*nodding*) : Aye, findin's keepin.' And it wouldn't do her any good any way. Each must find his own way out.

THE MAN (*looking longingly at the heart*) : But I can't leave her here.

THE WOMAN : Absurd—I should be bored if you stayed . . . I've decided that this is an ideal place for me with five hundred a year—no ball gowns necessary, no house to keep up, no need for a furnace, and this color scheme just suits me . . . (*She turns her back half to him and seems to be calculating how much of her season's wardrobe she can get out of the rubbish heap.*)

THE MAN (*talking almost to the heart, but she hears every word*) : The world . . . Trafalgar . . . the lions . . . the old flower woman by the column . . . her primroses . . . to hear the trains roar in at Paddington . . . and the fogs,—only sulphur fogs here . . . (*He is silent a moment*) To see green fields again . . . the foxgloves in the woods at home . . . home . . .

JANITOR (*critically examining the heart*) : But that's only a leaden heart. To get out of here you have to have a heart that is light, a heart of gold.

THE MAN (*very low*) : Ah, I'd forgotten that. (*He sighs.*)

THE WOMAN *has been watching him. She touches the JANITOR on the arm.*

THE WOMAN : Does it have to be gold? (JANITOR *nods.*)

JANITOR : And only gold can make it gold.

THE WOMAN : Only gold? (*She looks down, then up immediately*) My slippers!

THE JANITOR *nods again.*

*She snatches one off, seizes the heart and rubs it violently with the sparkling slipper.*

THE MAN : Oh, don't—you'll spoil your slipper.

THE WOMAN : Never mind, I won't need gold slippers down here.

*Breathlessly she rubs the heart. Breathlessly THE MAN watches her. And even the JANITOR holds his breath until he can no longer puff at his pipe. The heart changes its color, slowly at first, then the gleams rush over it till it glows like the gold of a May sunrise.*

THE WOMAN (*joyfully*) : It's gold; it's gold! it's a heart of gold! Catch.

*She tosses it to THE MAN.*

THE MAN: How light it is! It shines so I can hardly look at it. (*He laughs, a laugh that has pure happiness in it, fore-runner of many other laughs to come.*)

THE WOMAN (*turning her head*): No, I can't bear to look at it either.

THE MAN (*holding his hand out to her*): Avis, Avis, I can't leave you.

THE WOMAN (*sharply, but this it is not the sharpness we have heard before; it is the sharpness that tries to hide softness*): Certainly you can. Haven't I said I don't want to go? . . . See, here's the cab.

*And sure enough we see a shiny silk hat and a scrubby tail emerge from a cloud of sulphur vapor which gradually shows our old friends the cabby and his horse and the cab as well. THE JANITOR opens the door and points to the heart in THE MAN'S hand. The cabman nods and gathers up his reins. But THE MAN will not turn away from THE WOMAN. She has never seemed so beautiful to him as now, for the hard lines about her mouth seem to have melted mysteriously and her eyes are no longer a hard, cold green.....She takes him firmly by the shoulders, turns him toward the cab and gives him a little push—which send him stumbling into the seat.*

*Do be reasonable, Geof.*

### A LEMON SUNSET

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

Have you seen a lemon sunset  
Under a steel gray sky  
Above low steel gray mountains?  
One such have I.  
And ever since, the brighter hue—  
The rose and orange—seems untrue.

## SAVAGES AND CHILDREN

CATHRYN FLOTEY

"Have a good time, Sis," called Jane, as I bounded the Katy Flyer Nowhere in Texas.

"With what?" I asked morosely as I followed the be-lunch-basketed crowd climbing onto the train.

"Don't give up the ship, old scout."

"I can't see one ship that I'd even care to pass in the dead of night."

"Your overgrown curiosity will keep up your interest in life," responded Jane, heartlessly. She gave me a good hearty kiss, shoved me onto the Katy and away we flew—Katy and I, that is. Jane still clung to Texas soil.

I excavated a book from the bottom of my suit-case and read diligently for some time. Suddenly I became conscious of great excitement around me. We were pulling into a town—judging from the several scattered houses that struck upon my optic nerve. The soldier across the aisle hung perilously out of the window and chewed gum in rhythm to the turn of the wheels. The train stopped. Girls dressed in the blue of the canteen service distributed apples, cigarettes and smiles. I gazed at them wistfully. Oh, to be a soldier! They evidently made a few friendly overtures to the gruff Lieutenant-Colonel who had the section in front of my friend, the gum-chewing soldier. He shook his head in answer and turned away from the window the quicker to be rid of them. Then they said something which my ears, pricked as they were, could not get, something which drew forth an unguarded roar of laughter from the private and a ferocious glare from the Lieutenant-Colonel. I have heard that only children and savages are curious. I do not know to which class I belong—but I was consumed with curiosity to know what she had said to make him—the Lieutenant-Colonel—MAD and him—the private—GLAD. Time passed. I grew hungry and sallied into the dining-car to appease those primeval pangs. A begoggled

youth, evidently wearing his first long trousers, sauntered in and after a survey of my side of the table ordered the same things. After a few preliminary clearings of his throat, he asked me in a voice varying in range from C<sub>3</sub> to A<sup>3</sup> if I were going back to school. I agreed to the accusation and we spent the remainder of dinner unbaring our past, present, and future life to each other. His sounded truthful and without guile. Mine reeked with my imaginative powers. Suddenly his glassy eyes saw a trunk—the end of which flamed with a St. John's mark.

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "Must be a St. John's fellow getting on here. Oh, I see 'em. There's three of the fellows now. See 'em?" He almost put out my eye pointing out of the window. "Say, isn't this the life! Come on."

I trailed along behind him from—I admit it openly—curiosity. I was merely curious to see what this new influx would be like. I saw three lads swaggering along—blasé—in various stages of intelligence. I heard my companion throw himself upon one well-fed son of St. John with, "Hello, old Moonface." I heard Moonface utter a cracked shriek of emotion, joy or rage, I could not quite tell, and striking his forehead with his pudgy hand cry, "My Gawd, look what the cat brought in."

I passed on hurriedly, afraid of an introduction and a similar greeting. I came in and sat down in my lonely quarters.

"Been getting the air?" asked a voice in a soft Texas drawl. The private! My chance to unravel the Mystery of the Laugh and Scowl. We started a game of Cross Questions and Ananias Answers, shouting things across the aisle, sometimes understanding, sometimes not, but always smiling and nodding comprehendingly.

Finally I leaned across the aisle. "Please," I begged in the most melting of voices, "Please, tell me what you were laughing at this afternoon and what—"

"Ssh!" he hissed putting his finger on his lips and pointing to the back of the Lieutenant-Colonel. "Ssh!" He lunged across the aisle and fell into the seat beside me, laughing un-

restrainedly. In sentences disjointed by amused chuckles, he told me. I put my head on my arm and laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks.

"Not really!" I gasped. "Not really! She didn't say THAT—to the pompous old Lieutenant-Colonel. My word!"

I would like to tell you, dear reader, what the canteen girl said to the Lieutenant-Colonel which made my nice gum-chewing soldier glad and the Colonel mad; but I don't want to classify you as a savage—or as a child. To tell you would be to assume that you wanted to know—and therefore had a curiosity. I will give you the benefit of the doubt and assume that you lack this stigma.

But it was funny—very, *very* funny.

"Umh!"

### SCHERZO

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

My partner at the dance last night  
Was fine and merry as could be.  
He even called my dancing light  
And so we got on famously.  
But soon between himself and me,  
I found, there yawned an awful chasm!  
I asked myself how it could be;  
He'd never heard of protoplasm.

## THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

(Thought taken from the novel of that name by Vincent Blansco Ibañez)

ELIZABETH RINTELS

They ride.  
Over the world they ride.  
Now and again, now and again,  
In ages past, for ages to come,  
From the birth of the earth to the crack of doom,  
Over the world they ride.  
They ride, they ride, they ride.

Famine and plague, famine and plague,  
Death and destruction, death and destruction,  
Over the world they cast,  
Over the world they cast broadcast.  
Terror and grief follow fast in their wake,  
Horror and sadness, hatred and fear,  
The sob of the vanquished, the smile of the victor—  
The smile that's the devil's leer.  
But they stop neither for laughter or tear  
As they ride,  
As on and on they ride.

Plague rides first,  
As on and on they ride.  
Plague rides first.  
On a milk-white horse, he rides and rides.  
Clothed in gorgeous, glittering green  
He grasps his bow, while his quiver swings  
Always behind him, for paupers and kings  
It swings.  
Spreading disease, loathsome, abhorrent—  
Secret, unspeakable things.  
He shoots and shoots and shoots  
As, never stopping, he rides.

War rides next.  
Fast and hard he rides and rides.  
His blood-red horse is flecked with foam;  
The rider is merciless; on he tears,  
Waving aloft a two-edged sword

A dripping sword.

Hark! do you hear the cannons roar?  
Bring food for them, men, and more and more  
Men and boys to be mangled in gore  
All for War,  
As he rides and rides and rides.

Famine rides next.

On the raw-boned back of his old black horse  
He rides, he rides.  
Old he is, and skinny and bald,  
Withered and dried and wrinkled and old.  
In his shrivelled hand, he holds the scales—  
You want for bread? It's scarcer than gold!  
Women and children cry,  
Tiny babies die,  
He cackles, passing by,  
Riding and riding.

Last rides death.

Riding and riding.  
Pale-colored, he sits his pale-colored steed,  
Rattling as he rides on.  
His gleaming sickle he whirls on high,  
Around and around.  
From his bony shoulders a shroud hangs down,  
Ragged and filthy.  
His skull-like face is twisted and bound  
In a lop-sided grin.  
A grin for the brave men dead on the field,  
A grin for those buried deep under the sea,  
A grin for the maids, a grin for the babes,  
A grin for the mothers, pious and old,  
All dead are sweet sights for Death to behold,  
Grinning always as he rides on.

So they ride.

Over the world they ride.  
Now and again, now and again  
In ages past, for ages to come,  
From the birth of the earth to the crack of doom,  
Exhausted, they ride, they ride.  
God! must they always ride?

## GREEN SHADOWS

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

Give me cool words, cool words to ease my thinking,  
Words that make rippling sounds to soothe my mind!  
Tell me of waters soaking through deep mosses,  
And let your voice be smooth upon my mind.  
Give me in rhythms words of moving branches  
That gather sunlight in their outspread hands,  
Glad to possess it, just as happy children  
Hold in their little palms soft white sands.  
Tell me of leaves that hold the silver sunlight  
And keep it away from the damp, scented ground;  
Tell me of shadows resting on dark water,  
And let your words make a quiet sound.  
Now I am tired, and I need green branches;  
Give me your words that sing as shadows do,  
Over cool waters in leaf-hushed places;  
Sing to me, beloved, as green shadows do.

## SKETCHES

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### WHAT MAKES THEM LAUGH

JULIA PEW

The playwright sat hidden in a box, watching the first performance of his comedy. He thought that on the whole it was fairly amusing, but the audience did not seem to be amused. An indolent ripple of laughter greeted the bolder jests; delicate witticisms were received in silence. At last, when the third act was drawing to a close, the hero, rushing out of the heroine's house, bowled over the funny old gentleman who had said most of the clever things in the play. On this occasion he said nothing—he merely fell down; but the audience awakened suddenly to the consciousness that he was a humorous character. His nimble wit had elicited no response, but as his nimble heels flew over his head, the house laughed long and loud.

"Ah," sighed the playwright, "personal contact! That's what does it. If I could knock down someone in every scene, I should achieve success."

But this is somewhat the same as that heresy of contemporary farce which goes upon the mechanical assumption that six unhappily married couples are six times as amusing as one, and that if one baby is funny, triplets must needs be a scream. If, however, the occasion of laughter were the same in every man, the task of the playwright who sets out to make them laugh would be much simpler; but in this respect, persons, ages, and races seem somewhat to differ. One man's meat may be another man's poison. Who has not known an

evening's pleasure at the play spoiled by the laughter, insistently misplaced (as it seemed to him) of some person or persons adjacent, who gave every indication of thriving mightily upon this interpretation of the performance?

Several winters ago the Irish Players were presenting a play which, to their partial fancy, sparkled with wit and humor. It dealt with the religious prejudices of Catholics and Protestants in Belfast, and an audience of New York Jews listened in a state of coma. In the third act, an angry son, provoked beyond the limits of endurance, said to his father,

"What you are is a damn fool!"

Whereupon the slumbrous house woke up and roared with joy. Irish quips and pranks were all very well in a way for those who strained their minds to grasp them, but to call a man (especially one's own father) a damn fool was a good, plain American joke which anybody could understand and relish. The wise dramatist realizes that if he wants his audience to laugh he must give them something to laugh at—something simple and robust, always remembering that there is a wide variation according to taste in jests and to the fertility of suggestiveness.

To pull a chair from under a man who hopes to sit down on it is true humor; it has been regarded so since chairs were made—and before. When the first merry cave-man pulled away the stone on which a fellow cave-man was about to squat, what gales of laughter must have hailed the joke! "We laugh at that in others which would be a serious matter to ourselves," said the wise Hazlitt, who knew whereof he spoke.

Now why, when it is so easy to be amusing, do playwrights strive so hard and with such subtle irony to make them laugh? Undoubtedly he deals with a most uncertain thing, variable in its manifestation, subtle and complex, made up of a certain mental alertness and a sensitiveness of heart to incongruity.

Lowell, one day passing an institution which bore the sign, "Home for Incurable Children," exclaimed,

"That's where I belong!"

But a playwright's jests must be of the order which unhumorous men understand and repeat; so he observes the things

at which a house laughs and repeats them over and over again. He must understandingly observe the public's taste, and usually from sad experience, he learns to recognize the laughter as real and appreciative, hysterical, perverse, or merely stupid,—*i. e.*, the laughter at Hamlet. To the mind educated in vaudeville, certain things are an invariable cue for laughter; drunkenness, either in life or in the theatre; the desperate spinster; the woman who lies about her age; the gay deceiver husband; the mother-in-law; the perception that someone has "got left"; but most of all the predicament; all these he recognizes and uses as mirth-provoking subjects. But there always remains the possibility that his audience may pass his most delicate witticism by without so much as a smile of appreciation, while the same audience may laugh heartily at an incident that never was intended by the author to be funny. So, though he may be well versed in the tricks of his trade, the playwright who would make his audience laugh, laugh heartily and understandingly, woos a most uncertain mistress.

## TO TWO CHINESE BUDDHA BOOK-ENDS ON MY DESK

RUTH O'HANLON

Two dull-blue gods with grinning mouths,  
And dumb and vacant stare  
In oriental silence sit,  
A queer, fantastic pair.

They make me dream of nightingales,  
Of peacock blue and gold,  
Of lotus flowers and mystery  
The East has never told.

And so I let my fancy drink  
The eastern breath they bring,  
But wonder how a human heart  
Could worship such a thing!

## THE PAUCITY OF THINGS

ELIZABETH BATES

"The world is so full of a number of things  
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

That may be, that may be, Mr. Stevenson—for I think it is you who are responsible for this little verse. No doubt the multiplicity of the things of this earth did strike you with a happy force, and since I have always been taught from my most youthful days that you were a very wise man, I feel that I should respect your lightest saying. Yet to me there is a dreadful paucity of things in this world, a dreadful, dreadful paucity.

However I must be careful. I must remember what my course in English 11 has taught me about point of view and discrimination. On second thought, I see it is not the paucity of things in this world which fills one with unutterable woe, but the paucity of things about which I can write.

I take a walk looking for an inspiration. Surely I shall return with my brain teeming with subjects which will allow me no rest until they are given expression. But do I? Of course not. And it is not that I haven't tried hard. For I have. I have frantically looked about me, realizing that there is a story, or at least food for thought, in everything. One has but to search.

So I have considered the manner in which people walk, but nothing except a treatise on *The Necessity for the Abolition of High Heels* seems possible along that line.

Two little boys, discussing the expenditure of a quarter might do, but the theme of small incorrigibles is a well worn one, and I think for the present at least that I shall not compete with Booth Tarkington.

A girl and a man, strolling along in an obvious state of mutual contentment and bliss suggest a love story, but alas! I fear I know too little of life in its larger sense to be able to

trace the development and unfolding of two characters under the influence of the most divine of human emotions.

A pathetic little story might be woven around a drab, untidy woman, pulling a cartful of laundry, but again, in dealing with this subject, I feel my youth. I feel that my sheltered life has not known enough suffering, in order to express to the full the suffering and sad struggles of others. Ah me! A bitter thing is youth!

It were better—far better—for me to attempt a little sketch about Teddy-Dog and his quarrels with the big dog next door. I did consider this subject for almost five minutes and in fact wrote a few opening lines, which sounded so much like a sketch written by Anna Godwin of Bloomington, Illinois, age twelve, Leather Medal, St. Nicholas, that I could not go on. Teddy-Dog was a failure.

I have considered subjects which were suggested by signs and advertisements and which would require reference work. "Save tin foil and foil the Kaiser," gave me food for thought for several minutes. But when I realized that I had no idea how or where tin foil was made, or why if saved in sufficiently large amounts, it would foil the Kaiser, I decided that I knew a certain *Periodical Room* and a certain *Poole's Index* well enough for the present.

And last of all, I have tried poetry. Everyone does at one age or another. It is like measles or whooping-cough. But it failed to seize me in quite the usual way, for I did not writhe in the throes of exultation over white violets, or moonshine, or the red, red leaves of autumn. Instead I forgot I was but a child in experience, and I waxed morbid about some hidden aching sorrow. Exactly what it was, I did not think necessary to explain in the poem. Suffice it to say, I had a sorrow, it gnawed, and my heart bled. I am glad—oh so glad!—that no one saw that poem.

The fact, however, that it was written about something which never existed is a proof to me, of the paucity of subjects, or of things to write about.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### THE NORTHAMPTON PLAYERS

CHARLOTTE CRANDALL

If there is a season for destructive criticism it is certainly just before mid-years. It is then that everything is due at once. We are secretly aware of our own shortcomings and while we dream of better things ahead, we vent our feelings in criticising. Course cards and petitions call forth a storm of destructive discussions on the unfeeling demands of an institution for the higher education of women. At table, at chance meetings between classes, and on walks, the spirit of criticism runs rampant, until it would seem as though each one were trying to outdo the other in the work of tearing the college to pieces. It is no wonder that it has been said that Smith has forgotten how to smile. At the theatre we shout with laughter. But it is not always the right kind of laughter. It is too often destructive. This has been an unusual year. There has been hard steady work. Quarantine has been responsible for an atmosphere far from cheerful. And for these and other reasons there has not been the usual attendance at the theater on the part of the college.

We have heard a great deal about the failure of the college to attend the theater, and of the failure to support the better plays, when it did go. Each individual had her reason for not going. Probably it was a good reason. Certainly no one should be forced into doing something that is supposed to be an enjoyment. It would seem as though the theater offers a

good opportunity for relaxation from the burdens of the week. But the fact remains that she did not go. With many people theater-going is largely a habit. They seldom miss a week without going to the play, just as movie enthusiasts follow the weekly chapters of a hair-raising serial picture. Perhaps the college has lost the habit.

Not to be content with attacking the failure in the college attendance, there are complaints of the lack of appreciation on the part of the college. Those who go to the theater do so as a relief from work. That is a good thing. They further expect to be amused, and where the play is not sufficiently funny in itself, they seek elsewhere for something over which they may let forth the hysterical shrieks and giggles that are a mark of the nervous excitement and strain of one crowded day following upon a score of others.

There are several points of view from which the play may be judged. There is the point of view of that part of the audience which comes from the town. They are the people to whom the Academy of Music belongs and they are supposed to make two thirds of the audiences. There is the point of view of the Players themselves. They need the support of everyone who goes to the theater, and of many who do not. It is not encouraging to them to play to an audience which has come in much the same spirit as that in which one would go to a circus performance. There is the point of view of the Director who takes pride in a good-sized appreciative audience, and who is intent upon having as good a production as it is possible to give. In the alleged point of view of the college girl, these other important points of view are not taken into account. She is said to go, not out of interest in the interpretation of parts by the Players, nor out of intellectual curiosity about the play, but to be entertained. Entertainment she will have, whether or no. She is "low-brow." She goes to those nice little plays to which people are urged to "take the children." She stays away from plays that have been selected especially for the college taste—productions more elaborate and painstaking than usual. She is convulsed with merriment during a passionate love scene. Of these and other things she is accused, and there are grounds for the accusation.

In defense of this, it seems to me that it is the point of view that is wrong. The college girl may not have attained the height of intellectuality to which she aspires, nor may she consider herself "high-brow." But is she as "low-brow" as the outside world thinks she is? I think not. All people do not like the same kind of plays. Some do not care for light comedy. Some are not curious about an experimental play. Others refuse to attend any sort of a serious play done by a stock company. But the majority of girls are genuinely interested in enough of the great variety of plays produced here to give the support that the Players need from the college.

At present, the outlook for the stock company in general is bright. Good plays as well as those chosen from a rather limited field offer material for better acting. The college does not want to hinder the production of plays that give the Players an opportunity to do their best work.

No one should allow herself to be prejudiced by a word from someone else. Nothing is to be lost from going to see for herself, and if the play seems too ambitious, she may decline to pass on her judgment, and let the rest try it for themselves. She may desist from paying back the destructive criticism that she receives with an attitude that is harmful to the Players and to the theater. Thus do I make my contribution of destructive criticism.

## SEEN ON THE CAMPUS

EDITH BAYLES

Raccoon and muskrat,  
Seal-skin and skunk,  
Gray squirrel, nutria,  
And wee chipmunk.  
'Possum, and marmot,  
Baby lamb and coney—  
Natural seal, and beaver,  
Leopard skin and pony—  
Woolly ones, fuzzy ones,  
Smooth ones and shiny,  
Long ones, and brief ones,  
Big ones and tiny—  
Showy ones and useful ones,  
Oh! there are so many,  
And, oh, how we hate them all,  
We who haven't any!

## HOMO SAPIENS

KATHARINE BROWN

In olden days long, long ago  
There were some prophets grand and great,  
Who foretold the Messiah's coming  
In absolute truth from vision great.  
Oh, no, He didn't—  
I've had Bible.

In the beginning a wise God  
Looked down from heaven high,  
Created the earth, both land and sea,  
Oceans, mountains, forests, sky.  
Oh, no, He didn't—  
I've had Geology.

Upon earth in his own image  
God, all-wise, created the first man.  
And to live with him and be  
His mate, God created woman.  
Oh, no, He didn't—  
I've had Soc. .

## ON "TRYING OUT!"

JESSIE SUMNER

Ever since I came to college I have been trying out for something. I think my student adviser first suggested the idea in the letter she wrote me in the summer previous to my entrance. "The way to get the most out of college," she said, "is to try out for everything that offers the opportunity." No sooner had I reached my dormitory, than a dozen upperclassmen pounced upon me and demanded that I try out for choir. Since to my knowledge not one of them had ever heard me sing a note or even knew that I could carry a tune, I attributed their eagerness to an uncomplimentary implication that my figure—I was enormous—suggested that of a prima donna; but later when I learned the choral system of giving to each member a periodical vacation, I perceived the more subtle reason for their insistence. They themselves were in the choir and they truly surmised that, with three or four persons of my dimensions carefully distributed through the ranks of the choir, its size would become so augmented that many singers would be unnecessary and consequently their vacations would be much more frequent. Only after they had assured me that my suspicions were ungrounded, that they had heard me humming in the corridor and that my sweet tones had convinced them that I was needed in the chorus to swell not its corporeal, but its harmonious volume, would I consent to try out. Immediately the sopranos began to insist, with apparently no grounds for their conviction, that I was a born soprano, and the altos, without even attempting to test my range at the piano, swore that I could never carry anything higher than an alto. The discussion grew so heated that I became possessed of an increasing sense of popularity. I rather fancied the idea of becoming a soprano. Not because their tones are superior—though the pun occurs to one—but because they generally have an acrobatic manner which causes listeners to admire the very way they contort their faces when taking a high note. I in fact have seen audiences applaud

a soprano when she struck a comparatively low note simply because her face assumed a triumphant, exalted expression when she took it. I was quite ready to sign myself as a high soprano, therefore, until someone called my attention to the varying heights of the back row of the sopranos. Whether by previous assignment or not, all the sopranos of unusual proportions appeared to sit on the back row and a stubby individual was invariably followed by a hulking person, the hulking person by a dwarf and so on until what, considered individually, would have been a lot of fairly handsome girls, seen in juxtaposition to one another appeared to be a row of enormities; moreover, at the end of the row, towered the tallest girl I have ever seen. Black-gowned, like the figure of death she stood, so tall that had any short fat person like myself been placed beside her the newcomer would have been condemned to the appearance of a delapidated cabbage—and beside her waited an empty chair. I hastily joined the altos.

It had never occurred to me to discriminate between Choir and Glee Club. I had always thought the latter a sort of playful nickname for the chapel chorus, after the fashion of the "Libe" or "Amherst Aggie," this last a name which, I had been told, was applied each year to the most popular "fusser" at Amherst. I once entertained an "Amherst Aggie" myself and I could never understand his popularity—but that is another story. As I was saying, I did not realize the distinction between Glee Club and Choir.

Consequently when I saw a sign announcing with what I thought delightful informality "Glee Club Trials in Students' Building," I hastened down to Students' Building and joined a line of students glibly talking of "Harmony," and "part" music.

Part music! I had never even heard of it, unless—a ray of hope—they applied the term sarcastically to "rag-time." When another girl said something about second alto, I grew as uncomfortable as the prospective victim of a hanging and by the time I reached the fatal portal my hair was damp, my knees scraped each other rhythmically and my tongue was so dry and swollen that if the girl who would presently beckon

me within that door had been an angel handing me a golden harp and announcing "this is Heaven," I could not have sung.

Finally she did open the door and as I hesitated an impatient thrust from behind landed me squarely over the threshold. I stood there blinking in the light, thinking dully that whatever else this bare haven of melody might be it was certainly not Heaven, when I heard the familiar voice of a Junior-in-our-house saying "Why it's Jennie."

Then she and her tittering companions explained to me at humiliating length that a Freshman cannot try out for Glee Club and someone made an irrelevant remark about a "Grind" Book—this as I turned and fled tearfully homeward.

I heard the same disagreeable sounding book referred to again by way of comment on my assertion that I intended trying out for the Student Volunteer Band. I had immediately started practising on my small brother's drum when I saw this Band catalogued among the organizations in my Freshman "Bible." When I suggested this to my upperclassmen friends, however, they were of the opinion that success would be more likely if I could have offered to play the ukeleli—the Band they said preferred foreign music. However as the Student Volunteer Band never seemed to play at the Division Dances or any of the social gatherings, I afterwards concluded that my friends had tactfully prevented my entering a well-nigh defunct organization.

Ever since the time when I had risen at a Freshman class meeting to ask that the president speak more loudly, and had experienced the thrill of having many people hang upon my words, I had harbored an intense desire to practice oratory. To this end I determined to try out for Debating Union. My address, the subject of which was "Resolved that the ten o'clock rule should be abolished." As a climax I wished to paint a somewhat mocking picture of Smith without a ten o'clock rule—rather after this fashion. "It is eleven o'clock. Gathered in one room is a bevy of girls. Through the walls goes the loud noise of laughter and the penetrating notes of a mandolin. In the adjacent rooms are girls trying vainly to sleep. And this goes on all night while outside, wandering

aimlessly up and down his old familiar walks, like the ghost of Diogenes—is poor old John, the watchman."

The delivery of this last I practised with great deliberation so as to get the correct amount of appreciation from my keen audience.

When I got there I did not feel at all playful. One of the judges summoned me to my feet. My hands and knees shook and I could not say a word. I did the only thing I was capable of doing—sat down. One of the trials committee who was in our house and felt, I suppose, that she owed me something on that account, clutched my wrist like a doctor his patient's pulse and muttering "Nervous!" to the judges and "Give the speech you prepared, my dear" to me, pushed me back on my feet. I stood wabbling there for a minute.

Previously I had "tried out" merely to get the most out of College. That experience gave me the determination to be "in" something. I envied girls who referred flippantly to meetings of Pencil Club and "Pill" Club. I wanted to flaunt a club pin and oh—above everything else in the world—I did so want to lead out of chapel.

For this reason I dared to try out for Press Board. I would have tried out for *Weekly*, but its members did not own pins and they did not seem to have nearly so many meetings as the members of Press Board. Besides I had heard some one say that Press Board had a great deal of "esprit de corps" and I wanted tremendously to be in something that had "esprit de corps."

Therefore it was with a great deal of determination and a budding bit of "esprit de corps" that I undertook my trial assignment. The subject was the Rally Day exercises in John M. Greene; and as the faculty marched down the aisle in their gorgeous robes, I dreamed of marching out of chapel arrayed in a gleaming pin, the symbol of my being a newly accepted sliver—as one might say—of Press Board.

To this end I jotted down every word I could glean of the prayer. My notes on the Birthday Ode would have sufficed for a description in *Vogue*, a speaker's manual and a treatise on poetry. As for the main speech of the day, I can still

recall most of it. The speaker talked slowly and, I am afraid, dryly, but my ears and eyes were directed straight at him and I did not miss a word. In the middle of the address, my room-mate jabbed my arm. "A woman has fainted," she whispered. I wrote on.

"They are carrying her out," she said.

Still I wrote. A thousand seats rattled as everyone turned to stare—everyone but the speaker. He did his duty and I did mine.

"There goes the Doctor. Who's that with her? An officer. What has he picked up? Good Looking! !"

But I followed the speaker nor glanced to right nor left until he at last sat down.

That night the President of Press Board who was also in our house complimented me on having the most complete paper handed in. "But," she added, "you never will learn to eliminate well enough to get on Press Board."

With that disappointment, to be taken into a club became an obsession with me. The same Junior who had disillusioned me about Glee Club was living on my corridor in the spring when I learned to play the mandolin.

She persuaded me that I was able to play well enough to stop practising, and that I should seize upon the opportunity to try out in Mandolin Club..

The two judges smiled as I entered with my mandolin—a reception so unwonted when I appear any place with it,—my friends call it my instrument of torture,—that I fairly beamed, and proceeded to play my old selection, "Ching-Chong" with a vast amount of spirit. Moreover both of them smiled again as they handed me the bit of sight reading I was required to do. Behold! Luck was again with me. The piece was "Nearer My God To Thee." Upon ending, I bowed and left them with absolute exuberance—for I had played two pieces—and they were still smiling.

Three mornings later as I perched on my window seat, unsatisfied, I heard voices in the hall. "What? Really! In there—"

Then my door opened and a strange girl asked, "Are you—?"

But I fell upon her nodding before she could mention the name of the girl or the club she represented. I did so want to "go in" something—even by mistake. I snatched up my coat as she hastily pinned on me a small paper with what I took to be a beetle artfully sketched thereon. "Studio Club!" I thought. As she dragged me down the stairs after her she handed me a pink card. It invited me to play third mandolin in Mandolin Club.

My date stood singing to me on the stairs.

"I am afraid I must break my chapel date with you," I said.

"Can't you go with us?" said my pinner, loosening my hand.

"You bet!" I shouted, clinging to her.

As we marched down the street towards John M. Greene, some old member whispered, "What are you playing?"

"Third mandolin," I answered proudly.

"You are!" she returned, " I have been in Mandolin Club two years now and they have never yet passed out any music for third Mandolins to play."

"I don't care," I cried, "I'm being taken into a Club; I have a pin; I can go to meetings; I have esprit de corps—and I am going to Lead Out of Chapel."

## REVIEWS

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*Five Tales.* By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Current fiction may be divided into three fairly distinct groups. "Hammock" stories are lightly disposed of in the first group. The second includes broadly long English novels and books in translation which are poured out to satisfy the craving of the reading world, and in the third group is the inevitable short story. This is too sweeping a classification to be a fair one but it is meant to emphasize the relatively large place which the short story holds in the popular taste. Whether it is an earnest devotion to Kipling or Poe, or a helpless dependence upon favorite magazines, there is at times a certain satisfaction in the well chosen short story that nothing else can give.

Written in different years and printed separately, it is probable that each of these *Five Tales* by John Galsworthy was intended as a separate piece. There is no obvious connection between them, yet it is singularly appropriate that these five stories should be combined to form a single volume. There is a peculiarly Galsworthian vein running through them which makes of them a series. They are strung, as it were, on the same thread of fiction. Different colors are used to make five different patterns, but it does not require a sharp eye to detect recurring twists that are particularly successful. In each of the five tales the heartstrings of a single prominent figure are held by a helpless or weaker person. In each of the tales these two characters are involved in a moral struggle, and each closes irrevocably a chapter in the life of one man.

A master touch is revealed in the triumphant finality with which each story ends.

"The First and the Last" is the tale of the conflict between the strong tie of blood relationship and self-pride in his own important future. The first causes Keith Darrant, a valuable member of the King's Council, to shield his younger brother, the black sheep of the family, who has committed murder. His self-pride allows Keith to burn the written confession of the brother who has finally killed himself, and while a poor unfortunate goes to meet his death sentence as the convicted murderer, Keith locks up the nightmare in his own breast and cries for himself "On!"

The longest of the tales, "A Stoic," is a firm portrait of an old cynical man whose only joy in life is in the youth and beauty of his daughter-in-law and her two children. Driven to bankruptcy, he succeeds in providing for the little family through his cunning policy "*de l'audace, toujours de l'audace,*" and drinks himself to death in an orgy of self-indulgence.

In contrast to the rather ugly trend of the first tales is the idyllic note of the third, the story of the infatuation of a college youth for a beautiful country girl. Here the conflict within the man occupies most of the story—an old story told in an interesting manner.

"The Juryman" is a good, prosperous, home-loving Englishman who is summoned to judge a poor man who attempted suicide in the army on the ground that he could not endure the separation from his wife and home. The comparison between himself and this man's position leads Bosengate to reflect. He determines to share with his wife these thoughts on human nature, but her cool, distant nature serves as an inhibitor, and the opportunity passes. There is a struggle between what he would say and do and what he does do and say.

A beautiful niece, cast off by the rest of the family, returns in their absence to share with old Jolyon Forsyte "The Summer of a Forsyte."

In each of these tales there is one vivid scene which stands out as an example of Galsworthy's power of description. The setting is usually at evening and there is a strange similarity

in the impressions made by these living pictures. It is as though these were the close-ups in cinema pictures. On the fly leaf of Galsworthy's "*Five Tales*" are the words, "Life calls the tune—we dance," and it is somewhat in the manner of the moving picture that this is carried into effect. They are living tales, varied yet alike, good character studies, always interesting, and Galsworthy through and through.

C. B. C.

## EDITORIAL

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### THE OLD ORDER

Now that midyears are over and report cards are out, most of the college is drawing breath and taking new lease on life. But there are those of us who are suffering new woes and humiliations, for deficiency notices also have winged their way to their owners and the dread official warnings have reached home. And there are those who are of us no more. Now probably in the majority of cases these gloom-ridden individuals have no one but themselves to thank. Procrastination about work, childish ignorance of how to study, or sometimes innate stupidity itself doubtless accounts for most of the Ds and Es. And yet we see instances where none of these factors seem to explain the fall of the student. Despite all good intentions, despite the expenditure of considerable real effort, despite no lack of gray matter, many a girl, most often probably a Freshman, has tottered over the edge of the land of the free and has found herself the pained possessor of warning or deficiency. Where such a situation exists, not in a single case or even two but in many, we must seek some outside cause operating to produce it.

Nor does such cause seem far to seek. Who has not experienced the difficulty of working out any kind of study schedule when there are five or six or seven different classes to be prepared for? It is no mean problem. The person who does not make mental transitions easily is hard put to it to jump from the social conditions in mediæval England to the development of French philosophy in the seventeenth century, to the vagaries of ions and electrons, to the memorizing of Danny

Deever. And who has not been confronted by the alternative of making such mental leaps all in an evening or of not making them and going to class unprepared? It is useless to point out that the normal schedule distributes the work between the two ends of the week so that ordinarily the student has only three recitations to prepare for in any one day. While this is undeniable, no less true is it that the mere knowledge that the other three or two lessons are there to be done anon is disturbing. Obviously a program of six studies is more complicated than one of three or four. And by reason of this greater complexity, it is difficult for the immature or ill-trained student to organize her work.

Still more deplorable is the fact that such diffusion, even where it does not succeed in befuddling the student, wastes time and operates as a check on concentrated, intensive work. Where the college curriculum calls for a minimum of five studies to be carried at any one time,—which minimum is more often than not extended to be six—only one result is possible, waste of time. For it is improbable to the point of impossibility that a person can be deeply interested in more than two or three fields of study at one time; and in general it is in these only that she is going to do good work. Therefore at least six hours of her time every week profit her nothing. (Let us hastily interpolate that the question of the widely sung "mental discipliners" we need not herein include.) Moreover no one in pursuit of her own chosen studies wants to be interrupted by a long string of other classes which she must attend for the sake of the Registrar alone. The constant breaking in of these supernumeraries on the *res magna* is annoying. More than that, it makes the best work impossible. Who can dive deeply into any subject when she is forced constantly to emerge to stir the fire of what might be called the collegiate potboiler? The greater the number of these breaks the more impossible is intensive study in what is for her worth while.

Now even if the person in question be so constructed as to be vitally interested in every known field of learning and even if she pants to range from the fourth dimension to the rainfall

in the highlands of Abyssinia, must not even this paragon admit that it is more efficient to give intensive study to a few subjects, for, say, three months than to attempt to dabble in many for a year?

Furthermore, the break in the middle of the week, only less bad than the alternating day system, is nothing short of disconcerting. No sooner is a class fairly launched into a subject than whisk! Thursday and the end of the week schedule is upon it. What teacher—or engineer—does not realize that it takes time for a class like any other moving body to gather momentum? To abandon the subject at the end of three days is to lose the benefit of the acquired impetus. The least criticism of this semi-weekly division of labor is that it is highly unscientific and wasteful.

And now for the pertinent question: What are you going to do about it? Can there be a panacea for flunking students, for time-wasters, and for baffled embryo scholars? Long years of experience have taught even *MONTHLY* editors that panaceas, died with the creation of Adam. But would not concentration prove to be a meliorating factor? Have five or six hours a week for each class, carry at most only three subjects, and, if necessary to ensure the universally interested person opportunity to go the rounds, re-register every three months; in short, adopt the three-term year. The scheme does involve more work for the Dean's and Registrar's office. But so far from proving impracticable, it has worked like a charm in institutions where red tape has always been a fearful reality such as is undreamed of at Smith. Why, trouble notwithstanding, should we not adopt such a system that will save confusion, time, and energy, a modern, efficient system?

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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### WHY CHOOSE THE CHAIN-GANG?

Can you imagine chapel bereft of its "dates?" Dread thought! Do you not shrink protestingly from the unappetizing prospect of sitting in assigned seats, whether you like them or not, and being "checked up" by some grim-faced monitor? Think of the wearisome monotony of sitting every morning in the same seat, particularly if it were a seat whose location you happened not to like, and of not even being able to improve your situation by going earlier the next morning and getting a better one. Think of what your chances would be if your name began with a W. Picture the front and rear doors of John M. Greene Hall bereft of their social aspect,—no longer the gay chatting crowds gathered about them at 8.28 a. m. waiting for "dates," no longer the joyful greetings and rapid interchange of information and "gists" when the "dates" meet each other,—all this gay scene gone, departed into the limbo of the past, and, in its place, just a procession of girls going doggedly into chapel, because they must, to sit alphabetically beside someone whom just as likely as not they do not even know. Contemplate, ye members of the three lower classes, the loss that would fall upon you,—that of never being able to sit in senior seats till you have reached your senior year! And think, all ye readers, of that unkindest cut of all, the loss of the "front row and leading-out privilege," on those proud and rare occasions when one is taken into a club!

A dreary prospect, is it not? And yet, that is what we are coming to if the present chapel attendance does not improve.

Who could have failed to detect the ominous foreboding of President Neilson's voice when after his visit to Vassar he remarked, "I was very much impressed with the large attendance at chapel.\* \* \* They have to go." Who, from the vantage ground of senior seats, could misread his thoughts as he casts quizzical glances around a well-nigh empty balcony? "We have met, but how we miss you,—there are many vacant chairs!" The freshman class is gone but not forgotten. Some of them, it is true, are sitting downstairs with "dates," but ah, far more of them, we fear, are chronically absent from our midst.

Something must needs be done, and that quickly, if we are to avert the impending catastrophe of compulsory chapel. Why not a campaign for better attendance? We of this day and age are used to campaigns. There is the campaign for the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Armenian and Syrian Relief, the "clean-up-the-streets" campaign of some of our large cities, the "Sh-h" campaign which is waged intermittently about the Library, and last but not least, the war against flapping goloshes.

What could be more appropriate or timely than that we should divert our moral and military strength toward getting our weak and erring sisters to go to chapel voluntarily,—now, quickly, ere it is too late,—before the faculty do it for us? Unless we relish the thought of compulsory chapel and those grim-faced monitors, let us shoulder arms, round up the people in our various houses, and plead for their help in forestalling the menace contained in those all-too-many vacant seats. Otherwise, the handwriting on the wall will soon be in the official bulletin, and the lock-step and chain-gang formation await us.

A. I. P.

Next to sixth grade examination papers, college magazines succeed in presenting to us the most diverting tricks of orthography. This month one of them tells us that the heroine's spirits "sored," a reaction which, taken literally, would not have done justice to good fortune. Another says that "the

organ peeled" in the midst of a serious communion service. It seems fair to ask that editors shall at least keep their technique pure, even at the cost of much diversion to the reader.

To turn from the technical, *Goucher Kalends* contains a few good poems in its February number, "Songs," the story of the poems that will be capricious, fluent when no one is by to listen, and "The Ballad Up to Date," in lighter vein. In *Vassar Miscellany* "Fantasy" is a series of the merest sketches, one or two bold pencil lines and a dash of color, and yet a vivid impression results. The poems in the same number are artificial, with the stamp but not the merit of quality. One does not really long to write of "kitten's ears" and "peacocks proud in far, strange lands," and it seems hyperbole at the least to "live amid the numb-lipped ecstasy of sacrifice, and pain, and hidden tears."

However, "The Changeling" bears second and third reading for its terse, picturesque diction and interesting, if slightly unconvincing psychology.

We acknowledge also the receipt of the following exchanges for the month: *The Western Oxford*, *The Sun Dial*, *The Mount Holyoke Monthly*, *The Concept*, *Sepiad*, *Radcliffe Magazine*, and *The Wellesley College Magazine*.

A. J. K.

## AFTER COLLEGE

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### PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Ruth Walcott, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.

### ENGAGEMENTS

- '16. Marion Slocomb Coates to George Chandler Kaulbach. Marion is "Supervisor of Commissions" at Gilchrist Co., Boston, Mass.  
Dorothy Mellen to Earl Chadwick Hughes, First Lieutenant, Air Service, U. S. Army.  
'17. Deborah Simmons to Amos K. Meade.  
Elizabeth Stevens to Leavitt Hallock of Cleveland, Ohio.

### IN COLLEGE

- '19. Elizabeth Palmer Jessup to Kingsley Blake.  
'20. Caroline B. Creed to Charles Craft Eaton of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

### MARRIAGES

- '16. Mary A. Cushman to Charles Lewis Levermore.  
Inez Haeske to Turrill D. Shouts.  
Mary H. Fisher to C. D. Davidson. Mary is spending the winter near her husband who is attached to an artillery brigade at Camp Jackson.  
Hazel Gilpin to Foster L. Stagg. Address, Thomson, Illinois.  
Cora Taber Wickham to Edwin Ray Frazier. Cora is teaching while her husband is in the service.  
*ex-'16.* Elizabeth Davison to R. U. Whetsel.  
Mildred Morse to Harvard S. Rockwell.  
Dorothy Putnam to Harold Dorr Hayes.  
Lillian E. Smith to Edward Dougold Judson.

- '17. Gertrude Benjamin to Sam Schloss.  
Alice Harwood to Verne Steward.  
Frances Starritt to Sam Crawford.  
Anita Yereance to Kenneth Girdwood.
- '18. Rachel London to Clifford L. Lamar, U. S. N. R. at Harvard Medical School.

#### BIRTHS

- '16. To Eleanor (Bingham) Proctor, a son, John Albert Jr.  
To Annie (Hyatt) Bacon, a daughter, Virginia Yvette.  
To Constance (Remington) Northrop, a son, Willard Herbert, 2nd, on Nov. 21, 1918.  
To Gladys (Stearn) McKeever, a second son, James.  
To Marjorie (Wellman) Freeman, a son, Charles Wellman, on February 15th, 1919.
- ex-'18. To Llewellyna (Rebhun) Granbery, a daughter.

#### OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '16. Ruth Hedlund is a medical social worker at the New Haven Hospital.  
Elizabeth Hazelhurst left on January 7, for Y. M. C. A. Canteen work in France.
- '17. Elma Guest and Sarah Ravndal have gone with the expedition for Relief in the Near East.  
Isabel Gardner coaches the girls of the Girls' Latin School in basketball and hockey every afternoon and has one class in Current Events.  
Marion Cohn is teaching English to three members of the Chicago Opera Company.
- 18. Anna Fessenden is assistant in the Department of Botany at Vassar.  
Jane Kerley is at the Base Hospital, Camp Pike, Arkansas, as laboratory technician.  
Dorothy Martin is taking a course in child-welfare work at the Garland School in Boston.

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Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.



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Smith College  
Monthly

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Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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EDITORS:

CONSTANCE WINSOR McLAUGHLIN

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH	ELIZABETH PALMER JESSUP
NATALIE KENT	MARY VAUX WHITFORD
RUTH WINIFRED SEGGERMAN	ELIZABETH MANGAM
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BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER

MARGARET ROBERTS SHERWOOD

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

ISABEL MACNABB

RUTH ADELAIDE PERRY

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## OSCAR WILDE

FRANCES CHICK

Oscar Wilde, dramatist, novelist, critic, poet and essayist, has suffered much from the pens of irate critics; they have called his poetry Swinburne and water, Keatesque, Poe-esque, and his prose, many others-esque. It may be true that his hospitable mind was open to Dante, Ruskin, Pater, Balzac, Wordsworth, and Shelley. But isn't the "true artist known by the use he makes of what he annexes?" There is no Mon-

roe Doctrine in literature. We are all plagiarists to some extent. No one but Oscar Wilde could have gleaned so successfully from his predecessors (with due respect to Shakespeare!)

Surely his method of presentation is original, so why not judge him on his own merits? His force of mind and feeling is so strong that his work has independent value.

He was a dramatist of supreme ability and genius. At the time he wrote, the English stage had lost the spirit of comedy. He brought it back. He had the extraordinary versatility of being able to write such a clever "society play" as the *Importance of Being Earnest* almost simultaneously with the *Duchess of Padua*, written in Elizabethan style. His society plays, the *Importance of Being Earnest*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and *The Ideal Husband* are full of his paradoxes, his "abominable" cleverness. Each page is a rapid fire of repartée. We can't feel that his characters are real men and women. They are just like so many Oscar Wildes in all his different moods. Because he himself is so human, so brilliantly clever in all his moods, we can forgive him for not giving us real people. Real people are sometimes very stupid. These plays have been called frivolous. Society of England was frivolous. Society anywhere usually is. Why not put a play in its own medium? It is all the more to his credit as a dramatist.

The play which Oscar Wilde himself thought his best was *Salomé*. It is most artistic, and Wilde is above all, an artist. His "atmosphere" effects are splendid. One feels impending doom all through it. Wilde was a pagan, and understood the unrestrained emotions of the pagans better than those of a Puritan England.

His opinion of Shaw is interesting. He called him a "man of real ability, but with a bleak mind. Humorous gleams of wintry sunlight on a bare, harsh landscape, no passion, no feeling, believing in nothing, loving nothing, not even Bernard Shaw." He has also said "A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." Oscar Wilde

was a humorist and a humanist before anything. Shaw is an inhumanist.

Wilde is amiable, irresponsible, irresistible, with all his cleverness. Shaw is a cold, calculating crank.

Wilde's poetry is of less consequence than his drama. It was written when he was very young, and "youth is rarely original." Although it is pleasingly musical, it shows an overdose of Keats; too much "ambrosia and poppy-seeded wine." Later in his life, after his imprisonment, he wrote "*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*," which has been called the greatest ballad in the English language.

The *Fairy Tales* are Wilde at his best. Few literary critics appreciate true beauty and not enough attention has been given the fairy tales, with their exquisite beauty, idealism, tenderness and social pity.

He wrote them for his children. He reveals his love of children and keen understanding of child nature in all of them. But they are not like other fairy tales. There is too much of the man and his ideas in them to be simply stories for children. It is Oscar Wilde but in a kinder, gentler mood. *The Happy Prince* and the *Nightingale and the Rose* have such tenderness and pathos that one wonders how the same man could write *The Importance of Being Earnest*. *The Selfish Giant* is a little gem. In the *Birthday of the Infanta* he combines the beautiful and the horrible perhaps too apparently. It is not so artistic as the others, which are more delicate, sensitive, and fanciful.

"In spite of his life, Oscar Wilde has an important place in literature," says Arthur Ransome. Why are men judged more by their lives than their works? Why, when Oscar Wilde's name is mentioned do many people pull long faces? It is only too true that he has become the prey of "fingering and gloating biographers who peddle their highly spiced memories in editions de luxe, magots in the decay of the divine." If those of the long faces could only read the sincere and truthful account by Frank Harris of his "Life and Confessions" they would see him in a different light. Art for art's sake is not practical. Wilde was not practical. It is not safe to carry

out all one's beautiful theories. He discovered his mistake too late. He has foreshadowed his fate in an early poem:

"To drift with every passion till my soul  
Is a stringèd lute on which all winds can play  
Is it for this that I have given away,  
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?

I did but touch the honey of romance,  
And I must lose a soul's inheritance."

*De Profundis*, his confession, was the result of two terrible years in prison. It is written with the intense feeling and simplicity of a great artist. He is learning his lesson. "Humility in the artist is his frank acceptance of all experiences, just as love in the artist is simply the sense of beauty that reveals to the world its body and soul," he writes in *De Profundis*—and again:

"Suffering is one very long moment. We cannot divide it by seasons. We can only record its moods and chronicle their return. . . . Suffering is the secret of life."

It seems to me that Oscar Wilde is a combination of all virtues and vices, and yet he is so simple and so satisfying.

He has said of himself:

"I made art a philosophy, and philosophy an art. I altered the minds of men, and the colors of things. There was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form of art, and made it as personal a mood of expression as the lyric or sonnet: at the same time, I widened its range and enriched its characterization. Drama, novel, poem in prose, poem in rhyme, subtle or fantastic dialogue, whatever I touched, I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty: to truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence. I treated art as a supreme reality and life as a mere mode of fiction."

## MANY MANSIONS

BARBARA FOSTER

My life has known two dwelling-places fair,  
Two houses where my soul has grown and loved.  
One is a house of warm gray stone, beside  
The whispering quietness of northern pines;  
A house well-loved by gentle flowers,—known  
By spring-time birds who sing their magic songs  
From nesting-places in its clustering vines.  
The winter splendor of unbroken snow  
Lays calm, white hands of blessing on its roof;  
It knows the sadness of the autumn rain,  
And sleeps beneath the eyes of watching stars.  
This is the house of daily life and love;  
Within its walls are dignity and peace,  
Fine comradeship, the sympathy of minds  
Which seek in different ways a common end—  
Of hearts which rest in quiet confidence  
Upon sure faith, and never-failing love.  
There is a warm fire and a glowing hearth  
Where sleepy children look into the light,  
And dream long, drowsy dreams of years to be;  
Where wakening girlhood ponders with grave care  
The morrow's problems of such seeming weight,  
Or, dazzled by the new-found joy of books,  
Turns from the strange fresh pictures on the page  
To stranger thoughts, sprung into thrilling life.  
Through all its changing days abides the joy  
Of music, holding to the finer things  
Hearts sometimes tempted to a weak despair.  
It shelters as its source of life, a shrine  
Where reverence, and simple, ancient faith  
Are beautified by hearts that dare to pray.  
And in this house I learned that life can be  
Fine, loving, full of hope and trust,  
And that high things are real—all else of power  
To ruin peace and beauty with discord.  
This is our house,—oh, dear and friendly Four,  
Where I have made a Fifth, and loved you well!  
The other house is built upon a hill,—  
Its roof a boundless height of sunlit blue;

Green are its walls, with shifting light and shade,  
Its floor of green so soft and sweet to touch  
That I, scarce conscious of its presence, pass  
Until I feel cool drops of early dew  
Break, sparkling, on my dancing morning feet.  
It is a house as broad and wide and high  
As all the stars that gaze at me by night;  
A house as frail and fairy-small it is  
As one wild-rose tree with a single flower.  
It has no windows to shut out the sun,  
Nor bolts to hold me safely bound within;  
Wild storms have raged across its darkened halls  
While I have watched in awe, too often pale  
With nameless terror, but yet held from flight  
By some good gift of strength and hopefulness.  
Its door stands open wide to all who pass;  
Strange visitors have come, in sun and rain,  
And brought me gifts to furnish well the house  
With intermingling of things old and new,  
Mine and not mine; it has its days of joy  
When, singing, I go lightly up and down;  
Dark days there are, when sullen clouds hang low,  
And all the house seems dull and wearisome;  
But these days end with a clear hour of wind—  
A mighty sweeping of the clouds aside;  
My great, brave stars look out upon the night  
Across vast shining spaces,—to the heights  
I rise to meet them with glad, fearless eyes.  
And through this house I feel by night and day  
The strong, sweet winds pass swiftly to and fro,  
With singing voices laden as they come.  
This is *my* house, where I have lived alone,  
And learned the ways of free, untrammeled self,—  
Where I have dreamed, and danced, and grieved unseen,  
Loved wild, strong things, and found new gifts of life  
In far, blue hills, and clouds of driving rain.  
My life has known two dwelling-places fair  
Two houses where my soul has grown and loved.

## PROPOSALS

KATHERINE LOUISE BROWN

The pale moon shone through the interlaced tree-tops, a soft-breeze stirred the leaves—"Dearest," he whispered, "be mine." She sighed and melted into his arms. I thought that was the correct setting and wording of a proposal—and mine have been so boring!

The first was in dancing school. He was a fat little boy and his hands were dirty. I was interested in examining the hole where his tooth had been and he was engrossed in a small package. "Say," he volunteered, "if you marry me I'll give you every tooth I lose, and they're worth ten cents under your pillow, too." I was in love with his older brother and reluctantly refused.

The second time was the most romantic. It was moonlight and we were sitting on the Country Club porch. We were just sixteen. I was leaving for a visit. "You'll probably meet a lot of boys, won't you? I suppose you'll be crazy about one of them—you're awfully fickle." I protested. "Yes, you will." I again protested. "Well, if you want me to believe you, promise me you'll marry me when we're thirty and that you'll kiss me good-bye." I evaded anything so definite. He sulked. I relented. He kissed me on the cheek.

The next time it was by letter from a man who has proposed to every girl in town. It sounded like a business proposition. I never answered.

The last time was on a street car. We had missed the last train. We were both tired and disagreeable. We had a fight. "I suppose we'll fight a lot after we're married," he said. "I should hope so," I answered. "Anyone would fight with you," he retorted gallantly, "but I claim the exclusive right." "I would rather miss you," I acknowledged. It wasn't coherent. It wasn't romantic. But I've never known such a short street car ride.

## ON THE SCENT

LOUISE HUMPHREY

(With apologies to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.)

I had just paused before Holmes' door to catch my breath before knocking, after my hurried ascent of the stairs, when Holmes' voice with, "Come in, Watson!" made me drop my upraised hand. As I stepped hastily in, he said: "Sit down, Watson, and pull yourself together while I tell you what it is unnecessary for you to tell me. You are very much worried and puzzled about a telegram which you received this morning."

By this time I had recovered sufficiently to say: "Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous! But how did you know it was I outside your door; and how did you know I came in a cab? Greatest of all, how did you know when the telegram came and that it was a telegram?"

"One question at a time, please. I knew it was you because of your interesting habit of wearing rubbers at all times. As you see, today it is dry and sunny, so your habit, which is usually not even noticeable in London, develops into a distinguishing characteristic. Besides, I know your step. I know you came in a cab because I heard it. So far it is absurdly simple. As to the time when you received the news, besides the fact that you are a man of regular habits which are all familiar to me, there are other unmistakable proofs. Your overcoat was buttoned awry when you came in; you had your hat on backwards, as I readily saw because the loop in the band came on the right instead of the left side; also, your scarf was not arranged with your accustomed precision; besides, you have the left rubber on your right foot and the right one on your left. However, when you took off your coat and hat, I saw that you had dressed this morning as carefully as ever. That placed the time of receiving the telegram between the time when you finished dressing and the time when you started here. As you always breakfast as soon as you are dressed and since you

have not had time to breakfast comfortably, you must have received the news while you were eating. Now, if someone had come to you in person, you would have brought him with you; there is nothing startling in the morning papers and it is too early for the mail; telephones have not yet been invented. So you must have received a telegram. Elementary deduction, Watson, mere child's play! Give me the telegram and let me see what I can make out of it."

Too amazed at his superhuman reasoning powers to speak, I handed over the telegram in silence. He studied it for some time, then looked up and smiled.

"What do you make of it, Watson?" he asked.

I confessed that I was completely bewildered by the affair and could make nothing of it, so he offered to help me.

"Surely," he said, "it is clear to you that this never went through the telegraph office. From this fact, I know that it was slipped under your door, for the bearer of this would never reveal himself. It must have been discovered by your housekeeper, since you would not have found it yourself until after breakfast. It is quite obvious at a glance that it is a telegraph form from which the original message has been erased in order to substitute this one. The envelope, too, shows by its crinkly appearance that it has been steamed open, and clumsily, besides. Also the glue tastes differently from that which comes on the envelopes as they come directly from the company. Now we come to the message itself: 'Come to Leicester Square at once, if you value your safety.' Leicester Square is quite a distance away and it will take some time to go there and return. Still it is too public a place to be the scene of any complicated intrigue."

"That's it, of course! How simple! Odd that I didn't see it before! Quick, Watson, I'm afraid we're too late already!"

As he jumped up and rang for his coat and hat, I asked: "Are you going to Leicester Square with me?"

"Of course not," he answered, a trifle impatiently. "Why, don't you see, Watson, that it is just a ruse to get you out of your house?"

We were in a cab and were going toward my rooms at top

speed almost before I realized we had started. Holmes' mental leaps always leave me bewildered, but this time I was especially amazed.

At last I collected my scattered wits sufficiently to answer his questions.

First he asked: "What have you now in your rooms that is of any particular value? Have you any radium—but no, it couldn't be that, for radium has not yet been discovered. Oh, these imbeciles are so slow! Have you any money? You can answer freely, Watson, as I can assure you I have no intention of trying to borrow it."

When I had finished laughing uproariously at his superb joke, I answered in the negative.

But he was serious again and said: "You must have something in your house that is of particular value to someone. Tell me quickly what it is and give me a list of all the people who could possibly be interested in obtaining it."

My mind, thus ably guided by Holmes, immediately began to work almost normally, so that it did not take more than ten minutes for me to see clearly what he meant and answer him ably, saying in a frightened whisper: "I have in my possession a prescription, the value of which can hardly be over-estimated. It is one which I worked out at the suggestion of the Prime Minister and will surely save our Queen from worrying herself to an untimely end. You can readily see how anxious certain of her enemies might be to get it."

"Oh, Watson," groaned Holmes, "why did you leave your house? But there is no use in thinking of that now. The first and only thing to be thought of is how to recover it."

He leaned back in the cab and half-closed his eyes, as he fitted the tips of his long, sensitive, artistic fingers together and sat wrapped in thought for the space of three or four minutes. Then he said: "I suppose you still keep your valuables in that ridiculous little safe of yours with the simple combination of only thirty-nine figures?"

I answered that I did. From that time until we reached my house nothing more was said about the prescription. I believe I have commented before upon Holmes' ability to dismiss

a subject from his mind absolutely, no matter how vital, when he thought he had gone as far as he could on the evidence in hand. This time proved no exception to the rule and he talked mostly about the latest operatic productions, (he was a great lover of music and was an able musician himself) until the cab drew up before my lodgings. Then his manner underwent a complete metamorphosis and he became again the keen detective.

When we entered, it was obvious even to me that someone had been there. Several chairs were overturned, the pictures all faced the walls and every drawer was out of my desk and table. But, worst of all, the door of my safe was open and the contents were strewn all over the room. Holmes was like a hound on a strong scent. He examined everything with his powerful magnifying glass.

At last I ventured to interrupt him to ask: "What do you make of it?"

"He has not left many useful clues," returned Holmes, "He is exceedingly clever and has covered his tracks very well. Indeed, I think I can safely say that you will have another interesting anecdote to chronicle. Such a case as this is complicated enough to be a pleasure to me. If only all criminals were as clever! There is only this handkerchief with his full initials on it and also a peculiar sort of perfume which is used only in Siam. The silk of the handkerchief is of a kind peculiar to the far east. He must have obtained entrance with a skeleton key as there are no marks of violence either on the doors or on the windows. We must proceed by making a list of all the spies and agents from Siam, now resident in London. As the fellow would undoubtedly use an assumed name, the initials will do us no good. The peculiar perfume, however, may be helpful. However, I cannot tell yet and it is contrary to my custom to jump to conclusions. One must take great care to make theories fit facts and not vice versa."

When I had recovered from my amazement at his marvelous reasoning, we set to work together to make a list of spies who could have been guilty. Although I had formerly been disturbed greatly at the loss of the prescription, the sight of

Holmes, calmly smoking his black clay pipe and, with his striking deductions, gradually tightening the net about the thief, reassured me. I have often remarked on the fact that Holmes could, when he chose, have an effect on a person so as to be almost hypnotic. So, in a few minutes, I was able to remember that the government had given me a list of the names and descriptions of all dangerous spies then in London, so that I could guard against them intelligently. I took the packet of papers, on which the names were written, out of my pocket and gave it to my friend.

After studying the list for some time, he leaned back in his chair and sat with half-closed eyes, long legs outstretched in front of him and finger-tips fitted together in his characteristic attitude for nearly a quarter of an hour. At last he rose and revealed to me the wonderful results of his reasoning.

"Come, Watson," he said, "the next step is to see which man on your list has disappeared."

As he gathered together the sheets of paper, that he had been studying, preparatory to leaving, one paper fell to the floor. He recovered it quickly, glanced at it and then turned to me and exclaimed: "Why, Watson, here is your prescription with the list of spies!"

Then I remembered that I had put it in my pocket the day before for safe keeping and had forgotten to transfer it to the safe, when I retired. Newly impressed by the extraordinary gifts of my remarkable friend, I could only gasp: "Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!"

## TO MAKE A DREAM

ANNA J. KOFFINKE

MANAGER—SIX ASSISTANTS—SCENIC ARTIST—STATIONARY FIGURES—  
HERO—SLEEPER

*Crescent of giant poppies, a sleepy figure leaning against each stem. Center of stage, a large opalescent crystal to represent a bubble, within which faintly appears the form of the sleeper. On the surface, scenes are rapidly forming, blurring and vanishing. The ground covered with purple moss, ankle deep, and the air thickly filled with silvery cobwebs, which sway but do not break as the people pass among them.*

SCENIC ARTIST (*plainly dressed in a lean gray costume*) :

I've rarely had so much to do!  
A labor this, yet pleasant, too,  
And when the hardest part was done,  
These figures settled, one by one,  
I feel I then was well repaid  
By setting there that pretty maid.  
She must be made of light, it seems,  
She weighs so lightly as she dreams.  
Upon my faith, the manager  
Has nothing good enough for her.

(ASSISTANTS come in pairs. Bright costumes. Each carries either a glass pole with crescent end, to fit the bubble surface, or a long silk rope.)

BALANCE, First Assistant (*to CONTACT*) : Mm—this is nice!

CONTACT (*running his forefinger through cobwebs*) : They look like ice.

BALANCE : Go on! They're warm!

CAPRICE (THIRD ASSISTANT) :

And what a swarm!  
It makes me be  
All queer in here. (*pointing to his eyes*)

NOISE (FOURTH ASSISTANT, *kicks at moss*) :

Now look and see  
What they've been and done—  
This ain't no fun!

BALANCE : Sh! Fix your face  
And get in place!

(All six form a group to right of bubble. Enter, left, MANAGER. He wears Dutch costume in dull brown and blue.)

MANAGER: Um hum! Um hum. Now let me think,  
And don't you, any of you wink.  
I can't afford to have the dreams  
Blow past, the night so nearly gone.

SCENIC ARTIST: Excuse me, sir, but there is one!

MANAGER (*taking something away, which leaves a hole in the network of cobwebs*):

My eyesight's rather poor, it seems.  
Now Noise, Caprice, perform your trick,  
And make it very short and quick.

NOISE (*to CAPRICE*): You whack it  
And crack it,  
And I'll put the dream in.

(*They make a crack in the bubble through which the dream is inserted*):

CAPRICE: Now ready,  
Hold steady!  
Now twirl it, now stop it.

(*They turn the bubble once on its axis—using their instruments.*)

HERO (*enters left—to MANAGER*):

I heard that I was needed here;  
This place is very new and queer,  
Perhaps you can inform me, sir,  
What all this strange arrangement's for?  
I really started out to find  
The Somnibearing aquifer  
And some said here, and some said there  
I've searched, inquired everywhere,  
And left so many things behind,  
I must go back and find that door.

MANAGER (*aside*): He does it well, he's quite confused  
One sees at once he isn't used  
To cobweb showers and early hours.

(*to HERO*) Now turn about, and choose the face,  
In any near, convenient place  
That you have seen sometimes before  
Beyond your much-desired door.

HERO (*sleepily walks to one of the poppy-figures*):

Oh, almost anyone will do  
I'm sure that either I or you  
Have sometime seen or sometime brought  
Ourselves to see this face, and thought,  
—Ah, splendid thought,—eager, poetic thought  
Or transcendental, philosophic thought—

MANAGER: Come, come, you wander. You will bore  
The dreamer if you ramble more.  
Say something pleasant, something live,  
Use pretty figures, Four or Five,  
And turn toward her when you speak.

HERO: I really must go on, and ask  
The door I passed before the last.

(*Goes out quickly, followed by MANAGER, who tries to call him back.*)

CAPRICE (*as soon as they have left*):

Shall we go,  
Or will you take a chance with me  
To wake the dreamer up, and see  
How scared she'll be?

ALL THE ASSISTANTS: Let's try, and see.

CAPRICE (*to NOISE*): I'll whack it  
And crack it,  
And you, make a racket.

(*NOISE makes a sound like a great creak. SLEEPER wakes and hides near SCENIC ARTIST, among poppies.*)

SLEEPER (*laughing*):  
How very absurd,  
All I've spoken and heard,—

(*She has stepped forward, and a gray curtain rolls down over over all except front of stage; musingly.*)

A manager in brown and blue—  
Caprice, and Noise and Balance, too,  
With prying rods; cobwebs of dew  
And purple moss, and poppies, too.  
Was't from my mind the fancy grew,  
Or, scenic artist, was it you?

## THE GLASS OF DESTINY

ELIZABETH RINGWALT

Thomas Chatterton began making literature at the tender age of eleven. Then why should I, who am so far his superior in years and scholastic mentality, waste my pen on History outlines and Mathematics when I might be giving the world something to think of in this idle day of matinees and knitting?

To begin with there were five lights—four small ones and one big dazzling one—and all five of them wagged a bit. Sometimes the big one was in the middle, and sometimes on the end, but the five of them were always there. What could they mean! I don't know how long they may have been there, but I discovered them only a week ago.

You see, it was this way. My married sister had arrived with her three babies and the measles, and so I had to change my room. I've certainly decided that babies are not fabulous monsters, owing to yelling when they are awake and keeping other people from yelling when they are asleep. But when I think that I, many years ago, was also free from the cares of Virgil, and, like them, could eat the paint off of checkers and enjoy it, I hate to think of all the irregular verbs these poor dears must vanquish. At any rate, I had to change my room. As our house is high and my room at the back, my windows looked out over the gardens and roofs of houses for blocks away, so that I could tell just how many bottles of milk everybody took and which ones washed on Mondays.

The first night I was lying awake, thinking of how I could make my black hat look older, when all of a sudden I saw them in my dressing-table mirror—five of them, with the big one on the end. I gazed stupefied, and, like the unsuspecting girl that I am, I didn't realize the importance of those waggings for two whole minutes, and then my mind awoke with a thump as though it had fallen out of bed. I ran to the window and examined the landscape while "arrectæ horroe comæ, et vox

faucibus hæsit." Though I examined the houses for blocks around, I could see no such lights, but if I went back to the mirror, there they were as plain as could be—all five of them. But where did they come from? I must find out the messages that were being flashed by these mysterious lights. The fate of a nation might be hanging on me, and besides it is the duty of all patriotic and inquisitive people to look into anything pertaining to mystery or the unknown. I, therefore, planned to go out the next day at dusk, or as near to it as possible, and discover the origin of these inexplicable lights.

Late the next afternoon I decided on the most suspicious looking house, one which had a curtain pulled down to the bottom of one of the windows, and a huge American flag in front, which no doubt they basely used to label themselves true Americans while they were perpetrating monstrosities. As I wanted to find out if anyone was at home, I asked Information for the number and telephoned them. I had practiced disguising my voice till I thought I had it down to perfection; so I said in hollow masculine tones, and without a quaver, "Is this Harney 263?" You really can't imagine my humiliation and loss of self-esteem when a male voice answered, "No, *MADAM*, this is 363." If he was crafty enough to see that I was a woman over the telephone, and had mathematical ability enough to change his number at such a short notice, he must be the owner of those lights.

I put on my father's high overshoes, cap and goggles, and with my long coat and fur, covering all but my nose which is pug and hence would not attract attention, I crept to the suspected house. It was with great difficulty that I manipulated the overshoes, which were built along the masculine lines and were very large and heavy. The goggles were yellow and gave the world a cyclonish aspect. Just as I was about to dive down the alley, I ran square into a man and had a terrible time to keep my balance on the overshoes. He laughed and asked if he could help me. His voice made me glance up and, oh horrors, it was our minister! I had not recognized him before, owing to never having pictured him with a yellow face. I gave him a look, which I hoped would silence him, and darted down the alley, leaving him standing there.

I examined the back yard of the house carefully, and had just about given up my search as useless when I found a broken toy under the kitchen steps on which I read by my flashlight—dare I say it?—"Made in Germany." You can imagine the speed with which my heart beat as I read these words. I must enter the house even though by the cellar windows and at the cost of the buttons on my coat. I tried them until I found one that was unfastened—I am speaking of windows not buttons—and proceeded to enter.

To proceed to enter was not as easy as it sounds, owing to one of my overshoes getting caught, and the window not being much larger than I was. But at last I entered and stood in all my glory of cobwebs and dust in a big store room. With quick precision I examined the contents of the many boxes and barrels but found nothing betraying German sentiment, not even a bomb or concealed ammunition. I had about given up the idea of ever discovering any clues to the crimes of so crafty a man, and was half way out the window when a light suddenly went on from an upstairs switch and a cool, quiet voice said, "If you have sufficiently inspected my apple barrels, madam, perhaps you will kindly raise your hands above your head and come up here." After a great deal of kicking and squirming, I managed to extricate myself once more from the window and walk up the stairs with as much dignity as my goggles and overshoes permitted. My captor was a very comfortable looking white-haired gentleman—not at all my ideal of a spy. He ushered me into a neat kitchen and made me sit down on a chair. It was my first experience at gazing into the muzzle of a revolver and I must admit that I felt much the way I do when I look at Fräulein and was greatly relieved when he put it aside.

He then put me through a burglar's catechism, asking me my purpose and if there were any reason why he should not telephone for the police. To all this I remained impassive. He could not inveigle my secret from me. I think he must have thought me quite a desperate character, for after looking me over hastily, he was forced to cover up his nervousness by coughing, which I could easily detect as merely being camouflage.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You give me the name of your banker or lawyer or clergyman and I'll get him here to vouch for you, but otherwise I really think that you will have to go to jail till morning." Here he quite choked.

I go to jail till morning and have to eat plain bread and butter and sleep on a hard bed and carve my initials in the wall with a hairpin the rest of my life! It was unbearable. I would have broken down if I had not seen a headline in the newspaper which lay on the table: "Germany Prepares For Crashing Spring Drive." And this man here before my eyes was helping them.

I gave him the name of our minister and he started almost to falling over. "Why, that's strange," he said, "he's right in the other room talking to my wife." OUR minister talking to a spy!

"Call him," I gasped, with a lofty wave of the hand.

The spy coughed again and went to the door to call the minister, who entered with a painfully grave expression.

"What—What does this mean?"

He choked on the last word and had to cough and then burst out into a long laugh and the spy joined in.

I rose in my dignity and said slowly, "It is verging on the serious when one finds the minister on whom we count for preaching and practicing in a spy's house."

"A spy's house!" he coughed. "Why excuse me for not introducing you before. This is Mr. Dupont, your father's banker." And then while he choked, I sank into a chair and sat unable to speak.

Of course I had to tell them the whole thing, after taking off my goggles and overshoes, and as they would not believe that a German spy really lived so near, we all prepared to go up and examine the lights once more.

Have you ever tried to get up the back stairs with cookies without being detected? Well, it's even worse to try to get up with two grown men, but we finally accomplished the task after having to stay stuffed up in the broom closet for five minutes while the maids quarrelled over who was to wait on the chauffeur. At last we reached my room and sat in a row

on the bed and stared into the mirror. I don't believe Mr. Dupont had believed me before, but now he looked decidedly believing.

We must have sat there like the three fates peering into the glass of destiny for half an hour, no one speaking until the minister (he really is a very learned man, having gone to Oxford) slapped his knee and said with a chuckle, "See that swinging street light over there?" We acquiesced in solemn and unconvinced tones, for after all what is one light to five? "See that oblong bubble in the window glass?" And then it came over us both. The bubble broke the street light up into five winking, signalling lights all in a row, which were thus reflected in the mirror.

That minister certainly must be able to do originals! But no one can convince me that that window glass wasn't made in Germany.

#### MY OWN SONG

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

The hill-wind is a white wind  
Cleaner than sea or sky;  
Swiftly, softly, eagerly,  
The hill-wind dances by;  
He sways, he stops, he turns about  
And runs straight back to me  
And tears away my binding thoughts  
Until my soul is free!  
In utter gladness shall I dance  
With the pale wind hand in hand  
Down the valleys, up the hills,  
Over the forest land!  
The hill-wind is my wind  
And we are laughing friends,  
Ready to run to the rim of the sky  
And the world's blue ends.  
The white wind has caught me  
Into his swaying arms:  
We shall dance across the hills  
And woods and fields and farms—  
Into the sky behind the hills  
Over the furthest sea  
We shall go, for we are friends—  
The wind loves me.

## SKETCHES

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### IN DEFENSE OF THE WIND

MARION ELLET

I speak in defense of the wind, that great elemental spirit at whose altars humanity at large has neglected to pay tribute. We are all very quick with our, "Look at that glorious sunset!" or, "What a beautiful old oak tree!" and we display with these remarks a certain assurance that comes of our knowledge that the sunset and the oak tree are safely within the category of accepted and thoroughly orthodox beauties.

It is not so easy to find an individual who can say, "Hear that wind!" and smile with unaffected pleasure. In fact, the wind is an extreme annoyance to some people, irritating to their nerves, or conducive to a depressing melancholy. To others, it is merely—the wind,—just as grass is grass or air is air. This morning I sat listlessly in the "grind room" wondering why it was necessary to be able to compute mean local time, standard time and apparent time; one thing was certain: time had wings, and oh, the wind was calling so insistently! Finally I chanced to look up and observe the three fellow students who sat at the opposite side of the table from me. As the wind roared in a particularly boisterous fashion, one of the girls looked annoyed, scowled and stuck her fingers in her ears; another shuddered perceptibly, then wriggled down with a sense of security into the depths of her fur coat; the other girl looked at me with a strange smile and her grey eyes danced. I began to wonder if she too, was from Kansas.

And it is at this point that I must acknowledge an almost fierce love of the wind that has possessed me from my earliest childhood. Like Bobby Burns, the howling of the tempest "soothes my soul," and to me the "wintry blast" is far dearer than "all the pride of May." I am more or less sensitive to the conditions of the elements. There are times when I am "fevered with the sunset" and times when it is gently symbolic of rest and repose. But with the wind there is always the same old feeling of restlessness and savage pleasure. At the sound of it I straightway lose all sense of duty and forget the petty worries and sorrows that bind one to the flesh.

But why my humble eulogy? Though the wild spirit of the wind may be a stranger to most men whose minds run in the prescribed channels of thought, and, for that matter, to many would-be-aesthetes, still she has played a part in literature for which the spirit of the sun-set and the oak tree may well envy her.

Æons and æons ago she was released from the cave of Æolus and since then she has moaned about the Mermaid Tavern when, in the small hours of the morning, the cups were drained and the fire burned low. She has sobbed through Doone Valley in the dread shadows of the night. Shelley has prayed that he "might be her lyre"—"even as the forest is," and with her he has sent "his dead thoughts like withered leaves" over the universe "to quicken a new birth." Matthew Arnold has begged to be taken to her embrace back to the hills where was his heart's home, and Bret Harte has worshipped her as the incarnation of "God's own harmony."

I believe there is a theory that when we "shuffle off this mortal coil" our souls return to the elements whence they came. If this be true then my soul shall become one with the storm winds.

## THE SMOKE PEOPLE

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

The smoke people out of the chimney  
Go tumbling into the sky  
And turn themselves into nothing  
As fast as I wink my eye.  
The smoke people out of the chimney  
Tread on each other's brown toes;  
They don't care, they're in a hurry  
To go the way the wind goes.  
The smoke people out of the chimney  
Ride horses and moose and deer  
And they go in a terrible hurry  
As though they were chased by a fear.  
Perhaps they're glad to get out of the chimney  
And lose themselves in the sky;  
I've never seen them look around about them  
At the trees and roofs they're passing by.  
They go running along until they weaken  
And turn into nothing but air;  
I like to watch their humping, hurrying shoulders,  
Their brown and streaming hair.

## KATE

(If the things they say were true)

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

Kate was a pretty child  
Five years old;  
But her hair wouldn't brush  
Because it was gold.  
Her eyes wouldn't shut  
Because they were flowers,  
Yet she could weep  
Like April showers.  
Kate was a nice child  
Four feet high;  
She could run like the wind  
Though not in the sky;  
But her throat was of marble  
So she couldn't speak;  
And some people think  
That Kate was a freak.

## THE CONFLICT

SARAH C. CLEMENT

It is so hard to reconcile one's mind to one's instincts. The struggle has been bothering me ever since I discovered some "radical" literature on the bottom shelves of the Sociology section in the Library. Incidentally, one finds the most interesting things on the bottom shelves.

Take, for instance, the case of the Conscientious Objector. My intellect, if it could be called one, believes that the arguments hold good. John Stuart Mill argues for individuality. Why should a man go to war who distinctly believes war wrong? Why should a state standing for freedom force a certain method of life—or death—in a man's face and bid him choose between it and imprisonment? Why should the majority, that is, the working population, which does *not* want war, suffer hardship to support a war? Why should the laborer, who owns no nationality, be mob inspired by the advertisement of the flag? These are the things which my mind asks itself. And yet—and yet—

I have two brothers. If either of them had been a Conscientious Objector I should have been *ashamed*,—ashamed in my soul. I was proud to have them in it from the very first. I would give them, cheerfully, for that bit of red, white and blue bunting. When the facts strike our own lives we do not stop to see the Socialistic side of things. When the Hun bombs Paris and kills our best friend, praying in a cathedral, when our cousins are dashed to earth in flaming airplanes, when our best friends are crippled for life,—we do not argue. We do things. We enter hospitals, factories, we work for the war. We cannot help it.

Then there is another question. It is this "woman" problem. We have had all the benefits of higher education. I feel justified in the assumption that we know more about the principles of government than the bootblack who shines our shoes, beyond Trebla's. Yet most of us cannot vote. I sincerely be-

lieve that every woman should live her own life, in a profession, in economic independence. I want to earn my own living. I want to stand on my own feet. I want to fight and win for myself. I believe in these things.

And yet—isn't it shocking? I should love to be ordered around, treated like a slave, by the right person. I should like to be beaten into having red wall-paper just because some stupid man liked it. I should enjoy smoking cigarettes for the pure delight in being commanded not to do it. I should like to be told that I couldn't walk home alone from McCallum's to the campus after eight o'clock at night. I once protested firmly that I wanted to live my own life, and received this delightful answer in a deep bass voice: "You can live your own life but you are going to live it with me." Now, what sane person could live her own life on that basis? That is just it. I don't want to be sane. I want to be Mid-Victorian.

Really, I think it is unscrupulous to conflict this way with my brain. The very thought of having to ask a man, a mere man, for the traditional nickel (now grown to fifteen cents) for an ice-cream soda, sends cold shivers to that portion of my brain devoted to heat and cold. Yet, truly, I shouldn't mind asking him for a quarter. It would be so much more personal than a check on the Northampton National.

There are many other problems, such Conscription, Press Censorship, Private Property, and Capitalism, at which my intellect revolts and which my instinct welcomes with open arms. Nothing less than a diploma will settle it all—and sometimes I have my doubts about the diploma!

## WASHINGTON MARKET

ALICE FRANKFORTER

There is no hideousness in Washington like the hideousness of the public market. There is no picturesqueness to equal it, and above all there is no smell of such amazing complexity as that which haunts its booths. The hideousness reveals itself little by little, the picturesqueness is a thing that must be sought, but the odor reveals itself, nay forces itself upon even the most innocent bystander, with a calm blatancy that is truly negresque. It is such a subtle compound of a thousand different smells that at first it baffles the sense just as the sound of an orchestra defies the untrained ear to detect the various instruments. Strong and predominant, like a sort of perpetual bass drum, is the odor of fish—fresh fish and fish with which time has not dealt too kindly, it forms a central theme for the complicated orchestration. That includes the earthy smell of vegetables, soft and insistent like the note of the cello, the sharp penetration of the onion, like the shrill piercing piccolo, the raw bloody odor of fresh-cut meat, the sweetness of garden flowers and the pungent strenuous flavor of cheap perfume. Then there are a thousand tiny vanishing fragrances, of fresh ground coffee, of mint and spicy clove pinks, of fresh fruit and of new-made bread. They all blend and fuse in one great characteristic breath of the market that assails the wayfarer even before he enters the building itself, where tragedy and comedy mingle in the serio-comic business of huckstering.

First we go to the fruiterers booths where Chaconas, blazing with diamonds, exhibits most luscious fruits which he descends to sell. A sale is to him a subtle flirtation and be the customer never so old and stately she is sure to soften a little when he whispers confidentially that to her alone peaches are thirty instead of thirty-five cents a basket, or with a magnificent sweep of his be-diamonded hand, refuses to accept any payment for a single green pepper. We leave him reluctantly, wondering how he ever fell into the fruiterers trade. Yet

where could he find a more picturesque setting than here where proud women in crisp ginghams brush elbows with soft-eyed, wax-pale girls in whom we are shocked to detect the faint but unmistakable taint of color—and where frail lovely old ladies in black market side by side with slim flowery creatures, soft of voice, dusky in hue and with amazing dresses of vivid gayety?

Shuddering and with averted faces we follow the crowd past the out-door meat stalls. There plaintive calves wait for their mammas all unconscious of impending doom, while piglets snuff and squeal greedily in the narrow crates and hens squawk in nervous apprehension. Hens at best are nervous creatures, but guinea fowl are positively hysterical and only the ducks display that fine stoicism—some call it lack of imagination—which enables them to face death with heroic calm. Here a “person of color” may buy his chicken dinner, as it were, on the claw, and binding the legs together carry it home, head-downward and feebly protesting against the cruelty of its fate. On the whole this portion of the market is best passed through quickly for the pathos of the sights is sure to be affecting to persons of keen sensibility. Indeed I have known women to be so moved by the spectacle of those orphan calves that they refused veal for a month afterward. Therefore let us enter the building itself where the meat is invariably slaughtered before it is sold.

Yet here, too, I have seen most affecting sights, as when I beheld the pale and boneless faces of three murdered pigs displayd upon a chopping block, each face artistically framed by four pathetically supplicating trotters.

At the next stall flowers are sold—delicate sprays of gladiolus, clusters of tiny fresh rose-buds and funeral wreaths of laurel, whose somberness is enlivened by sweet peas of a hue we may be thankful nature never employs. Above everything there are roses, super-roses, scentless, thornless, but possessed of a superabundance of rich color to make up for their minor defects. Roses as big as cabbages and tinted red and yellow and a faint elusive blue are works of art to delight the soul of the most æsthetic of darkey housekeepers, living in the neighborhood of Eye Street—southeast.

To the left are the fish stalls—dark and scaly and hideously redolent of wares in all stages of freshness, yet swart men in abbreviated shirt-sleeves declare them to be “caught this morning in the Chesapeake.” Here are two shallow boxes of grass and clover in which soft shelled crabs kick with futile persistence and nervously move to and fro their protruding eyes.

But fish cannot tempt us, or the soft insistence of the Italian fruit sellers avail aught with us, who have already interviewed the ever obsequious Chaconas, but we pause for an instant before a pitiful sight that might wring tears from the eyes of even the hard hearted. Here is a stall, devoid of Latin picturesqueness, bare and white-washed and veiled in purely utilitarian green fly-bar, behind which, like the priest and priestess at some austere rite, sit a pale attenuated old man and his fragile old wife. They are dressed in somber black, and before them as a pathetic offering are eleven pale, naked spring chickens, their skinny breast-bones turned toward heaven, their yellow claws outstretched, their twisted necks drooping unnaturally. The old woman looks wistfully from the seething vulgar mob to the white offerings before her, from which she tenderly brushes the flies with a paper brush. We wonder what cruel change of fate brought her to the sacrifice and we feel instinctively that she hopes the victims will be eaten by “nice” people—preferably white.

It is a relief to emerge from the odorous gloom into the sunny open air, where black crones like heathen idols sit all day, smoking and gossiping and perfunctorily offering their trifling wares, tiny baskets of shelled beans, bunches of herbs—thyme, mints, sage and sassafrass bark—and great sheaves of white field daisies. As we approach, one particularly aged creature in a black pan-cake hat and a shapeless calico dress removes her pipe and grins at us like a genial old monkey. By her side are great mounds of yellow butter unconcernedly exposed to the dust of the street, and pails of cottage cheese, already gray and fly-specked.

And finally on the very outskirts of the market world we say a regretful good-bye to a soft-voiced Italian girl who offers as her wares bright spikes of hollyhock and heavenly-tinted

larkspur. Reluctantly we leave behind us that busy huckstering world where the grotesque and the picturesque, the tragic and the comic mingle so freely.

### VENIDA RULES THE WAVES

ELSIE GARRETSON FINCH

Where are the tangles in Neaëra's hair?

All gone, alas! Each truant wisp behaves,  
No silken tendril frolics with the wind,  
Each lies in place—"Venida rules the waves."

Her locks lie all imprisoned, smooth and neat,  
Whate'er the playful breeze by which they're fanned,  
Imprisoned by a net invisible  
Whose prophylactic knots are tied by hand.

Whatever she may do, play golf or ride  
Or even typewrite, flirt or wield a hoe,  
(For so Neaëra now is wont to do)  
She has no care for any winds that blow.

Her cap-shaped net sits tightly on her head,  
Its doubly woven edge fits her coiffure,  
'Tis formed of very finest human hair,  
It has been sterilated—it is pure!

And so ye Muses, weep no more, nor mourn  
That sweet Neaëra's tangles all have fled.  
Rest ye serene, ye sisters, for she wears  
The best net on the market on her head.

## DOMESTIC ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

BETH MacDUFFIE

### I.

#### The Sheep.

Pray observe, dear reader, the specimen before us. It is, you remark, a wool-bearing animal known commonly as a sheep. But it is not in this capacity that we will discuss him. Nor is it as a young and frolicsome lamb, gambolling so intuitively, that we consider him. My subject is, "The Lamb: His Place in Literature."

Mother Goose, now on the Index of all Careful Parents, introduces the sheep to the infant mind in "Bo-Peep" and "Black Sheep." Centered around this animal we see one of life's little tragedies in the first, and, in the second, the inevitable consequences of evil. The sheep is a prominent character in Æsop's Fables, to which we proceed. He is not conspicuous in Fairy Tales, (there is something incomprehensible about a sheep to a fairy!) but our waning affections are won back by his glorious possibilities as a sort of invisible cloak when one is caught, say in a cave with a Cyclops—as one is apt to be almost any day, when one is ten years old.

We achieve man's estate. We fall in love, and turn to the Muse. We sympathize with the rural Daphnis and her shepherd. (I will admit that here the Poet is a bit shy about dragging the sheep to the foreground. But there is a shepherd and a shepherdess—there must be sheep. Q. E. D.) Did it ever occur to you what an important part the modest cattle played in the days when stage properties were few and all the lighting was direct? This is the way it usually happened. Two young people wander on a hillside, sheep in the foreground. The weather is not considered a sufficient excuse for beginning conversation and is therefore negligible. The hillside is small, and in wandering it is almost impossible to avoid meeting.

He: Pardon me, but have you seen a sheep—er—straying about?

Or:—

She (with delicate shriek): Oh! that horrid brute of a sheep! It frightened me so!

The conversation is fairly started now and progresses easily with a few artful aids, such as: "Would you please pass the salt?" or, more boldly, "Do you-r sheep come up here every day?" It eventually becomes quite evident that by combination of flocks and interests two really could live much more cheaply than one.

So it goes on. Our modest, self-effacing sheep follows us through life. There is no place too sacred for it. Hark! Even in the editorial sanctum I hear the echo—the unmistakable echo, I say, of the creature's call—"Ba-a-a-h!"

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### BRAINS AND THINKING

EUNICE SIMS

"She has brains," "she's awfully bright," or "she's a shark," are terms often heard applied by students to their fellow students who happen to have the faculty for acquiring book learning, and what is more important, for reproducing it almost verbatim on paper or vocally. In the last few weeks to these terms has been added that more precise and definitely descriptive phrase, "she's a Phi Bet," and for a while, in the minds of the entire student body, and especially of the three lower classes, the academic attainments, even the mental capacity of those who can not wear the key of knowledge, are considered distinctly below par. Persons who hitherto have had some reputation for brilliance are classified as mere "talkers," "bluffers," because they do not attain this distinction.

Doubtless this is one reason so many students adopt the habit of disparaging their abilities, insisting that their marks are "rotten," and on the whole trying to appear simple minded. It produces in the non-brilliant an air of boastfulness in regard to their mental inactivity; they are always careful to let it appear that they could get good marks if they only cared to "grind" hard enough, and it gives to the brilliant a psychological advantage when the truth about them comes out. The intuitive and truly discriminating are always able to distinguish between the two types, for the student "with brains" has certain mental reservations even while she is depreciating her academic record; and the skilful are able to sense these reservations.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but to take account of these it would be necessary to analyze very carefully rather obscure attitudes, and to study the individual more particularly, and this rather haphazard discussion pretends merely to touch upon the evident reactions and opinions of a whole student body.

In June the goats are still further separated from the sheep by the conferring of degrees "cum laude." Or rather one should say, the goats are graded, as the sheep may be said already to have been set apart when they were received into the bosom of the Zeta chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa. To those who receive their diplomas "sine laude," so to speak, there is slight consolation. Of course a student's reputation is somewhat bolstered up if she receives special honors in some certain subject. The danger is that she will be considered "one sided." Nevertheless, it is better so to be considered than to have this last refuge withheld. For while her enemies use the expression "one sided" her friends are as likely to avail themselves of that extravagant little word "genius."

But what of the vast majority who merely are "graduated"? Here again friends may come to the rescue and extol certain of these unfortunates as being "clever." With less enthusiasm it may be insisted that they "just didn't care," or preferred to go away week-ends, etc., etc. Sad is the fate of those about whose unsuspecting names buzz phrases such as "I'm surprised at her—I thought—." At the foot of the social scale or rather ladder of intelligent expertness, the two are more nearly synonymous at times like this than might be expected, come those about whom nothing is said. Their state is fortunate, from the superficial standpoint at least, as nothing was expected of them.

Having pigeon-holed the student body and especially the senior class according to a system of scholastic record, and in a smaller degree of popular estimation, there remains one most important class which defies pigeon-holeing. This is the thinking class. At the very outset it might be well to state that there are Phi Beta Kappas and "summa cum laudes" who may be included in this class and there are most surely persons

of the same rank who can not be included. It is difficult to discuss with any satisfaction the institution of Phi Beta Kappa as it has gathered unto itself so much glory that its true significance is distorted. Therefore it should be stated that this treatment vilifies not in the least the commendable elements; (there are some); it merely seeks to destroy the halo that has been built around the mere word "Phi Beta Kappa."

It is perfectly possible to memorize, not only facts, but relations of facts, and to give forth this knowledge in a parrot-like, and to all appearance, brilliant manner. It is not difficult to secure "A's" without doing any independent thinking. In fact the less thought expended on certain subjects, the better the result. Most human beings are so constituted that they like to have their opinions accepted as the highest truth; and most professors are human. Just here comes one situation in which many persons fail to think. They accept this fact and crush out all independent variation. If the opinions of a textbook or of a professor command an "A," and a student's own opinions a "D", that the students' own opinions are at fault is the automatic conclusion. But it will be asked, is not this justifiable? Cannot one conform to what a professor demands and still retain conflicting ideas? Perhaps, but almost inevitably the tendency is to follow the path of least resistance. Some students, however, survive the process. Yet while in the ordinary sense college students do think, there is too little thorough, independent, fearless and original thought. Among all the graduates of universities and colleges, few stand out as preëminent thinkers. And this conforming to the opinion of others is one of the explanations of it.

Thought in relation to academic studies and to the dicta of professors is only part of the problem. In all the world there are many people who do not know *what* to think, who wait to see what collective opinion will dictate. So in college there are many who are afraid to take an unequivocal stand on anything until they see what others are going to say of it. Obviously, of a very different type is the person who does not know what to think because she has not sufficient data or experience to make a decision.

But of those who wait for others to think for them there are many. Indeed, leaders of thought are few, and opinions are most often formed in a strangely complex manner, through the tentative and very timidly advanced pieces of ideas contributed by many individuals.

There is certainly in college some true thought. Bold expression of it is lacking, in the main. And without expression there is no growth. Most of the thinking that is done reaches out fearfully and in silence, and stops before it comes to stark realities. The world is conservative, especially that part of it which is acquiring a college education. Not that college has a great deal to do with this. It is merely that the social status of most college students binds them to conservatism. In this they are representative of a much larger group of people. Yet it is a fact which should be realized; it is one cause of the cowardly attitude with which many questions are faced. How many students can examine Socialism or sincerely look for the fundamental truth in Bolshevism? How many refuse because of fear to concede that there is truth in any radical plan for the social, economic, or religious reconstitution of the world? It takes unusual courage and clearness of mind to grapple frankly with difficult, fundamental problems. It is in the first place nearly impossible to be thoroughly frank with oneself. Few people can face the truth; the tendency is to deceive themselves. Most people prefer to fool themselves, to look at things from a comfortable, though decidedly crooked angle. To face squarely the glaring white light of truth is disconcerting. Well established ideas are shown to be only mirages. Absolute truth jolts a person out of pleasant easy paths and forces her to climb crags and precipices, to reach the heights. It is a long and weary road, and it takes courage and stability, as well as time to arrive at the vantage point. Yet the reward, freedom of mind and soul, is well worth the effort.

There is no better place for thinking than college, and no better time than the four years which are set aside for just this purpose. In spite of this, the majority of students go about with their minds closed. There is so much to study, so much that each should settle for herself, that opportunities for broadening and engrossing thinking are manifold.

And so there remains one refuge for all, for those who are merely to be graduated as well as for those who attain the highest academic honor. To express it as a slogan, "Join the thinking class." It has many advantages. While it may be impossible for a senior now, no matter how she applies herself, to gain admittance to the ranks of honor students, it is never too late for her to become a thinker. For those who have the highest of marks, a warning: no academic honor means anything unless it has been gained by real thinking. In this connection it might be well to suggest subjects toward which thought needs to be directed. Yet that might easily spoil the effect of this exhortation, as obvious problems are so hedged about by conventional thought that few can see anything vital or fundamental in them requiring more than conventional inquiry. Yet it is true that everything, every situation, every feeling, every part of an idea, or part of a thought is worth the most thorough and consistent thinking.

### ONE'S SELF AT JUNIOR PROM

MADELINE MURPHEY

An Analysis in Three Parts

(As Seen by the Psychologist James)

Material  
Social  
Spiritual } ME

#### PART I.

##### The Day Before.

*The Material Me.* Very shabby: clothes strictly ante-deluvian, but then, are Rue de la Paix-ian creations to be wasted at such a time? Besides, everything is at the cleaner's. A bulging pocket book denotes the accumulation of three months' allowance.

*Social Me.* Very popular; especially with Freshmen, who from the sofa regard one with awe. They wonder *1st*, How you corall a man in War Times. *2nd*, How you manage to squeeze your feet into your room mate's  $3\frac{1}{2}$  A shoes.

*Spiritual Me.* Quite deserted! Who wants to bother with: "Do I live—or do I merely *exist*?"

## PART II.

### The Day!

*The Material Me.* Resplendent—glorious! The creations serve their purpose. Oh, but the pocket book's capacity is much smaller. Theatre tickets have been secured. There are, also, horrid things called "meals" to be taken into consideration. Then, too, you have not paid your share for the auto trip up the Trail.

*Social Me.* Coy, flirtatious. Attention directed to a shockingly vulgar profession—vamping!

*Spiritual Me.* Almost a nonentity. What is the world coming to? Are Theda Baras to triumph?

## PART III.

### The Day After.

*The Material Me.* Not exactly ante-deluvian—but crumpled. One perceives that Schultz's marcelles (though superb) do not last forever. Pocket book is limp. It, too, is worn out. Dying roses gasp a tender farewell.

*Social Me. Solitary.* The gregarious instinct through loss of sleep is balked. One is forced to attend classes and recite. The attentions paid you by the Faculty are positively disconcerting.

*Spiritual Me.* Very developed! Sunsets are found to be peculiarly attractive. One wishes to be alone—to reflect! After all, what are pocket books and marcelles? In the twilight one plays softly and soulfully:

"Oh Mem-o-ries that bless and burn!"

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRK

(With apologies to T. Hood)

ELIZABETH HAERLE

With fingers weary and slow,  
With heavily hanging head,  
I sit in the Red Cross room,  
Plying my needle and thread.  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
For the Belgian refugees.  
I fear when they get the things that I make,  
They will chill with exposure and freeze.

Work—work—work!  
I never did know how to sew!  
Prick—prick—prick!  
Three bright crimson drops in a row!  
Band and bias and seam—  
“Now don’t make those stitches so long!”  
The monitor frowns and takes it away,—  
It seems I am doing it wrong.

Oh but to breathe the air  
That sparkles and tingles like wine!  
Oh that sun that shines in the window  
Mocking this labor of mine!  
For only one short hour  
And I am ready to shriek!—  
I guess I’ll go biking this time,  
And make it all up next week!

## REVIEWS

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*The Secret City.* By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company, New York.

The unknown quantity, the greatest mystery and the largest obstacle in the work of the peace conference at Paris may all be summed up in one word, Russia. To judge from the papers, it is a scene of indescribable political, social and economic turmoil, and yet all the reports we get through ordinary channels are more or less impersonal. One wonders how this confusion could have come about in the first place, and the explanations of German propaganda and lack of food do not entirely satisfy. Even imagining a German agent on every other street, and the corner grocery store's shelves empty, it is quite impossible for us to picture a similar state in this country. We feel that it just could not be, taking "we" as standing for the majority opinion. At any rate, it would be practically impossible to descend into the maelstrom as quickly and as completely as they have in Russia, and this would indicate that there is a tremendous, almost unbridgable chasm of difference between the people of the two countries.

If anyone were fitted to attempt the bridging of this chasm, it would be Mr. Walpole. He was fortunate enough (or unfortunate, if one likes) to be in Russia in 1917 when the Revolution first broke out; he was a sympathetic, and he endeavored to be an understanding observer of what took place then and afterwards. Thus he plays his characters against the broad and changing background of current events, and we get the close point of view of the experienced foreigner in a very alien land.

Some of the characters we know from "The Dark Forest", notably Durward himself and Semyonov, who dominates this scene as he did the one on the Galician front. But the emphasis is laid on the contrast between the Russian and the English temperaments, and there are various types of the latter. Bohun is the man who think he knows Russia because he has read a great deal about it and speaks a little Russian. Lawrence is the most thoroughly British, and does not care much about the Russian temperament except inasmuch as it affects Vera and brings about revolutions. And Durward is the man who has lived in Russia, but we are not quite sure whether he thinks he is the only one who understands these people or whether he is resigned to not understanding them because he is English and simply accepts them. Since there is no conclusion to be drawn from his numerous observations on the actions of the ordinary Russian in his natural habitat, the latter attitude seems the more likely. There are many touches of what is commonly called local color, little bits of Russian humor, Russian pathos, Russian morals, and Russian tragedy (which after all, is more or less like other tragedy) but from this mass of data no clear picture of Russia or the Russian emerges, though it is all very fascinating reading.

There is, in general, a slight sense of confusion, which may be intentional, but which detracts from the smooth continuity of the book. A little close interplay of characters, a bit of political or social narrative, a seemingly totally extraneous description, are all interwoven, resulting in a sensation of "just where am I now, and just what has happened to whom?" Vera, about whom the strife of souls centers, is rather vague, and one does not feel her strength as one should to realize fully her influence. On the whole, this book does not greatly clear one's understanding of the situation in Russia, though it does give one a closer, more personal view than most accounts. It raises the problem of whether we, as Anglo Saxons, shall ever be able really to understand Russia, and thus give her any effective and intelligent assistance, and it is not entirely optimistic as to the solution.

E. N. S.

## EDITORIAL

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### OUR SWAN SONG

It is a temptation to have this opening sentence a splendid quotation such as:

"And now the time is hastening on  
By prophet bards foretold . . ."

or perhaps more subtly:

"‘The time has come,’ the walrus said,  
To speak of many things.’"

But in prosaic words, 1919 is herewith surrendering the MONTHLY to 1920, surrendering it at once reluctantly and gladly, as is the wont of retiring boards. We rejoice in handing it over to successors in whom we have so much confidence. Yet mournfully we consider our own lost opportunities and grow envious at the thought of the interesting year ahead of the new board when they can experiment as we should like to. In spite of our senioral dignity we realize that the MONTHLY is older than any members of present or future boards. And cheerfully we appreciate the fact that these reflections have undoubtedly occurred to every editor of all the years before us. But we cannot refrain from adding our cry today, just as we rest in the assurance that boards tomorrow will do likewise.

The MONTHLY is not noted for changes. Beginning with the number for October, 1918, however, the MONTHLY did suffer a change in the form of the sacrifice of eight pages to the Government. Urged to save paper by reams of pamphlets in every mail, we cut down our issues from fifty-six to forty-eight pages, as, it is possible, our readers have already remarked. Whether the greater volume is to be returned to is of course a matter for the 1920 board to decide. We, the retiring board, would not even make insidious suggestions concerning value vs. volume.

But we would urge our successors not to fear innovations. It is perhaps an unnecessary recommendation. The example of the Senate notwithstanding, reconstruction seems to be invading places where war was not; and the MONTHLY itself may be on the verge of radical revision. Were it not for the basic character of dignity and rational moderation that editors have for twenty-five years always been seeking to maintain, we might rather plead against innovations. But we have no fear that ill-considered changes will be made. The MONTHLY is an institution old enough to support experimentation and young enough to withstand criticism. It is better surely even in editing a magazine to make new mistakes sometimes than to be bound by tradition to dog-eared old ones. Would anything bespeak a stagnant society more surely than a college paper that did not change? If then the incoming board wishes to include a fashion section and a department of *Helpful Hints to House Matrons*, let them attempt to convert the MONTHLY into the *College Home Companion*. Must not we, the children of Psychology and Sociology, recognize the value of the trial and error method?

The coming year must offer interesting opportunities to the MONTHLY. With the valiant aid of three 1922 proof-readers the editors can, as never before, devote all attention to the accumulation of good material. And, as never before, the MONTHLY can serve the college as a mouthpiece for public sentiment. To carry out the newly adopted system of self-government there must be widely diffused knowledge of matters under consideration; and then, no less important, constant reminders in order that the college public may be roused from mortal sloth to act upon its knowledge. Printers' type like actions often speaks louder than words. And the MONTHLY may well therefore act as the trumpet of the Archangel Gabriel sounding forth to summon the faithful. But, finally, no matter what the character of the magazine, whether anarchically radical or sleepily conservative, may it be readable and interesting to the college for whom it is intended.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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### WHAT? WHY?

What do we actually do with our time here at college? Of course the ten-o'clock rule disposes of nine hours out of the twenty-four each day, but for the rest, what can be said for our ways of spending them? Oh, to be sure, there are meals, and classes, and hours for study, and those portions of our time to which our exercise cards lay claim, and, for some of us, there is chapel. But that still leaves a fair amount of time to be accounted for. Certain it is that we do not spend overmuch of it in the Art Gallery, the Browsing Room, the Periodical Room, or wandering around among the stacks and discovering how many interesting books there are in our Library.

A member of the faculty once remarked that when he first came to Smith and was being shown through the Library, the Browsing Room made an unforgettable impression upon him. He looked around at the artistic furnishings, the inviting rows of books, and was amazed at the small number of chairs in the room. How could such a room ever get along with so few chairs, in a place the size of Smith College? But before he had been here very long he perceived that no added furnishings were needed. In his frequent visits to the Library he rarely if ever found all of the few chairs occupied.

Surely we do not make the most of our opportunities here.

On the other side of those heavy glass doors is the utter quiet of another world. In fact, a thousand worlds are there, inviting us to forget this one for a little while,—worlds ranging in variety from that of Alice's Wonderland to Kipling's steaming jungles and Stevenson's beloved far Southern Seas.

There are books for every temperament, for every mood. To be sure, the one I wanted the other day was inside a locked case, and I was not allowed to have it. But the incident has not destroyed my affection for the Browsing Room. Nor, of course, should we allow any such slight disappointments to turn us from the paths of literature.

As for what some of us evidently think of the paths of art, I heard a senior remark proudly the other day that she had not set foot in the art gallery during her entire college course, and certainly did not intend, at this late day, to break her record. Have you ever wandered through the Hillyer Art Gallery on some week-day afternoon, when everything is silent as the grave, and the only sound in the deserted rooms is the hollow echo of your own footsteps? When you stand amid the sculpture you might fancy yourself amid the very ruins of ancient Greece, except for the fact that here you are not even interrupted by an occasional Cook's tourist. Why does no one ever go to the Art Gallery?

And why did only one per cent of the college signify its desire to compete for the Shakespeare prize? And why did less than one per cent try out for the Intercollegiate Debate? And why is there seldom anyone at Polity Club except the person who is giving the paper and the person who is supposed to call the roll? And why, when you casually make some remark concerning events in Russia or the latest developments at the Peace Conference or in Washington, do people look at you as if you were speaking some unknown tongue, and quite frankly admit the lack not only of intelligence but even of interest in the subject? Yet they can always describe accurately and enthusiastically what kind of models are being exhibited over at Plymouth Inn, and just how Wiswell's hot fudge sauce has improved recently.

It does remind one of the remark, "Don't let your studies interfere with your college career." Of course not all of us do all of these things, and some of us doubtless do none of them, but, seriously, what *do* we do with our spare time, and could we not, without impairing our health, manage to do a little better?

A. I. P.

At the end of the magazine year, there is this interesting observation to make: that our exchanges have come almost exclusively from women's institutions of learning, due to the suspension, for the duration of the war, of practically all publications from the larger men's colleges and universities. The opportunity this fact grants is, obviously, not so much one of comparison as of independent judgment as to what the standard may be which these women's magazines have reached. The verdict is decidedly favorable. Whether the increased intensity of our experiences was instrumental in determining that standard, or whether the mere fact of the removal from the field of our traditionally superior rivals gave us the fairer chance, we do not pretend to know. The fact remains that we shall probably all enter the renewed competition with much greater confidence and much less traditional fear. Shall we even add that we were forced to place such men's magazines as still continued publication, at the foot of our list?

In order somewhat to temper these statements, we shall admit that the first of our lost exchanges to return to us, brings with it a great deal of interest. The *Bowdoin Quill* has now assumed pocket size; and we hope we shall not allow its compact, readable type and attractively arranged material to prejudice us in its favor. Upon examination, however, we are convinced that its content really surpasses its form, and that there is no unenjoyable page among them, although we agree with the editor that "it is quite probable that no very great song will ever be published in it; few poets achieve the heights in college."

"Periscope Views," an intermittent diary from an S. A. T. C. camp, a series of "sketches executed at odd moments of that leisure which is not unknown in our military organizations," and "begun in the expectation that they might conclude in Berlin," though not fulfilling this expectation, have gained one lesser point, that of presenting in unusually vivid and entertaining form, everyday pictures of camp life. There is a very earnest soldierliness in them; and the almost essential sense of humor, which has transformed so much that would otherwise hardly have survived to pleasant anecdote, is conspicuously

present. One sits back with a grunt of relief to enjoy a diary that is not pure product of the imagination, and yet represents enough of common experience not to be too individual.

"One Night" is a gripping little story, not exactly original, or at least enough like half a dozen others that we vaguely remember to call up comparisons, but it is direct, rather well rounded, and stripped of any superfluities.

Of the two poems, "Earth" is the more sincere, and presents the more unusual point of view. "March," on the other hand, is timely, and may under no condition be catalogued under the first spring poems of an embryo bard.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges for the year: *The Concept*; *Fordham Monthly*; *Goucher Kalends*; *Holy Cross Purple*; *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*; *Mt. Holyoke Monthly*; *Radcliffe Magazine*; *The Sepiad*; *Sorosis*; *Sun Dial*; *Vassar Miscellany Monthly*; *Wellesley College Magazine*; and *Western Oxford*.

A. J. K.

## THE UNIT

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Letter from Miss Wolfs to Miss Lewis.

Lannoy, January 31, 1919.

. . . Three baraques had been hauled and are under construction. They are already putting the roof on the first one. This is 80 x 20 and will be arranged as follows: living room, pantry, kitchen, then a hall with two double and one single room on each side. A second baraque smaller than the first will have only bedrooms. The third will not be in the enclosure with our living quarters but will face Marie Baillet's house, almost in the spot where the little portable houses we used as dining-room and kitchen once stood. This will also be 80 x 20 and will be divided into dispensary, store, warehouse, offices, etc. We have excellent workmen from the Third Army Engineer Corps. At the same time roofers are busy mending the stables. They have work for about four more days. Frances is having the inside cleaned by Boche prisoners today so when our cows arrive they will find their home ready. Alice Ober is helping Frances and will continue to do so when the farm work starts. Isabel La Monte is putting oiled paper into the orangerie windows with the help of a couple of Boches. This will once more be our garage. Some other prisoners are making a very good hen-house out of an old sheet-iron abri. (Abri means a place of shelter.) Grécourt is a very busy place these days. Every girl with no special work for the day starts over about light and directs Boche prisoners until dark. Alice is today having bricks taken out of the garden wall to fill a large hole in the cow stable. Isabel's attention was divided between the orangerie and Marie Baillet's kitchen

where soup had to be made for all the workmen. Frances has general charge of the outside work and was exploring today with a future home for rabbits in her mind. Almost all of our seeds have arrived, and the cows, chickens and rabbits are expected any day. We have already saved a tidy amount of potato parings, bits of stale bread and such delicious things against their arrival.

More people have come back but I am glad to say that for the most part they are not bringing the old people and children with them. This cold spell has made them all stop and think before sending for their families who are more or less comfortably housed in others parts of France. We do our best to discourage the return of any but the strongest until the spring.

It is beautiful the way they take our being here for granted. They had no doubt but that we would return to them and know that we will do everything in our power to help in spite of the difficulties. Every sore finger is brought straight to Lannoy, along with sad stories of smoky stoves and lack of soup kettles. I can't believe, as I sit here, that we ever left. A man just walked over from Offoy. When I said that I didn't remember him he told me that he had seen a prisoner in Germany when we were here before, but that he had heard all about "ces dames." There are five in his family; they sent their baggage but it has not yet arrived—they have absolutely no bedding. The bridge across the canal to Offoy is unsafe so I promised that we would go as far as we could in the car and he will come over after the blankets. We are certainly distributing under difficulties, but where there is a will it can be done.

I can't begin to tell you how proud we felt of you all when the cable arrived, announcing that we might count on \$50,000 to spend for our work. The news was received by the girls with cheers and the resolve to make you and the college proud of the women they sent to France.

Very sincerely yours,

Marie L. Wolfs.

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EDITORS:

JUDITH MATLACK

BETH MACDUFFIE

BARBARA FOSTER

VIRGINIA KUHN HEINLEIN

HELEN WALKER

BARBARA WHITE

CAROLINE KITTREDGE ALLEN

EDITH M. LEVY

DOROTHY CRISWELL

MARGARET GUTMAN

MARIAN RUBINS

GERTRUDE FITZGERALD

BUSINESS MANAGERS

ESTHER GOULD

MARGARET PEOPLES

HELEN VEEDER

PROOF-READERS, CLASS OF 1922

MARGARET TILDSLEY

ELEANOR HOYT

NANCY McCULLOUGH

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THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AGAIN

CONSTANCE WINSOR MCCLAUGHLIN

For several years we have heard little of the old controversy: what is the matter with American colleges? During the war the question seemed unimportant. In fact to many former critics the problem seemed to have disappeared altogether. What was the matter? Nothing. College graduates were leading the nation. It was the college-trained men that officered our newborn but efficient army. It was college men that most successfully conducted the war from Washington and other parts of the country. It was college women that added the greatest contributions of telling service. The Amer-

ican college graduates and students not only compared well with British and continental university men, but absolutely they showed ability and efficiency. An educational system that produces men and women of that calibre is not fatally defective.

And yet is not this admirable showing only a proof that something is wrong? If college men and women are capable of the splendid work they did for the war, why do they not produce some of it in college and under ordinary circumstances? Certainly they have not done so. Certainly they do not. Few students ever studied in college as they did in the officers' training camps. Men who had professed to be hard worked in college admit that by comparison there they had never known the meaning of the word *study* at all. Girls in taking up war jobs have shown energy and abilities of which while in college they apparently never dreamed. Instead of exhibiting a great thirst for knowledge and understanding, most college students seem to have the attitude of: here I am; now let the faculty do what they can to me. Even among the conscientious who daily cover the assigned work the prevalent spirit is that of getting through the lesson just to be through, not of getting the lesson through their heads for the sake of having valuable knowledge to use. Their idea is: Work, for the night is coming when one goes to the movies. Now the returned student soldiers and war workers do not seem to be taking college any more seriously or vigorously than before they went off to war and came to know real work. They may find it difficult at first to slip back into easy academic ways but their work is no less perfunctory than of yore. And in the women's colleges, where only few have gone and returned? So far from the war's having been an influence to produce solid work, here scholarship has never been at so low an ebb as during the war; and the effect of releasing the pressure now has merely been to encourage irresponsibility and light-hearted, light-headed laziness. Watching the clock is the only endurable pastime for the classroom. Classes are the part of college that is an unfortunate obligation, not an opportunity. What is the cause of this childish attitude?

No one but a blind optimist or a blind pessimist or what literary courtesy forces me to call a prevaricator could say that higher education in America cannot be improved. The performance of college men and women in the war has only given us grounds for encouragement and for greater faith in the possibilities of our colleges. We have no justification for resting on our oars and declaring our system and its results adequate. That the student is not lacking has been proved. Something must then be wrong with the system which thus fails to bring out the abilities of the student.

What is the purpose of education anyway? Why go to college? Why indeed, unless to live more fully and to learn to live and serve? Where the student is neither actually living as usefully as he could nor learning to live better, obviously he should not be in college at all. And we need not blink our eyes to the fact that there are men, just as everyone agrees that there are women, for whom college is a wanton waste of time and money. When they go forth with—or without—their diploma they are no better fitted for life than when they entered, save that they are four years older and have four years less to live. There is no reason why an A. B. should be considered an essential part of the equipment of all young men; it is unutterably foolish to let a mere degree acquire the prestige of being a social prerequisite. A sizeable percentage of students in college today have no business there. It is these laggards who are getting nothing vital from college (except a good time that could be had elsewhere at less expense to all concerned) and who therefore contribute nothing to college that hold back their more capable and ambitious fellows. Not only is the dilettante spirit of these do-nothings contagious. The mere presence of an intellectually inert mass checks the progress of those for whom a college education is necessary preparation for life. Why should those to whom college is nothing interfere with those to whom it is essential?

How to eliminate this element in our colleges, those who come because it is the recognized thing to do, those who come "in order to fill four awkward years," is a perplexing problem. Strict entrance examinations of the sort to make those who

would be entered pause and reflect is one answer. Already at Smith we see the application list cut down by several hundred, hundreds presumably ill-prepared or made aware, by the shock of confronting examinations, of the superfluousness for them of college training. The growth of the vocational school will furnish means of diverting some. Probably the only other way to keep out this type of college student,—and one might with more justice say type of college resident,—is to create public opinion opposed to sending to college boys and girls who clearly do not need college to fit them for their positions in the world.

Now besides those who have no right to any time in college there are those who have no real right to four years there. How many students in college are getting four years' worth of training out of their four years of opportunity? Many who at present do not do so could by skillful teaching be encouraged, cajoled or forced into availing themselves with profit of all four years. But still there remains the goodly company that never could get more than two full years' worth out of college. Why not, then, concentrate their four years into two? Why have them under foot after they cease to gain anything for themselves or to contribute anything but impediments to others? Many and many a Freshman and Sophomore marks time for a year or two after entering college and makes no advance beyond the point to which preparatory school brought him. And many students scatter through their four years' efforts the sum total of which, reckoning with wartime severity, could not aggregate more than two years of hard work. The problem is how to evaporate these waste hours so that two years concentrated may take the place of four years dilute.

The genial warmth of better teachers is undoubtedly one means of drying up these waste elements. With the salaries of most instructors of undergraduates only slightly greater than street-car conductors, we cannot hope to hold out to men of first rate abilities strong inducements to teach. Only second-raters who could in no walk of life command a high salary, or men having independent incomes, or men of such rare de-

votion to their own fields of study that material comfort is comparatively immaterial, only these can afford to enter the teaching profession today. Until we pay for first-rate teachers we have no right to look for first-rate teaching. And without teachers of the first water, men and women possessing forceful personalities as well as a grasp of their subjects, we can hardly expect to secure the complete interest of the students. For again and again we find examples of students who consistently refused to expend on college work any intellectual effort, save on an occasional ingenious bluff, yet who when they came under the influence of an inspiring teacher suddenly exhibited an interest and a power which made the less skillful teacher gasp in disbelief. And it is this interest which alone can make possible the accomplishment in two years of what now takes four.

But to accomplish this, attack must also be made from the students' side. Were students made to realize that they had only two years to browse about where now they spend twice as long, would they not rouse themselves, choose the subjects which were to them of vital importance, and in these work and achieve? And how to bring about this realization? By awarding a degree at the end of two years so that students may still have the comforting sense of having attained something definite, of having won to a milestone; and then by convincing the public that this Associate degree, as it is called in the few institutions where it is now given, is for all purposes of non-professional life sufficient. We hear much about scientific management in industry and business today. Even as we have done with leisurely, haphazard methods of production in other fields, so it is high time for us to "speed up" in education and to spend serious thought and effort on the elimination of waste time and energy in our colleges. "Speeding up" in elementary and secondary schools has already been tried in different parts of the country with considerable success, so that boys and girls are ready for college at the age of fourteen or fifteen instead of seventeen or eighteen. If now we can carry this intensification on into higher education, it is hard even to conceive of the immeasurable gain to society of having the on-

coming generation at the age of eighteen rather than twenty-two adequately prepared to contribute to and cease drawing from society. And this would not be cutting down the amount of education given the ordinary layman; it would rather be diminishing the amount of time lavished in acquiring it. Even now, we see many students going through college in three years, with no difficulty. It is to such intensification that we must look to produce in our colleges the best work, work that it took the pressure of war to prove American students capable of doing.

In this process of elimination of waste time and condensation of work we are inevitably going to find many able students to whom such "speeding up" would still leave more than two years' work. This is the student who is today getting four years' value for four years' work. Just as there are now graduates who need additional training and ultimately gain the crown of the doctor's hood, so there would then be many who would still be justified in going on to achieve an A. B. It is not proposed to drop the last two years of college, but only to restrict them to students who have a genuine desire for further study and who require more preparation for their life work. In order to thus restrict them and in order that inertia may not tempt the laymen to continue in college it is necessary to make sharp the break at the end of the two years. This break should be marked by a change in the character of the work. The possessor of the Associate degree is ready for more independent work, for research, experimentation and real, scholarly investigation.

And here the tutorial system would work well. In graduate schools in this country the Oxford-Cambridge system is already followed more or less. Attendance at lectures is not required; the student is left to his own devices; and the work is his, for better or for worse. Since, however, the seekers of an A. B. would be younger and less experienced than candidates for a doctor's degree, the supervision and direction of tutors would unquestionably be invaluable. This close personal contact between faculty and student would meet one of the prime objections to the system that has grown up in our big colleges where

large classes make recitation impossible and the student knows his professor only across the academic footlights. From this contact the young scholar would acquire not only clearer insight into his subject but also the inspiration and eagerness for work that close relations with keen men gives as does nothing else. And there would be no need of a specified term of residence before coming up for examination for the degree. Whenever the candidate felt himself ready he should be allowed to try for it. Thus for the exceptional, further time would be saved, and he would not be tied down by restrictions made for his less gifted fellows. Surely this system of putting on his own responsibility the mature student who knows, if he is ever going to, what he wants, is a better way of getting intense, live, original work from college students than the system of throwing the responsibility on the teacher, of requiring attendance in his classes, and of making him attempt to force bits of knowledge into the heads of perversely lazy students.

Immediately one wonders why, if this tutorial system is so much better, it should not be employed for the first two years of college also. Perhaps after it had been for some time successfully worked out for the more advanced students it might be extended to the younger. However it has never been tried, let me point out, even abroad on any great scale for younger students. Where the Freshmen are coming from small country high schools, particularly when scientific intensification shall be turning them into colleges at the age of fifteen, it seems doubtful whether they would be mature enough to carry on independent work such as the tutorial system demands. No matter how efficient the mills of education, still there are certain physiological obstructions that cannot be ground out. The average boy or girl fresh from the arms of a high school Alma Mater is not ready to be plunged into a scholarly atmosphere of research. Two more years of intense work under the maturing influence of keen competition and good teaching would convert the undeveloped youth from Mexico City into the trained student prepared for the thin air but greater freedom of the heights of scholarly work.

These changes are by no means unattainable. No growth is

achieved without effort, without struggle. There are undeniably great difficulties at every turn. It must be immensely difficult to uproot the ever-deepening conviction in the mind of the American public that the educated man has had four years in college. It will be exceedingly hard to convince people that what the average student now takes four years to do he could accomplish in two. To force the slothful to this degree of industry will be a task that may well make the confident and adamant disciplinarian quail. And finally the introduction and successful inauguration of the tutorial system, a system with which American educators for two hundred years have resolutely had little to do, this also is a mammoth undertaking. But can the general public and the students concerned once be persuaded to recognize the value of this intensification of college education, the deed is done. And consistent, intelligent propaganda can persuade people of almost anything (save perhaps of the guiltlessness of Germany.)

To be sure there are various ways of facilitating the carrying out of any such plan. By increasing the number of academies, that is, schools where the first two years of college work is offered in addition to the high school course, helpful stress would probably be put on the break between what has hitherto been the first two and the last two years of a college course. Moreover, the wiping out of class differentiations and class spirit, at best an unnecessary narrowing down of the sphere of loyalty, might make it easier for a student to take his degree without regard to the time at which less or more capable students were taking theirs, thus emphasizing the quality of work and not the time spent in accomplishing it. But if the American public will only have faith in the change and realize the necessity of improving our American colleges, the gravest adjustments can be easily made.

For change is necessary. It is unpleasant to many joyously irresponsible people to contemplate the intensifying of work for anyone, particularly for the class of persons to which any stray readers will probably themselves belong—college students. To them it is sad, it is unnecessary to increase the pressure of life for students. Like the infant damned of the

Salem poet: "We are still so young" comes the cry. But what of the children that go to work at twelve and work for eight hours six days a week till they die? Pressure is high for them. From them intense work is exacted. The only way ultimately to meet the industrial and social problems of the age is to redistribute not only wealth but also work and responsibility. Why should the upper tenth of society expect to waste time and money and to play in gay irresponsibility up to the age of twenty-two, while the other nine-tenths are forced to carry disproportionately heavy burdens from the age of twelve or fourteen on? It may not be wholly agreeable to consider, but it is only justice for the college student to accept his share of social responsibility. The reconstruction of American education on the most efficient, scientific lines is not a mere matter for gentle academic controversy. It is a grave social problem to which all classes of men should give serious thought.

### SEA SPRITES

MARGARET ROBERTS SHERWOOD

On mystic nights when the moonbeams stray  
And the gulls go a-white-cap riding,  
In the fleecy crests of the silvery spray,  
You will find the sea sprites hiding.  
As they flit o'er the waves on starry wings,  
The shadowy deep with their laughter rings  
And the tossing surf doth echo the glee  
The wild winds bring the elves of the sea.  
Some think it the sound of the dashing spray  
Or the steeds the gulls are riding.  
But 'tis the song of the fays at play  
And the mirth of the sea-sprites hiding.

## FORESTS, FAIRIES AND FOLKS

ELIZABETH MANGAM

*A one-act play designed for a performance by fairies, brownies, elves, and other "little folk"—in short, for children. The scene is laid in the council grounds of little wood-animals underneath a tall pine tree. As the curtain rises, several excited animals are seen all talking at once, beneath the three huge spreading leaves of a Jack-in-the-pulpit. The voice of the chipmunk is heard above the rest in a shrill nervous chatter. A leopard frog on a pinkish toadstool holds the center of attention. The crowd consists of a dapper young chipmunk, a young slip of a gartersnake, a sedate frog, an elderly field-mouse, and a very young fieldmouse with a bandaged tail betraying a too frolicsome nature. In the background is a brook with green ferns at its edge.*

CHIPMUNK (*in an excited voice*): My dear Hopper, it caused the nuts in my cheeks to rattle like a couple of pebbles in that brook in Springtime, and as for my tail, well—

GARTERSNAKE: Your tail, Your tail—what if you were nearly all tail, and flat on the ground, too, with nothing between you and his nasty foot—ugh! It sets every scale on my back on edge.

(*At the word tail, all pause to look for a minute at the very young fieldmouse with the bandaged tail.*)

FROG (*severely*)—Speaking of tails—you wear yours as a mark of your disgraceful behavior—oh, you needn't try to hide your face behind the ferns that way—we all know what happened.

YOUNG MOUSE (*putting on a bold front*)—Oh, I suppose you never in your day stuck your head into some one else's corn-hole—I suppose you always ran right home and never looked to right or left!

CHIPMUNK—Well, at least I've never gotten so far in and been so interested in eating up someone else's grain that he had to come along and bite my tail almost in two to make me come out—oh, no—*my* father would have scolded that out of me when I was younger than you.

ELDERLY (*feeling rather sympathetic with the young one*) : Anyway, if I remember, the point at question was a boy—a very young boy, and most annoying.

CHIPMUNK : If you call it merely annoying to have a great huge thing come bouncing into the woods and throw sticks at your particular nut-tree, and climb it when you're not at home—

GARTERSNAKE—and lift your nice flat stone off your bunk—ugh!

FROG—If you're all going to talk about your particular injustices, we won't get down to the root of the matter. The point is that a boy has come into these woods and frightened us generally—how are we going to punish him?

CHIPMUNK (*glaring at young mouse*)—Bite his tail when he isn't looking.

FROG—Unless your remarks can be of a more learned and dignified nature, Flatcheeks.

(*Cries of "hear! hear!"—and the frog continues*)

MOUSE SENIOR (*as the oldest and most learned member of those gathered*) : I appeal to you—what can be done to this—this boy?

ELDERLY MOUSE (*puts his forepaw to his head in an attitude of deep thought*)—ah! I have the germ of an idea—microbes now—

YOUNG MOUSE (*trying to be funny*) : Ha! ha! I call that the idea of a germ—ha! ha!

FROG (*rising up to his full height on the toadstool*) : Silence or leave! (*turning to elderly mouse*)—ah-er-microbes did you say? Nasty plain little things as I remember them.

MOUSE SENIOR—Listen and I will tell you (*they all gather round the elderly mouse who speaks with great importance and secrecy.*)

Well, once when I was in town getting some cheese for the family, my nose led me through the cellar of a certain house—a very large house and important looking. I had several very narrow escapes before I reached the cheese box—caught my whiskers in a crack in the plaster and came out looking rather messed up generally—

FROG—Please stick to the point and avoid personal mishaps—you reached the cheese-box, you say—

MOUSE SENIOR—and was just about to turn down some of that smelly Rocquefort for delicious store cheese when all of a sudden, a huge, hulking man all covered in white came striding into the room—imagine my dears, how my whiskers trembled, how my fur stood on end—

FROG—Oh, go on—go on!

MOUSE SENIOR—and then in a terrible, unrefinedly loud voice he yelled “Boil that milk—there are microbes enough to kill a horse in that”—fancy, my dears—a *horse*—and then some one answered “What’s he got?”—and the all-white man yelled back “Typhoid—I’m trying like the deuce to keep the germs he’s got from killing him, and then you give him milk like that!”—I didn’t hear any more—my tail was shaking like a blade of grass and I dropped the cheese and ran.

FROG—Well, I don’t quite understand, and I can’t see *how* you remembered those awful names that have absolutely no meaning to them.

MOUSE SENIOR: I didn’t understand them—no self-respecting mouse would—but I *did* hear that man say that *germs* would kill—and—well, can’t you see?

YOUNG MOUSE—Oh, I see what he means—but we can’t—germs are such simple foolish little things—how could one of those little brainless things kill a boy old enough to go moonshining and absent-minded enough to throw sticks into our trees?

GARTERSNAKE: But we don't really want to kill him—we'd like to make him quite sick and then he'd stay at home.

FROG—And Mouse Elder didn't mention one particular germ—he said germs—and I think, yes I really do, that a whole army of germs at once could make even a big boy sick—if they could kill a horse.

MOUSE SENIOR: And so, my plan is this, to—

YOUNG MOUSE: Get the boy into the grove and then—

GARTERSNAKE: Let the germs attack him and make him very sick, and—

CHIPMUNK: Then he'll leave my nut-tree alone—thoughtless little brat!

FROG: If we don't make him too sick—just sick enough so that he'll want to run home and stay in his hole for a long time—

YOUNG MOUSE: And we'll do it again if he ever comes back.

FROG: Well, don't you think we'd better see the germs?—after all, they've got to do the attacking, not we.

CHIPMUNK: I'll whisk off and get them—be back in two shakes of an aspen—(*runs briskly off stage right*)

*During this time, a warm harvest moon has been slowly coming up through the bracken on the little hillock behind the grove. In its light the grove is a lovely yellow—the pine needles on the ground shine like a carpet made of brown silk. In one corner, darkened by a pine tree's shadow, is stretched a big cobweb shining with dew. Gossamer threads as the wind blows them now flash in the beams of the moon, now vanish. The intermittent light of a firefly shines like a tiny electric torch in the darkness.*

FROG: Here's where he'll sit—underneath this tree—and it's almost time for him to come—I really wish we could hurry.

*The CHIPMUNK has come back—one has the instinctive feeling that millions of tiny unseen things are in the grove, just as much alive as the little animals themselves. There is a noise in the air like the shrill whistling of many frogs from the distant ponds. The little animals are listening carefully.*

MOUSE SENIOR: Where is their leader?—let him talk to us.

*There is a sudden fall of absolute quiet on the grove—then in a high voice like the harmonic of a violin, the leader speaks.*

LEADER: We are here—thousands and millions of us—we are here. We're straight and slim and very small—we can go ten million of us together through the eye of the tiniest needle you ever saw—we're dancing all over you—we're so thick in the air that we can hardly breathe—what do you want of us—we are here.

FROG (*politely getting off of his toadstool*)—Er—perhaps a few million of you might like to sit on this toadstool—it might clear the atmosphere some, you know.

CHIPMUNK: Would just a few thousand of you mind not sitting on my whiskers?—it tickles dreadfully and I'm afraid you might get blown into my nose, you see.

LEADER OF GERMS: Hurry, hurry!—I've got to make a trip tonight and can't wait.

CHORUS OF GERMS:

We're slim and straight and plain and small,  
There's nothing to any of us at all,  
But we could hurt or do you good,  
We could do things—yes we could!

FROG: You tell him, Mouse,—and mind you make it tactful—there's something about them sounds kind of dangerous tonight—especially when one doesn't know them any better than we do.

MOUSE SENIOR (*approaching the air timidly*): We—we—want you to make a boy quite sick—er—he's been annoying us and hurting our woods and well, we want to punish him so that he'll stay at home—you'll help us, won't you?

*Unnoticed by the animals, a tiny, tiny blue thing like the down from the first feathers of an indigo-bunting is being blown about by the breeze; as the noise of the germs dies down, a faint little song, as if from a far-off humming-bird, is heard. The animals do not hear it. It is the Germ of Love, and it sings:—*

The wing of the Katydid  
Fans me to sleep,  
I fly in the night  
When the glow-worms creep,  
And deep in the nest  
Of a shining curl,  
Or the soft brown eyes  
Of a laughing girl,  
I leave my thoughts  
And in the breast  
Of a wandering boy,  
I touch with my fingers  
The place of Joy.  
The little Germ  
Of Love am I,  
I tickle their hearts,  
And they don't know why.

CHIPMUNK: That wind is coming up rather strong again—don't you think we'd better be getting ready—I'm sure he'll be coming soon now.

LEADER OF GERMS: Over here in the corner, all of you! We'll hide behind this blade of grass—and remember, silence when he comes.

*There is silence—in a few moments the cracking of leaves is heard outside the grove. The Germ of Love blows over to the blade of grass and clings to the tip of it.*

FROG: Sh! he's coming—quiet now, all of you—not a rustle! Let's get back here under the shadow of this fern and watch. (they scuttle back into the shadows.)

THE BOY comes from the right. He is a very young boy with black, curly hair and blue, far-away eyes. He sits down at the foot of the pine tree and hugs his knees—after a minute he draws a deep sigh and puts his head down on his hands. The little wood animals peer out from the shadow of the ferns and watch him.

MOUSE SENIOR (*in a whisper*) : It's all right—he's beginning to think now—he's always perfectly safe and harmless when he's thinking—let's get the germs at him now.

*Once again there is the sound of many tiny things moving—the little Germ of Love flutters about the boy and is now seen, a bright blue fleck in the moonlight, now vanishes.*

BOY (*stretches out his arms and gets up*) : It's—it's awfully damp here tonight—somehow, I don't quite like the woods; they make queer little tickles go up and down my spine.

CHIPMUNK (*clasping his paws in excitement*) : He's getting sick—he's getting sick!

BOY (*walks a few steps, draws his hand across his head*) : It's funny—my legs feel as if I had been running a long time—I think I'll sit down again (*he drops languidly on the ground, close to the pine tree.*) Oh, I feel prickles all over—first cold prickles and then hot ones—(*he lies stretched out with his head on his arms*) : I—I think I'm going to sleep. (*He sleeps.*)

YOUNG MOUSE (*in an excited whisper*) : Gracious! Is that the way he acts when he's sick? Why doesn't he eat some grass or rub about in the pine needles? That's what any sensible animal would do.

CHIPMUNK : Sh! Some one else is coming—I can see feet twinkling in the moonlight down the path.

*All the animals draw back into the shadow, as the loveliest little girl you ever saw comes into the wood. She has light bobbing curls tied up with a brown velvet ribbon, and big brown eyes—you feel that in her is the possibility of a laugh any minute, yet she is not smiling. She has a little basket on her arm with wintergreen berries in it. She does not see the BOY until she knocks him with her foot. She drops her basket in surprise and stands breathless for a minute.*

GIRL : Why—it's a boy! (*she runs behind the pine tree and peers cautiously out from the side*) : He's asleep—isn't it a very funny time for people to go to sleep in the woods—the

needles are all wet with dew. (*She comes slowly out from behind the tree and pats the ground with her hand.*) He mustn't have his head on that damp ground, even if he is a boy. (*She slips off her pinafore and rolls it up beneath his head.*) Why, his head's as hot as anything—that's funny—my mother always says you have a fever when your head is hot—boy! wake up—you're sick, and I'm going to help you home—wake up!—you mustn't lie here in the night time.

BOY (*sleepily*): It can't be time to go to school yet—it's so dark and I'm so tired—

GIRL (*puts her arm beneath him and helps him to sit up*): You're quite sick—I'm going to give you some wintergreen berries to eat—my mother squashes them and makes medicine out of the juice—I'm sure they'll make you better (*she puts some of the berries between his lips.*)

BOY (*opens his eyes wide and sits up straight*): What are you giving me to eat—who are you? I didn't see you when I came here (*tries to get up but sits down again rather quickly*)—I came in—to think beneath this pine tree—and then all of a sudden I began to feel rather queer—and I still do a little, you know—in my legs.

GIRL (*gives him a handful of berries*): Here, eat these—and you'll feel better very soon. You're not so awfully old yourself—both of my sisters are bigger than you and—Well, you see, I came to think, too. At home when everybody's sitting around the lamp and talking—sometimes I feel so awfully *with* everyone—and then, I had to run out to get the water, and—

BOY: And you came here. Isn't it funny that we both came for the same reason—if you sit around and think at home, every one says, "My, what a lifeless, brooding child that is—why doesn't he run and play"—and you can't say to them, "Why are *you* brooding about me—why don't *you* run and play?"—and so I came out here.

GIRL: Do you know, I like to stand perfectly still in the woods at night, not even scrunch the pine needles with my

shoes, and listen to the woods; sometimes they're perfectly quiet, and yet—there's a little rushing, pushing sound—it's the sound of things growing. Do you ever hear it?

BOY: Yes.

*The Germ of Love is fluttering on top of the boy's head.*  
The BOY is looking at the GIRL.

BOY: You're just like Red Riding Hood to look at—Only you haven't a hood. But you have a basket, anyway.

GIRL: And you're just like Tyltyl in the "Bluebird"—do you know, maybe when we're in the woods, we're not ourselves at all, but people from fairy stories.

BOY: We might play fairy story people—only I wish you were Mytyl.

GIRL: Why?

BOY: Well, in the fairy stories Tyltyl loved Mytyl with all his might and main—she was his sister you see—and somehow, Tyltyl and Red Riding Hood don't go together.

GIRL: Well, if we're going to play fairy stories, I'll be Mytyl.

BOY (*feeling very much better and getting up*): And let's play the part where Mytyl sees Tyltyl and runs down from the rocks to meet him.

(GIRL *runs up on the hillock*)—Now, you look away and I'll run down and surprise you with—with a kiss—we've got to kiss; that's the way they do it in fairy stories.

BOY: All right—I'm ready (*he sits with his back to the hillock. The GIRL stands for a moment among the ferns on the hillock and then runs down and throws her arms around the BOY, giving him a sound kiss. Both stop and look at each other.*)

BOY: Why, isn't—isn't this a funny game!

GIRL: Oh, I love it—it's playing real fairies with real moonlight—and—real kisses. I love the kissing part, don't you? What do you suppose made us think about fairies anyway? I didn't feel at all like it when I came in.

BOY: Neither did I. (*The little blue fleck is dancing up and down excitedly on the heads of the two children, as if it wanted to say something very much.*) From far off comes a call.

GIRL: Oh, that's Mother—I nearly forgot. Goodbye, boy—we had a nice play, didn't we? (*She starts to go out, then turns suddenly, kisses him and runs out quickly.*)

BOY (*stands perfectly still for a moment and then runs off in the same direction*): Don't go, don't go—Mytyl!—come and play some more!

*The blue fleck flies out after the children, and for a moment the grove is left to the silent watching of the great moon. Then slowly the little animals come out from their hiding places behind the ferns and look at each other. They say nothing, but sitting in a semi-circle, each looks from one to the other with questioning glances.*

*From far off comes the sound of laughter and then, still fainter, the song of a humming-bird, growing fainter and fainter until it finally dies away.*

CURTAIN

### AFTER THE STORM

MARGARET ROBERTS SHERWOOD

After the storm has swept far away  
And the wind-tossed waves with crests so white  
Still whirl and dance in the grayish light  
'Til the echoing cliffs are flecked with spray  
That gleams as the sun slips through the veil  
Of golden haze that is misty pale,  
Then out from the dark-green wooded shore  
The sea-gulls over the ocean soar,  
On toward that rainbow place they fly  
Where the gray gray sea meets the blue gray sky.  
Their wings flash silvery as they go.  
Do you wonder where? The storm winds know  
And they urge them on with impish glee,  
Hoping to lead them far astray,  
But the sea-gulls follow on their way  
Over the edge of the endless sea  
After the storm.

## MORTALITY

ELIZABETH P. JESSUP

We are all born to die.  
Soft breezes blow the birds across the sky  
And fleets and archipelagoes of cloud  
Drift on the outspread wings of soaring wind;  
Trees stretching tingling fingers wide and high  
Make clear cut shapes of lacelike tracery,  
Each one a masterpiece worked by the blind  
But deftly moving fingers of the Spring,  
That magically weaves old Winter's shroud  
Into a robe of loveliness to cling  
About the hills and down the vales to lie,  
And we are born to die.

We all are born to die.  
But what is dying, pray? And wherefore sigh  
That nature's budding, teeming life at Spring  
Is but a preparation for decay?  
While sap runs, rills flow, larks sing, song birds fly,  
"Life's at its hey day!" tiny voices cry.  
This is the joyous laughing time of May,  
The busy time of bee and root and flower.  
Who works to live has earned the right to sing;  
So work and sing and work, until that hour  
When sunset clouds their ragged banners fly  
And it is time to die.

## SKETCHES

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### METAL OF MEN

MARY MCGUINNESS

It is in these days of hate and passion and treachery that men meet the test whereby they prove their metal, for war brings out all that is worst in the lowest and all that is best in the highest and no man escapes.

In a cellar of a ruined house skulked a German soldier, a man young and built like a Viking, but with a face old and harrassed. He waited patiently for the nightfall so that he might, if Chance were kind, rejoin his troop. He was, so far as he knew, the only surviving member of the little band of men who did their best to reconnoiter the enemy's positions. Now he sat quietly, nursing his rifle, he had used all his ammunition, so there was nothing to do but wait, while the noise of battle surrounded him.

A long time he sat there watching the blocked, half-ruined stairs which were the entrance of the damp earth cellar. He started warily when a body staggered against the top and fell stumbling half way down the stairs. His bayonet gleamed but the body lay still. Cautiously the German approached the thing and recognized an English uniform. The Englishman was unconscious and sadly wounded, so the German dragged him down, within the shelter of the damp cellar. He loosened the Englishman's clothes and with the help of his first aid kit cleansed and bound up his wounds. Water he could not afford to use in reviving the man, he had only a mouthful or so in his own flask, but the Englishman did not even have a flask.

The unconscious man opened his eyes at last and they fell upon the German. His eyes closed, again they opened, "a bloomin' Boche," he muttered weakly. The German gave him a mouthful of water.

How many hours they stayed there, neither ever knew. Nightfall came and the noise of battle became intermittent. The Englishman revived gradually until he was able to stand up. At last, he said to the German, "How can we get out? Do you know where we are?" The German shook his head and answered, "I think the English line is about a quarter of a mile to our right." His English was good but slightly guttural.

The Englishman thought a moment, "Do you think I have a chance to make it?"

"Certainly."

"And you—what will you do?"

"I shall try to reach my own lines when the darkness is heavy enough and the shell-fire has died down a little."

The Englishman looked at him. The man was a German, an enemy, who could perhaps be taken prisoner, he had no ammunition—still his bayonet was in order and he was unwounded. Moreover he had saved the Englishman's life. On the whole it might be better to leave him.

"Well," he said, "I'll try it now."

"All right," replied the German. He had no hope of getting back to his own lines with a prisoner.

"Good luck," grunted the soldier.

"Good luck."

The Englishman made his own lines safely and reported to his officer. He did not mention the German, however. Then he heard his commandant tell the aide that a German spy was loose somewhere between the lines. Seven of the band had been accounted for, but the eighth was "out there." Suspicion gathered in the private's mind.

"I think I'll call for volunteers to bring him in—it probably means the V. C. for the man who gets him."

The Englishman had a suffocating sensation. His German might be the man, must be the man! He said he was a sniper, but what was he doing in that place? He was the spy. The soldier's mind was in a turmoil, he hesitated slightly while his

soul struggled within him. He coveted the V. C., he would take any risk for it, but this German had saved his life and it did seem a rotten thing to go after him. Still, the man was an enemy and the commandant evidently thought he had valuable information. Of course, he might never reach his own lines, he probably never would, with allied guns sweeping the space between him and safety.

The Englishman thought of all the possibilities in a flash. The V. C. seemed very near and very desirable—there was a girl at home. Well, what was one Boche more or less? Besides, was it not for the country? The private pulled himself together and saluted.

A few men were detailed to go with him and they got the German—he merely smiled cynically and murmured “Schwein.”

### PERVERSION

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

An aged stone lay, idly,  
Upon the shore beside my feet;  
The waters of a million years  
Had licked its surface neat,—  
And presently, a child came by,  
Toyed with it, tired of it, flung it by  
Again into the sea's control  
Where it may roll  
Another million years—while I  
Have naught to do but live and die!

## A GAY OLD BIRD

CATHRYN FLOETE

With a good book in one hand and a basket of apricots in the other I swung gaily down the walk. It was a secluded corner that I sought under a yellow acacia tree in a far corner of the patio. As I settled myself on the stone bench beside the fountain, a cracked voice rudely shattered my dreams of peace.

"Good-bye," the voice screamed pointedly. And then again "Good-bye," with greater emphasis.

I looked up and discovered the mangy and dilapidated figure of my pet parrot who squatted on a limb of the acacia tree with a cynical leer on his face. He had long since passed the full flower of his youth and with his lost youth had passed also that brilliant beauty of which he had been so proud. But Napoleon was clever. He was a fluent conversationalist and so charmed one with his silver-tongued oratory that one forgot his bedraggled appearance. For many years he had been the travelling companion of a friend of mine and so his word lore was vast and adequate. Beside him sat the beautiful white be-plumed macaw. Napoleon treated her with good-natured contempt as she was stupid and uninteresting to one so learned. She was frivolous and had seen nothing of life. She admired her long white plumes and was secretly ashamed of the tacky feather-bare appearance of her friend. All she could answer to any of Napoleon's sallies was "Pretty Polly." It infuriated Napoleon beyond measure when she said this in the most apologetic of voices. The idea of a seasoned old bird like himself being called "Pretty Polly!" After such an overture on her part he would proceed to chill her heart by ruffling up the two or three feathers that had stood the test of time and still clung to him as in the bright lexicon of his youth and shout, "Hold your tongue, you young muffin." I had told him again and again that the word was ragamuffin but he continued in his fallacy. It probably tickled his fancy.

"Good-bye," he screamed again at me on this particular afternoon.

"I'm sorry, old boy," I answered, "But I am here for the afternoon. And for Heaven's sake be quiet!"

"Why don't you shoot yourself, Lump of Sugar?" He cocked his head and winked at me audaciously.

"Why don't you shoot—"

"Pretty Polly—" This meekly from Josephine who was evidently desirous of getting into the conversation.

"Hold your tongue," glowered Napoleon.

Josephine had noble ideas of the independent woman and started out to repeat her two little words, "Pretty Poll—"

But there followed such an outraged chattering from Napoleon that she withdrew resignedly behind a yellow blossom and satisfied herself with a plaintive whistle now and then.

"Napoleon, I prithee be quiet."

I opened my book, took a golden apricot from the basket and sighed with contentment. I had read several pages without being disturbed when suddenly I was conscious of activity on the table. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Napoleon pecking at the soft cheek of one of my apricots. I lost my temper.

"You little demon," I cried and rapped him smartly on his bony back."

"Lounge Lizard, parlor snake," he jeered and grabbed my little finger in his bill.

"Now, Napoleon," I said, thinking it best to appeal to his reason, "this has gone too far. You're a naughty, naughty bird. And if you don't behave I'm going to give you a bath." This was the worst punishment that could happen to Napoleon from his point of view. "You are a rude, horrid parrot."

His bill closed tighter with the stress I laid on each word. I tried other tactics. "Napoleon, dear Napoleon—unbill me, won't you—that's a good old scout."

With one last healthy nip as proof that he was not to be trifled with he let me go. He ran up the tree and tilted over and screamed, "Parlor snake," with varying degrees of affection.

"Come here, Napoleon," I called in honeyed tones. "Come

to Betty. Betty loves you. You little beast. Now you are going to get a bath. I mean every word of it."

Then began a chase. I would just about succeed in clutching his scrawny body when away he would glide with a merry wink of his beady eye. I prayed for him to lose his balance for any such occurrence would result in his falling into the fountain which was under the tree.

Suddenly he tripped up to Josephine who sat half asleep on her share of the branch. "Oh, Jo," that was the great trouble with Napoleon—he was so insufferably familiar. "Oh, Jo, look at the boat." He gave her a push whereupon a white form flew through the air and landed with a splash in the water. While I fished out the injured Josephine who was making her chances of rescue less sure by splashing wildly, Napoleon sat above and witnessed the scene with interest. I put Josephine back on the tree—a wet shivery young thing. As she sat there and whimpered Napoleon looked at her in disgust.

"Hold your tongue, you young muffin," he ordered.

I picked up one of the luscious golden apricots upon whose fair cheek was a blemish made by the bill of that tyrant, Napoleon. I aimed at him, threw it, missed him.

"You don't know Nellie like I do," he yelled, derisively.

"Unmannered fowl! I can't tolerate your impudence any longer. I depart hence."

As I walked away from the quiet secluded spot these words spoken in an old, cracked, world-weary voice floated after me. "Why don't you shoot yourself?" And I wondered why I hadn't, didn't, wouldn't—with such an incentive for suicide.

## PIERROT

OLIVIA LAMB CARPENTER

He sat on the inside row among the many other first violins; a slight, eager boy. A slim body meagerly fleshed under the worn black suit; features firmly cut but a shade too delicate perhaps and mouth and eyes half laughing, half sad. That was Pierrot. I do not mean that that was his real name which was long and very Italian but he was the man, the visionary in jester's garb. The Pierrot who loved and lost.

Day after day he sat there, patiently rehearsing under the exacting rule of the great conductor, whom he worshipped even while caricaturing him unmercifully, and night after night he poured forth his soul into the singing strings of his violin, unnoticed by the great stupid audiences which filled the hall. To an audience an orchestra is not of men but of instruments.

In his leisure moments he could usually be found in one of the smaller cafés of the Quartier. Seated at one of the tiny iron tables placed conveniently under the shade of the inevitable green and white striped awning he would sit for hours sipping his sour red wine or café noir and watching the shifting throngs in the boulevards with unconcealed enjoyment. Usually he was alone but there was sometimes a companion from the orchestra or from the simple lodgings where he stayed. These last were mostly, like himself, musicians or artists. Rudolph, the big cellist, Richard and Mademoiselle Marie of the opera, and several students from the Quartier close by, stayed there, for Madame was kind and the food not too bad.

It was into this congenial company that Pierrot had dropped quite unannounced some time before and had been quietly accepted into the friendship of them all. Beyond that he was of the Midi, that he had suddenly come from Heaven knows where to fill a vacancy left in the orchestra in mid-season, and that his playing of the violin amounted almost to genius, one knew very little. Moreover one cared not at all, for questions go unasked among the people of the Quartier. Rudolph be-

came his guide in all things orchestral, the women thought him charming, and his simple story of hard study under Italian skies was novel enough to interest them all.

Besides, one could hardly help liking Pierrot. There was in him such a conflict of man and boy, of jest and seriousness. There was a certain whimsical humor, too, and a naïve desire to please combined with his intense love of music which attracted to him both men and women.

He would play to them sometimes of an evening when the orchestra did not call him, bits of gay folk-song and dances that set even fat Madame's feet tapping. But mostly he liked to wander into the crowded boulevards and sip his wine in the glaring cafés.

So Pierrot's was a light-hearted, careless existence until there appeared on the scene the little Pierrette and took up her place at Madame's. She was a dancer at the Opera, a tiny little thing like a bit of thistle-down with a piquant rosylipped face under the waves of dark hair, and with her, Pierrot fell madly and splendidly in love.

Perhaps she did not notice his affliction though it was clearly evident to all the rest of the little circle—and you may figure to yourself how they laughed—perhaps, he intentionally ignored it, certainly she gave no sign of understanding. Daily she danced and flirted her way to higher positions at the Opera and smiled on Pierrot in a friendly impersonal way just as she smiled on Richard or all men who were not rich enough. For it must be confessed that for all that her eyes were dark pools of innocence and her mouth like an unkissed cherub, Pierrette was a worldly young woman, self-supporting almost since infancy and greatly desirous of a life of ease.

Daily Pierrot rehearsed, and played, and dreamed great things at the little iron tables, and when other occupations slackened a bit, sat in the topmost gallery of the Opera unheeding the lights, music or anything but one tiny danseuse who would have been quite unimpressed had she so much as known he was there.

He said nothing—oh no. He was after all still something of a shy boy and there is nothing which will dampen boyish en-

thusiasm more quickly than indifference, so no matter what the elation of the night it quickly fell before Pierrette's impersonal, collective greeting, "Bon jour, mes amis" of the morning. Also there was a most annoying sense of humor which broke in upon the most sensible dreams, and greatest of all there was the question of salary which was too small for comfort even in Paris where one can do wonders with a few "sous" and a "potage."

So things drifted on for many weeks till just before the end of the season, the great conductor was pleased to smile upon Pierrot's genius and he was advanced to third below the concert master. To the lay mind this seems a small thing but to Pierrot it was—for the present—attainment. Should the conductor, concert master, and second be disposed of by fire, famine, or flood, *he* would lead the orchestra; it was also distinction for a boy of his age and best of all it entailed a slightly higher salary. His heart beat high that night and some of the audience noticed the slight impassioned figure whose instrument sang so splendidly under the strong fingers. Did this not mean he could reach his heart's desire!

He slipped away from the hall as soon as possible after the concert, much to the wonder of Rudolph and several congratulatory friends who waited smoking and humming in the cloak room until it became evident that he had escaped them; and made his way to the stage door of the Opera, for if she were alone he might find courage to speak tonight and he was boyishly eager.

He waited for a long time in the busy street glorying in the chill spring night and the shadows of budding chestnut trees down the boulevards. Finally the chorus straggled out by twos and threes and a few of the ballet; it had been "Faust" that evening and therefore late. Some of the women smiled on him, pityingly, and a few men nodded as they passed but he hardly saw them.

It was Franz the basso who spoke to him at last just as the principals began to emerge. There was a grin on his large face and he clapped Pierrot's shoulder with no light hand.

"You have heard, mon ami? Is it not droll? I always said

she was too good for us, the little dancer—"and he told an earth-shaking thing in a voice which Pierrot dumbly felt was heard by all the "Place" and with another thwack on the shoulder departed down the Boulevard, laughing to himself.

Then very slowly Pierrot walked home alone.

It was Richard who brought the news to Madame's. News that made the men laugh uproariously till they thought of Pierrot. For Pierrette had not appeared at the Opera that night; Pierrette was by now far overseas with a man who could give wealth and station to a little danseuse. How could they tell Pierrot? And it was into this atmosphere of dismay that Pierrot entered and looked about him.

At first they thought, those men who stood about so awkwardly, that he did not know but Rudolph put his arm over the boy's shoulders and they understood.

"Il est tard, n'est-ce pas?" said Pierrot very very quietly. "I was detained—," the voice trailed off. "Bonne nuit, mes amis."

"Good night," they answered in chorus, striving to be cheerful and seizing at the commonplace to hide their discomfort.

They watched him as he and Rudolph climbed the long stair, his shoulders stooping a little, his head bent with utter weariness. At the top, Rudolph stopped a minute. "After all," he said slowly, "It all makes art, the love and the heart-break."

But Pierrot, stripped of his motley, had turned away.

### THAW

ANNA JULIA KOFFINKE

O it's marbles in the street below,  
And greenness where the fences go  
But it's winter still in the heart o' me!  
O it's buds o' red and bud's o' green,  
Banks o' grass with a brook between,  
But winter still in the heart o' me.  
And it's paper fliers  
And merry bonfires  
And sheep in the pasture and boats on the sea,  
But winter in the heart o' me.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### MY RADIATOR

HILDA M. NEUKOM

The first time I climbed to the third floor of Wallace House my feelings were those of anticipation mingled with dread. I had just received a campus assignment. Slowly I opened the door of my new room and looked around; a loud hissing accompanied by a few bangs greeted me and my radiator introduced itself,—I say *mine* because in a short time it became a very part of me.

For three weeks I did not have time even to miss my former room-mate. The hours I spent in my room were spent almost entirely in trying to understand my radiator. It groaned and I turned it off; it banged and I turned it on again; it whistled and I released the steam-cap. Frequently it leaked, sometimes slightly, sometimes fluently; often I emptied a pint jar of its drippings fifteen times in one hour. I realized that if things kept on in this way my whole constitution would be upset. I resolved that this should not be,—and then came the fatal night.

Too sleepy to study another minute I had gone to bed at nine o'clock with the resolution to get up at six to study for my nine o'clock class. The room was very warm and it did not seem to get cooler. Suddenly I remembered that I had forgotten to turn off the radiator so I jumped up and did so. It resented the deed immediately. It popped and banged as if someone were hitting it with a hammer. I lay awake and listened to it till the clock struck half past ten, determined not to allow it to become my master. I tried to recall some tricks

that I had heard of to induce sleep. The room sounded exactly like a telegraph station.

"Just the thing," I thought to myself. "I will pretend I am receiving messages in a telegraph station—the loud clicks shall be long-distance messages and the less loud ones" (I could not call them soft) "shall be messages in the state." The plan worked. I forgot the radiator, I forgot the hot room; I was receiving innumerable messages—they were coming too fast to record on paper—the ticks were becoming fainter and fainter when suddenly I was aroused from that semi-conscious state which precedes sleep, aroused by a terrible bang from the corner of the room; it was followed by a long-drawn-out whistle. The train of thought was broken—I was once more wide awake. The telegraph station was gone and I was transferred to a steam engine.

It is the mark of an educated person to make transitions quickly. I could fairly hear the conductor call out, "All aboard." I explained that I preferred to ride in the engine—I wished to see how it worked. The engine became more quiet as we gained speed, and after riding half across the continent I fell asleep. I have no idea what time it was when I woke up—a slow "coming-to" it was, in which I had a vague feeling that all was not well. The feeling gained hold and then I heard a gentle, patter patter. Yes, it was leaking. The pint jar would have to be emptied, or the water would go through the ceiling of the room below. With a mighty effort I got up.

It was two o'clock. There is something disagreeable about being up at two o'clock in the morning—such a lonesome feeling. I went back to bed with a shudder. Even the radiator was silent. I remember wondering vaguely if there was something the matter with it. My next experience was unreal and painful. I was lumbering down the hall with my big iron radiator on my shoulders. It was so heavy that I could hardly move. I stopped for breath every few steps and at last decided it would be much easier to crawl, so I scooted down two flights of stairs and crawled out the front door. On the steps I met a girl who looked at me in surprise and asked where I was going. I explained to her that my radiator was out of

order—all run down and that I was just taking it over to Doctor Gilman's office to have it looked over. She smiled sympathetically and I crawled on.

A crowd began to follow and by the time I reached College gate there were so many people that I had to stop again. Suddenly they began simultaneously to sing—

"Radi, oh radiator, with all our hearts, we will sing to you;  
we all adore you, there's none before you, radi-a-tor, we will  
sing to you."

There was a dead silence for two minutes and then the rising bell pealed forth loud and clear. Wearily I opened my eyes, my gaze wandered to the corner—the terrible recollections of the night swept over me.

I went to the nine-o'clock class and was called upon—and failed. The professor absent-mindedly said,

"What's the trouble?"

Absent-mindedly, I murmured, "Radiator troubles."

He looked puzzled, decided he must have misunderstood me and called on the next person in the alphabet.

Two days later my radiator and I severed connections. The man who came to take it away explained that it was too large for such a small room. He left a nice quiet little radiator in its place which gives plenty of heat but does it in a peaceful lady-like manner.

## AFTERNOON TEA

LOUISE HUMPHREY

And yet, my chief topic is not afternoon tea, but lump-sugar. For I take sugar in tea and that habit has persisted throughout The War. When I couldn't get sugar, I didn't take tea. But The War is over now and the practice of tea-drinking has revived with renewed vigor. So I consider this outburst expedient, not only because of my undone hours, but also because I believe it my duty to express myself on this vital subject, in the hope that, in so doing, I may relieve the feelings of some more inarticulate fellow-sufferers.

Of course, there are many kinds of teas, even if I confine my discussion to college. So I shall centre my remarks about faculty teas—and, to concentrate even more, about those whose purpose it is to draw together the College literary lights. I shall never know just what gave me the courage to go. I don't think I even thought until I found myself on the threshold of the room, thinking many things all at once—with the usual red-faced result—but chiefly wondering how I was going to tell the faculty my name without seeming to do so, for I was sure she didn't know it. But my thoughts were interrupted by a reassuring voice, which—oh, wonder of wonders!—was calmly introducing me *by name* to the assembled celebs. I suppose I acknowledged the introductions. I suppose it was a chair I sat on, although for one in my condition the air would have been quite adequate.

For some time I merely listened: partly because I was too embarrassed to speak; partly because I couldn't think of anything to say; but mostly because I was most preoccupied trying to make my lump of sugar dissolve. However, I do not regret my lack of speech. One can see and hear a lot when one doesn't talk and there certainly were interesting people to listen to. It seems odd to me that, after dividing people into classes and getting the literary ones off by themselves, there could be so many distinct types in that one category. But there were many distinct types of literary people represented.

There was the Mathematical literateur who insists on simple, direct statements of fact and tolerates not even a slight divergence from truth for the sake of interest. She scorns ornamentation. If she were writing an essay on English society, its title would be: "English Society." There was the poet who would call it: "Life and Love in London." There was the Socialist who uses her writing only as the means to an end. She would entitle it: "Caste War." There was the lady-like, somewhat old-fashioned girl who learned in boarding school that the nice way to write is in the form of letters. Hers would be: "The Life of Lady Leila Learned Through Letters." Last and best there was the humorist who would call it: "London Through a Lorgnette, or, Fun in a Fog."

Is it or isn't it odd that there are so many widely varying ideas regarding the right way to do one and the same thing? Down in the depths of her secret soul each one knows that hers is the right way and she scorns—though not openly—the work of all the rest. Well, each according to his gifts!

The lump-sugar? No, I haven't forgotten about it. I distinctly remember putting that in to unify this effort. Must I point out the connection? If I hadn't had trouble dissolving that lump of sugar, I should have been talking instead of thinking; if I hadn't been thinking, I couldn't have written all this; if I hadn't written all this, you wouldn't have to suffer through it. Now, I ask you,—isn't the serving of lump-sugar a menace to society?

Quod erat demonstrandum!

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*In Memoriam*

JOHN M. GREENE

1830-1919

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In the midst of our hurried comings and goings, our studies and activities and friendships, in the midst of the thousand and one small details of one beautiful, sun-warmed spring day, we paused a moment to pay tribute to the memory of a well-loved man. A great many of us became aware for the first time that the man whose name passes our lips so often and so trivially in reference to the Hall which bears his name, was actually of our time, if not of our generation.

Beneath his photograph at the left of the stairway in the Library, is a beautiful account of his life and character written for the *Alumnæ Quarterly* by Ellen Burns Sherman, of the Class of 1891. If we look at the pictured face, we seem to find in it traces of all the gentle-lived New Englanders who contributed to the growing intellectuality of America during the nineteenth century. We place Dr. Greene almost instinctively beside Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier. If we read of his character in the short article which follows, we find there, the finest and most essential traits for a "well-loved man." He had deep affection for little children, "generosity of time and of himself," gentleness, courtesy and tact. Because we have been reminded of him only by the fact that he has lived his life, let us not forget him immediately. It is possible for us to remember more than his name. The qualities for which he stood, broad-mindedness, and learning and the art of being "well-loved" are virtues toward which we might all aspire.

## REVIEWS

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*Kings-at-Arms.* By Marjorie Bowen. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

An interesting way of learning to understand the situation abroad today is to go back two hundred years or so and see what the original elements were that produced it. But outside of actual history, this is not easy to do; the glimpses we get of the past are apt to be clouded by partisan viewpoints and we have less the impression of being offered a broad sweep of view, and more that of using a keyhole. This is especially true in the case of Russia, which at that time was neither European nor a nation in the sense in which we use those terms today.

In "Kings-at-Arms," Miss Bowen has vividly reconstructed the atmosphere of long ago. We see what great wars were fought in the early eighteenth century, how nations planned intrigues and alliances, and how the power of one man could dominate the affairs of a people. Then, as now, Poland was being fought over by foreign nations and ruled by Saxony, Sweden and Russia in turn, until even they had to admit it was only a smoking ruin. Sweden was at the height of her military glory under Karl II and Peter the Great was gradually building a nation out of his barbarous Eastern tribes.

But what many readers will find the most valuable part of the book is the contrast in the characters of these two men, whose final conflict is the climax of the story. We are introduced with flattering intimacy into the private life of these monarchs,—to the hard, cold severity of the Swedish king; a conqueror whom all Europe feared before he was twenty years old, and in Russia, to Peter struggling to bring his newly

imported ideals of a Western civilization into the colorful Asiatic life of the people. We are interested in both of these arch-enemies in turn, there is so much to admire in each of them, and interested, as well, in the beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck, whose clever mind played no small part in the politics of the time. The great men of the day play their rôles, showing us their very human failings as well as their strength, and we have pictures of court life so vivid that we cannot but feel that they are true.

An interesting thing about the book is the Northern tone of its style. It has the crude strength of the countries it tells of, but there is nothing of what one usually considers literary, either in the style or structure of the story. On the whole, however, the book has double value, first, as a story of character and second, as history.

E. M. L.

## EDITORIAL

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### DE SENECTUTE

The sensations with which we assume the responsibilities of maintaining the MONTHLY throughout the twenty-sixth year of its existence are, we suppose, not unlike the sensations which have also attended heretofore the twenty-five equally eager and untried preceding Boards. These experiences bring with them emotions which we have always known we should have to undergo eventually in the course of our college careers, but we are taken a little by surprise. We find ourselves suddenly confronting the rapidly-approaching vista known as "senior-year," that dwindling perspective which ends so abruptly and irretrievably in the province called "The Alumnae." In short, we are growing old. If the truth must be known, the mere thought of being "Alumnae" makes us a bit panicky. We gaze with awe upon the "grave old seniors" who face so calmly the terrifying future of "After College—What?" and we are properly thankful that there is still another year before us to fulfill its capacity as buffer between us and the "wide, wide world."

This unexpected realization of the nearness and importance of our position as seniors is born in upon us by one startling little phrase which, aside from essential information, serves as the single ornament of the chaste and richly-cream-colored cover of the MONTHLY. We refer to that significant lettering which indicates that the MONTHLY is "owned and published by the Senior Class." We are rapidly discovering that this is a sentiment which might well be characterized as "fraught with

meaning." "Owning" and "Publishing" are not in themselves the self-sufficient and complacent processes they sound.

We would therefore call the attention of the student-body-at-large to the fact that actually, if not nominally, we are partially dependent upon them for support and material. At this particular stage of the game, most particularly would we emphasize the material. (We promise nothing, however, concerning the nature of our tune at a slightly later date.) The main source and fountain of our supply is, of course, the "Old Faithful" Thirt which gushes forth punctually at its appointed hours week by week and whose regularity we are glad to perceive is not going to be interrupted by the drastic changes in the "Course of Study" for 1919-20. But we feel somehow convinced that there are other undiscovered brooklets and rivulets and hidden springs, perhaps even geysers among us. People have been known to develop real literary talent long years after joining the innumerable ranks of college alumnae and this, we urge, is a most lamentable accident. We would therefore recommend a careful probing of innermost thoughts and aspirations, a directing of such along literary or sketchy or collegiate lines, a thoughtful meditation upon the glorious examples of Thomas Chatterton and the three Bronte children who preached sermons at the ages of ten and twelve or more modernly, the types of the "New Elizabethans" who were so adequately represented by Mr. Nichols. Thinking on these things, may you of the reading public, even those of you who merely toy nervously with pencils in order to keep your hands occupied, give us your best at a time when it will reflect most highly to the credit of your college as well as of yourselves.

Although it is difficult to obtain statistics upon this question, we feel somehow that a parallelism might fittingly be drawn between chapel-attendance and those of the public who read the editorials. With apologies to President Neilson for adopting his form of advertisement, we venture to ask those of our readers who chance to come across this plea for material to communicate the information to those who may chance to overlook it.

As far as innovations are concerned, we beg to inform our

senior-partners that we consider ourselves an adequate number of innovations for the time-being. Perhaps some day in the future when our collars are less stiffly starched and our shoes have ceased to squeak so alarmingly and when the price-mark which stamps our newness has become lost, strayed or stolen, we shall feel sufficiently sure of ourselves to turn our heads in other directions and to tread more heavily upon unfamiliar ways. Just at present, we are quite satisfied; a little breathless, perhaps, but hopeful and above all grateful to our long line of predecessors, trusting that we may live up to the highest standards and be in conclusion all that is presupposed by their hypothesis. The vista closes upon the class of 1919. Their robes have been measured, their halos fitted, their wings tower above us and cast long shadows across the sunshine of our spring. Let us not dwell on sad realities; let us turn to more general and less painful subjects, say

“Shoes and ships and sealing-wax  
And cabbages and kings.”

## EDITOR'S TABLE

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The mission of a women's college in America is twofold: Firstly, to train leaders of men and women, and secondly to train scholars. No one who has followed the work of the Smith Unit, or watched the success of countless other of our alumnae, can doubt that Smith is able to produce young women of the former type at least.

But one would have to scan the list of our graduates very closely to find more than a few who could really be termed scholarly. Now, if we were a very small institution with the consequent limitations on the material of both our faculty and student body, there might be some excuse for this lamentable state of affairs. Since, however, we are not willing to admit that the intelligence of our fellow-students or of our teachers is inferior to that of any other institution, we must search elsewhere for the cause of our lack of productivity along intellectual lines.

To no small extent this lack of intellectuality seems to be coupled with a certain, almost boastful immaturity. If there is any truth in the criticism so often heard, that Smith is merely a glorified and overgrown boarding-school, it is never better demonstrated than in the school-girl attitude we assume toward the faculty.

We regard them on the whole with calm indifference, or in a few cases with a sort of worship, which in the grades, used to be termed "being sweet on teacher." If some misguided student by chance makes an effort to know a member of the faculty in a sane and friendly way, the eyebrows of public opinion are immediately raised, and she is set down henceforth as one

who is "trying to get a pull." Now it is an unfortunate attribute of society that as long as there is any good to be gained by "influence," some persons are going to be willing to camouflage themselves with all the integumental markings of friendship, in order to gain their ends. It is self-evident that relations of this sort between teacher and pupil are not to be encouraged. How can they be better discredited than by the cultivation of a true feeling of fellowship and coöperation, which by unconscious contrast will show up all the shoddy of its imitators?

The friendship of older workers cannot but be a source of inspiration to us. From them we receive the stimulus and encouragement which, although it cannot transform us over night into great poets, scientists or philosophers, can at least arouse in us a love for wandering in paths of learning. These paths would be pleasant to many of us, but we have always avoided them in childish terror lest someone should call us a "highbrow." A "highbrow" is no doubt a very loathsome thing, but is it not almost as bad to be an intellectual coward?

M. B. G.

It is not hard to find in the college publications of the month productions that are both satisfying and hopeful. "The Road" in the *Wellesley College Magazine* is a pleasant story. One must forgive its conventionality—one has particular need to forgive the superfluous mention of attractive portions of a small boy's person, and the rather labored explanation of family relationships—but one does so gladly for the sake of some sound psychology and a delightful conclusion. Of more unity and promise is "The Children," a story that has both humor and delicacy. The description of two "college failures" is concrete and clear, but perhaps not complete. *The Radcliffe Magazine* has a spirited and well-written story, "The Gentle Art," and its second editorial which speaks of our "casual creeds," is thought-compelling. "Lines of an Unbeliever" in the *College Mercury*, of the College of the City of New York, treat an old theme, and are quite right, since they have not conviction, in treating it with very human inconsistency.

"Jeanne d'Arc" in the *Mount Holyoke Monthly* is well done and although subdued has present point as well as beauty of wording and sincerity.

And it is not impossible to find in these publications objects of severe criticism. Many of the stories are commonplace, some of them morbid—particularly the "Mirrored Nemesis" of the *Mount Holyoke Monthly*—and at least one, "New Rooms" in the *College Mercury*, sordid. There is not the poetry that one might have expected this spring to call forth, and while on the whole editorial sections seem to be entering into a vigorous life, still many of them have progressed so little in thought beyond the obvious that they fail to interest.

But if we are to do more than mention particular instances we would say that the significant fact about the publications in general is that they indicate close literary interdependence in their several institutions. Each seems an expression—surely not full, but very characteristic—of the life of a close-knit and perhaps somewhat segregated society. Each seems to have its standard of excellence, whether it be like that of the *Radcliffe Magazine* that is high and well-sustained, like that of the South Carolina *Concept* which strangely fails to demand universality of appeal, or like that of the *Skidmore Quarterly* or *Lesbian Herald* that does not require of serious-minded naïveté the self-criticism that would give it life. It is in recognition of our mutual need of keenness as well as intercourse that we wish to make a plea for severity in the future from our exchanges.

M. R.

## AFTER COLLEGE

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### SENIOR DRAMATICS 1919

Applications should be sent at once to the General Secretary. Every application received will be considered a final order for tickets and no request to confirm the application will be made. Every alumna who applies will be held responsible for the price of the ticket unless she cancels the application before June 1.

The price of tickets desired should be indicated in the application. The prices for Thursday evening, June 12, are \$1.65, \$1.10 and \$.83 and for Friday evening, June 15, \$2.20, \$1.65, \$1.10 and \$.83. This includes War Tax. Each alumna may apply for only one ticket for Friday evening because of the great demand for tickets on that night, but extra tickets may be requested for Thursday. Money may be sent with the application, or may be paid when securing the tickets on arrival in Northampton in College Hall.

At 5 o'clock of the day of the performance all unclaimed tickets will be sold, unless word is received to hold them later at the box office. The performance begins promptly at 7.30 p. m. The play this year will be "The Yellow Jacket."

Florence H. Snow,  
Secretary, College Hall.

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### PERSONALS

Contributions for this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next issue and should be addressed to Gertrude Fitzgerald, 30 Green Street, Northampton, Mass.

### ENGAGEMENTS.

- '16. Emily Clapp to Hollis Gleason, of Jamaica Plains, Mass.
- '17. Helen R. Pierson to Robert C. Saltmarsh, of Lake Port, N. H.
- '18. Margaret Pattison to Elgin Sumner Nickerson of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## ENGAGEMENTS IN COLLEGE

- '19. Alice Gilbert Smith to William Loomis.
- '20. Barbara Foster to Roger Huntington Sessions, of the Smith College Department of Music.

## MARRIAGES

- '16. Mary Lambert to Major Robert McGowan Littlejohn, U. S. A., West Point, 1912, on July 27, 1918.  
Lucile Rierson to William P. Fay, son of Mrs. George Barr McCutcheon, on March 9, 1918. Mr. Fay is a captain in the 28th Field Artillery in France.
- '17. Estelle Greenberg to Dr. Samuel Goldsmith, on March 17, 1919.  
Olive Nesley to Dr. Alfred Ehrenclou, a Lieutenant in the Medical Corps, U. S. N. R., on March 11, 1919.

## MARRIAGES IN COLLEGE

- '21. Louise Warren Powe to Edwin Hoyt, of New Canaan, Conn., on April 26, 1919. Mr. Hoyt is a 1st Lieutenant just returned from France and sailed for Italy on May 3rd.

## BIRTHS

- '15. To Marion (MacNabb) Lord, a son, Jay Willard, Jr., on Jan. 13.  
To Esther (Eliot) Forbes, a daughter, Esther Harrison, on March 5. Capt. Forbes is still in France "waiting to sail."
- '17. To Anne (Guerry) Perry, a daughter, Anne Guerry, on Jan. 6.
- '06. To Elizabeth Marguerite (Dixon) Clark, a daughter, Elizabeth Dixon, on March 22, 1919. This is her second child. Henry Austin Clark, Jr., is nineteen months old.

## OTHERWISE OCCUPIED

- '14. Katharine Knight has resigned her position as General Secretary of the Smith College Association for Christian Work and expects to sail for France with the new Smith Unit. She will stay this summer and return sometime next fall.  
Ruth Chester is teaching Chemistry and Physics in Ginling College in Nanking, China. She writes that it is "surely a great place to be," and that she is "immensely happy."
- '15. Anne Bridgers sailed early in March for France as a member of the Smith Canteen Unit, under the Y. M. C. A.

'16. Vera Montville is teaching deaf children at the Clarke School, Northampton, Mass.

'17. Marjorie Bates is a psychopathic interne in the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Address: 74 Fenwood, Boston.

Martha Tritch is a Fellow in Art for 1918-19. She has written a play which was produced by the Northampton Amateur Players in February.

'18. Alice Baker has the position of assistant social worker at the Boston State Hospital where she took her practical work after training begun in the summer course at Smith.

Janet (Cook) Kiersted has moved to Missouri where her husband has a position with the Standard Oil Company. Address: Mrs. Wynkoop Kiersted, 631 N. Delaware St., Independence, Mo.

Marjorie Roberts is "banking" at Harris Forbes and Co., in Boston, and giving occasional readings and doing canteen work on the side.

Magdaline Scoville is doing clerical work in the Phoenix National Bank of Hartford.

Margaret (de Rongé) Little has sailed for England with her husband for a two years' business trip.

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Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.



The  
Smith College  
Monthly

1894-1919

June

Owned and Published by the Senior Class

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THE  
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JUNE, 1919

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EDITORS:

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---

\* THE PRODUCT OF THE MILL

ELIZABETH A. MCFADDEN

This play won the John Craig prize for 1911-12 and was produced at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, where it ran for fifty-nine performances.

The story of the play from which the following excerpts are taken, concerns itself with a little boy who at the age of five is stolen from his parents, Ruth and Henry Carman. He becomes a child laborer, and on the death of the man who stole him, is passed from one "dependent parent" to another in the states where parental dependency, being encouraged by the laws, is naturally prevalent.

Carman meanwhile, spending large sums in his frantic efforts to trace his child, pushes his financial resources to their limits of productivity.

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Among his investments is the controlling interest in a cotton mill. To this mill, Carman's son drifts as a doffer boy, now known as Skinny Hinks. Nine years have passed since the child was taken, when Ruth Carman, following a clue under the assumed name of Mrs. Marsden, goes to her husband's mill and finds there—her son, what the mill has made him.

The scenes in the mill begin in Act 2, as follows.

## ACT II

SCENE I. In the Lattavan cotton mills, Lattavan.

TIME: Midnight (*The scene shows a corridor, leading off from the spinning-room at the back of the mill. The roar of the machinery is deafening whenever the door at the back is opened but it is kept shut except when people pass through. As the curtain is raised, nothing is seen but a doffer box full of empty spools and beside it a huddled bundle of rags which gives out sobs. There is a pause for a moment while the sobbing goes on, then the door is opened just wide enough for Betty Hinks to slip through. She is a forlorn-looking undersized girl with a sweet face. Her motions are pathetically weary, yet full of nervous tension.*)

BETTY: Skin!—Skin!—Th' frames are stoppin'! Ye gotter doff. (*a big uncontrollable sob strikes her ear. In a second she is on her knees beside the boy trying to raise him up.*) Skin, honey,—don't cry, what's th' matter?

SKINNY: I'm jes' so—tired—an'—

BETTY: Oh, honey, gimme yer truck—I'll doff fer ye—Gaines ain't round.

SKINNY: (*half-rises*) Wait,—Bets, I'll do hit—

(*At this moment the whistle blows and the machinery slows down and stops.*)

BETTY: R'cess! (*Skinny sinks down weakly hiding his face in his hands.*) Skin,—Skin,—don't cry,—I kain't bear it!

SKINNY: Oh, Bets, Bets, I'm so tired—so tired—so tired.

BETTY: I know you is—honey, I know ye is—rest now—ye got fifteen whole minutes.

SKINNY: So tired—

BETTY: (*taking out a piece of bacon*) Here eat this.

SKINNY: No.

BETTY: Ye don't want that? Ye sick?

SKINNY: (*turning a frightened face to her*) No, I ain't—I ain't sick! Ye mustn't say that!

BETTY: But you must be sick ef yer don't want ter eat that nice chunk er bacon. Why mustn't ye say yer sick, Skin?

SKINNY: Pap sez ye must never let on yer sick—cause—cause—(*his voice drops to a frightened undertone*) ef folks thinks yer sick—they gits hold uv ye and sends yer to er horsepital—and ye don't never git out ergain!

BETTY: They looks kind.

SKINNY: Who?

BETTY: Horses—

SKINNY: They ain't no horse in a horsepital—just folks—an' they do awful things ter ye.

BETTY: How de ye know?

SKINNY: Pap sez' so! An' he sed they'd git me ef I didn't cum up here with him. He sed I mustn't never tell erbout th' horsepital—even ter you!

BETTY: I won't tell, Skin.

SKINNY: I ain't sick, Bets—you won't say I'm sick, will yer?

BETTY: You bet yer ain't, yer powerful husky lookin'.

SKINNY: It wuzn't so awful bad when we worked days,—but nights. Nights—jest seems like I can't keep awake—wifht I didn't never growed up an' be fourteen!

BETTY: Ye hev' ter do hit, Skin,—hit's th' law!—I been fourteen ever since I wuz ten.

SKINNY: I'm jes' so, cold—an' tired—an' dizzy—an—an—skeered uv it!

BETTY: Skeered?

SKINNY: (*clutches her arm*) Bets, I know hit's goin' to git me, too.

BETTY: Skin—what?

SKINNY: Ever sence I saw Pete—git ketched in th' gearin'.

BETTY: (*horror in her face*) Skin!

SKINNY: I've knowed—hit's layin 'fer me.'

BETTY: No, no—oh!

SKINNY: Sometimes, when I goes near them gears, thar whar Pete got ketched, seems like they wuz jes' a-chewin' at me,—an' chewin' at me—an' drawin' me nearer—an' I couldn't keep back—an'—

BETTY: No, no, Skin—ye must keep back. Ye must—ye hadn't ort ter think sech things, that's jest the way Mary Dicer talked 'fore she—(*stops aghast*)

SKINNY: 'Fore she got ketched—she did, she did—hit ketched her—like she knewed it would. I—I dreams of Pete—I keep seein' him—Oh—Seems zif I kain't breathe!

BETTY: Hit's so hot! (*She opens the door and from a little distance comes a rich negro voice singing gaily. Both children stand listening to the sound, their faces brightening with pleasure.*) Listen!—Hit's them niggers down in th' holler.

SKINNY: Oh, I wisht I wuz er nigger—they don't have ter work—like we all.

BETTY: Mammy Sue sez they uster hev' ter work—a long time ago—jest like we all—but sumbody—sumbody—sed they could go free.

SKINNY: Who said so? Gaines?

BETTY: I dunno—I reckon mebby—an' she sed—she sed—they jest riz right up—where they wuz an'—walked out into the sunshine—jest like you an' me'd walk outer that door now!

SKINNY: Gosh! An' nobudy didn't stop 'em?

BETTY: I think sumbody tried ter stop 'em—'cause she sed there was fightin'—but I don't rightly know who fit!

SKINNY: Bets—I'm goin' ter try it—I'm goin' out there now. *I'm goin' ter be free!*

BETTY: You wouldn't dast!

SKINNY: I will—I say I will—I kain't stan' hit no longer—I'm goin'—I'm goin' now! (*He runs toward the door, BETTY clasps his arm.*)

BETTY: Skin—Skin, don't—Pap 'wd ketch ye!

SKINNY: (*with a glance of terror toward the spinning-room*) Ef I stay here—it'll ketch me!

BETTY: Oh Skin, what'll happen to ye? (*With a frantic movement he wrenches himself free of her, fighting wth a desperate access of strength.*) Skinny, the woods is full of hants.

SKINNY: (*Flings open the door but halted at the thought, speaks suddenly with a little cry of pleasure.*) No, look, Bets—th' moon! See—the moon! (*His voice is more confident.*) Look! (*BETTY creeps nearer the door and SKINNY slips an arm over BETTY'S shoulder.*) I ain't never feared in th' woods when she's a watchin'—I pretends—

BETTY: (*eagerly*) What, Skin,—what?

SKINNY: I pretends I'm one uv her folks, too,—an' she's a lookin' out fer me! I'm goin'—Bets—good-bye!

(*Men's voices are heard drawing nearer.*)

BETTY: Hit's Gaines comin' quick! Wait a minute!

(*Enter from the spinning room, Gaines, the foreman of the mill and Buckington, one of the local directors.*)

GAINES: (*as they enter*) That makes two spinnin' frames thrown out.

BUCKINGTON: No, no, give 'em to one of the other doffers. I want to get every machine to goin' and keep it goin'.

GAINES: Well, th' other kids 've all got their work.

BUCK (*to SKINNY*) How many sides have you got?

SKINNY: Three—sir—

GAINES: Auh, I don't want ter work him no harder.

BUCK: Good Lord, man—he's got to work harder—everybody's got to work harder. I've got to keep after you all the time about this thing!

GAINES: Well, I do my best.

BUCK: Best nothing! Last quarter the dividends were behind again—and Carman's been beating the walls with his fists ever since. Now, if this happens again *we get a new foreman, see?*

GAINES: Here, you, Skinny, you doff them frames in th' corner fer tonight an' till I get somebody else.

BETTY: Oh, Mr. Gaines—don't make him work thar—that's whar Pete got—

GAINES: You hush.

BETTY: (*catching her breath*) Skin's so tired.

GAINES: (*harshly to BETTY*) Now you keep out! (*to SKINNY who stares dully at him*) You understand? (*SKINNY nods vacantly and GAINES speaks with sudden rough sympathy*) What's th' matter with you? You don't look very peart someway,—ye sick?

SKINNY: (*with a frightened glance*) No, sir, no, Mr. Gaines, I—I'm powerful peart, sir!

GAINES: Well, you want to watch yourself, now—you run them extra sides and you'll git two dollars more a week.

BUCK: Now let's get back to the office. (*The men go out. The children face each other. There is despair in both their faces.*)

SKINNY: Bets, I gotter tend all them sides—I gotter work harder yet. I gotter work in thet corner where them gears chews at me! (*BETS puts her arm around him but filled with a sudden despairing decision he breaks from her embrace.*) I ain't a goin' ter do it—I'm goin' out—thar!

BETTY: Hit might be better fer you to go.

SKINNY: I—I could run right down to th' nigger's in the holler—ain't it better, Bets—than ter keep on here and git ketched like Pete? (*The whistle blows loudly.*)

BETTY: Yes, yes, go, Skin, go now—go quick—'fore Gaines comes back. You lie low till termorer an' then cum back home, and I'll see ef pap won't take us both erway. (*SKINNY slips out into the night—she stands looking after him and wringing her hands nervously.* GAINES comes back, glancing round for SKINNY. He lays a hand on BETTY'S shoulder. She looks up at him, very much frightened.)

GAINES: (*bawling to drown the noise of the machinery*) Where's Skin?

BETTY: (*pointing off to the left*) He's gone down thar to them end ring frames lookin' fer you!

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE II. (*The interior of the Hinks' cabin, a miserable room decorated only by a large branch of a dead tree, the twigs of which are ornamented with tin cans and scraps of bright rags.* BETTY is asleep on a heap of rags near the window. *From outside comes a low chirping whistle—she does not rouse—then the whistle is repeated—still she does not hear it—then through the window a bunch of scarlet berries comes flying in and falls on her.* She sits up. *The whistle comes again, the bunch of berries lies unnoticed near the bed.*)

BETTY: (*jumping to her feet*) Skin! I'll bet! (*She peers out the window.*) Skin! Skin! wait a minute! (*She runs and looks down the road and goes quickly back to the window.*) Skin—git back quick! Pap's comin' down the road—He's awful mad! I'll call you when he goes! (*She watches the door and through it a second later, enters Hinks, a typical "dependent parent."* He whines when he talks, affects a very religious pose and bullies the children by playing on their nervous fears.)

HINKS: Hes Skin ben here?

BETTY: No, no—no!

HINKS: (*grasping the rags that cover her shoulders and giving her a series of little shakes*) Ef I thought thet you wuz connivencin' with thet little cuss, agin my parental authority an' knowed where he wuz all this time—I'd—

BETTY: No, no pap I don't know, I swear I don't, I ain't seen him—cross my heart.

HINKS: You wait till I see him—an' what I'll do to him'll be a plenty—runnin' erway from his duty. I'll pray a cuss down on him!

BETTY: No, no—pap, don't ye—don't ye.

HINKS: (*sitting on the bed*) I will, he deserves it—children work fer yer parents—thet's what the Good Book sez—How does he s'pose I'm goin' to live on jest what you make? Much you care what happens to me either uv ye!

BETTY: Oh pap—I'll work hard!

HINKS: Gaines sez we've got to find Skinny and put him back er out we git and give this yer home ter folks wot kin put more kids in th' mills. Now ye see what er peck er trouble you two have got me inter'!

BETTY: Oh pap, Skin's so tired-like—jest seems ez though he couldn't git rested!

HINKS: Tired! thet's jest like his ingratitude—I bring you and him up here an' find you a nice job an'—an' implore th' blessin' uv Heaven on ye an' yer both ez ornery, ez though I hadn't done nothin' 'tall fer ye!

BETTY: But Gaines give him them extry frames.

HINKS: Yes, an' it'll be two dollars more a week.

BETTY: But Skin's—Skin's so tired, pap,—he's so tired an' he's afraid—they got it in fer him—them gears—let's go away, pap, let's go away.

HINKS: Go away? Go away from seven dollars a week—an' this? Well, I guess not! I'm goin' to ketch that kid, an' when I do,—*when I do*—I'm a goin' to tell th' Devil all about him. (*He starts away and treads on the bunch of berries—he looks down—stoops and picks them up, holding them so that BETTY doesn't see them—then he puts them in his pocket and turns to her.*) Where you been?

BETTY: I ain't been no place—pap—I ain't been out of the house—I ain't only jes' waked up.

HINKS: You ain't eh? Well, I shouldn't wonder of that Skinny wuz a hangin' round this yer shack this minute—I'll git 'im. (*HINKS goes to the window and BETTY summons her forces to cope with the situation.*)

BETTY: Pap, I'll tell yer where I reckon he's gone.

HINKS: (*drawing his head in the window*) Where to?

BETTY: Heard him talkin' two days ago about er cave in th' swamp over on tother side uv th' mill. I reckon he's there—reckon you'd find him thar ef ye went right erway.

HINKS: Why didn't you tell me this before?

BETTY: I forgot till just now—I—

HINKS: (*starting for the door*) Tother side of th' mill, you say?

BETTY: Yes, sir, way over there—Reckon you'd find him—

HINKS: Reckon I will find him! (*He exits and passes the window. BETTY watches him out of sight and then goes swiftly to the window.*)

BETTY: (*in a low voice*) Skin!—Skin!—(*the chirping whistle comes softly up from below*) Skin!—he's gone off—way down th' road—ye kin cum in! (*She opens the door and a second later SKINNY enters. It is a transformed boy. There is life—fire—spirit in the nervous mobile face—there is a bit of color in his cheeks, and a ring in his voice.*)

SKINNY: (*as he enters in a sort of ecstasy*) Bets,—Bets—Bets!

BETTY: Skin! What's cum ter ye?

SKINNY: Oh, I'm ez happy—I'm ez happy ez er nigger—er a bird—Where's pap?

BETTY: I sent him down the road. I told him you wuz in a cave over in the South Fork swamp—he set out ter git ye.

SKINNY: He ain't never goin' ter git me no more—ye sure he really went?

BETTY: We gotter watch he don't sneak up on ye.

SKINNY: Hit'd be jest like him ter do that—(*suddenly seizing BETTY by the shoulders in a burst of joy*) Oh Bets, Bets, there's places out thar somewherees where there ain't no mills.

BETTY: What ails ye, Skin—ye ain't right!

SKINNY: Oh, it's so good to be free, Bets! Listen! I met up with Clay Kendry out in th' woods. He's awful smart—he kin read and write—he's had schoolin—he's lived in a place where kids *have ter go ter school*—he sez! Think uv anybody havin' ter go ter school! Wouldn't hit be bully, Bets?

BETTY: Hit sounds nice but folks is too tired fer them things.

SKINNY: But ef there wuzn't no mills, Bets, an' ye *had* ter go. Oh Bets, Clay 'n me er got it all fixed up. I'm goin' thar, he's goin' ter show me how and he sez ef I onct git thar the man that runs the place will say I *have* to go to school an' I'd be so happy. Oh, Bets—Bets, don't seem's though hit could be true, does it?

BETTY: No, hit don't, Skin. Hit don't sound no way likely. When are you goin'?

SKINNY: Ternight.

BETTY: How?

SKINNY: Hop th' freight—at th' junction. I got jest an hour—gimme a snack, will ye?

BETTY: I sure will. (*She brings out a loaf of bread and a knife.*)

SKINNY: I wisht I wuzn't goin' ter leave you, Bets.

BETTY: (*making an effort to smile*) Don't mind me, Skin, us wimmin er uster trouble. (*She sets a pot of coffee on the stove, talking as she works.*) Ye ain't hed nothing all day, hev ye?

SKINNY: I had a powerful good feed this mornin'.

BETTY: Where'd ye git hit?

SKINNY: Th' nigger's dog had a big ham bone with meat on it.

BETTY: An' he let yer hev' some?

SKINNY: He didn't even growl! He couldn't a treated me nicer ef I'd been another dog. (*BETTY brings the coffee and SKINNY begins to eat.*)

BETTY: He is a kind feller fer sartin'. (*Raises her head and stands listening.*)

SKINNY: What is it?

BETTY: I thought I heard some one a walkin' along th' road.

SKINNY: Pap?

BETTY: (*looking out the window*) There ain't no sign of him. Skin, let's play Christmas jes' onct—before ye go!

SKINNY: All right, let's. (*Both children run to the tree. SKINNY looks around on the floor.*) Where er them berries—I picked them fer th' tree?

BETTY: Berries? I ain't seen 'em.

SKINNY: I throwed 'em in on ye—they'd ort ter be here. (*While both the children's backs are turned in their search for the berries, HINKS' face and arms appear at the window and the berries come sailing in through it and land on the floor. HINKS' smiles triumphantly at the sight of SKINNY and dodges back out of sight.*)

BETTY: (*turning at the sound*) What was that?

SKINNY: What?

BETTY: I thought I heard—why here are yer berries!  
(picks them up and gives them to him.)

SKINNY: Yes, that's them. (*Fastens them on the tree.*)

BETTY: Jimsey sed he seed er Christmas onct, an' hit wuz different. Hit hed er lot of animals an' a gent in funny clothes—an' er lady wot jumped through er ring.

SKINNY: Auh, that ain't no Christmas. I seen pictures of that, too, onct—that's a—circle!

BETTY: Skin, I believe ye knows jes' plumb everything.

SKINNY: (*modestly with an air of candor*) I know a lot—but—sum uv hit ain't so. I mean not really—truly—cross yer—heart so. I jes' sort uv make 'em up ez I go along—like I do my mother, ye know! (*SKINNY turns to find BETTY listening.*) What's the matter?

BETTY: Hush—I thought I heard sumpin'—!

SKINNY: (*a hunted little animal, speaks in a quivering whisper*) Pap?

BETTY: (*Looking out the window*) I can't see no one.

SKINNY: I better go.

BETTY: Yes, ye better go. (*Starts again and listens*) Seems like I kep' hearin' little noises like summun' walkin' 'round the house—oh hurry, Skin—hurry!

SKINNY: I'm goin'. (*Turns to her with a sudden feeling of affection that he doesn't in the least know how to express*) Oh Bets, ef—I only wasn't leavin' you—could'nt ye go erlong? (*Here HINKS steals unseen past the window, leering evilly in at them.*)

BETTY: Oh, Skin—ef I could—but a lady couldn't never hop er freight!

SKINNY: I'm comin' back when I git rich—ter git ye.

BETTY: (*nervously*) Go now—quick.

SKINNY: (*starts for the door*) I'm goin'. (*exultantly*) He'll never git me now. (*stops near the door.*) Look out, Bets, an' see ef he's comin' erlong th' road! (*BETTY looks out the window.*)

BETTY: No, he ain't even in sight—keep ter th' bushes, Skin—good-bye.

SKINNY: Good-bye! (*He smiles into her face, a pathetically happy little smile—then turns and flings open the door eagerly and there on the threshold stands HINKS. Instantly his great bulk fills the doorway—he is nonchalant, triumphant, chuckling. There is a second's pause then BETTY screams, SKINNY stands speechless, limp and dumb with terror.*)

HINKS: (*reaching out a powerful hand and giving him a little shake*) Run away, will ye—run away?—well, I'll larn ye, ter run away from your duty. I'm jes' goin' ter put ye right back in the mill—an' I'm goin' ter tell th' Devil all erbout ye! (*The curtain is lowered slowly.*)

BETTY: (*finding speech in her terror and surprise*) Oh pap, pap, pap—don't ye do it!—Don't tell th' Devil—let him go—(*her voice rising shrilly*) Let him go!

CURTAIN

### IN A LETTER

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

By all the power that in you lies  
Conjure the pinks in your flower-bed edges  
To keep from winking their closed green eyes—  
Cast spells of dreaming, Oberon-wise  
On the golden buds of the spice-rose hedges—  
Lest I come, long-absent garden lover,  
And only the ripening seeds discover.  
Till I come, will you hold for me Springtime's pledges?

Speak to the poppies that guard your door  
Some sleep-inducing old opiate catch-word  
Coined by Morpheus long before  
And culled from astrology's blackest lore—  
If it's forgotten, try Sesame backward.  
Only that I may old springtimes recover  
Let Time—like a bee o'er your garden hover  
Till I come, and with laughter awake it once more!

## SOLITUDE

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

(Two poems on Etchings by George Senseney)

Color. The wing of a cloud.  
Stillness. The wind at rest  
That cried all day aloud.  
The wood unmoving stands  
Against the topaz west.  
Oh straining wind-torn trees,  
Are you at last quite still  
With the dusk in your hands?  
What is it you descry  
By august lantern-light  
Of planets, where the sky  
Touches the hill?

Souls. Souls that go by  
Tireless. Going home.  
Gray wind-glimmering things  
Through the moon-empty night,  
Gleaming wings,  
Foam  
Of spirits, white, white!  
Past the folding fire  
Of the sunset flying  
Always a mist that blows,  
A silvery shape that goes,  
A vanishing, a crying!

## MOON VOYAGE

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Along the dunes the wind leans low  
Where amethystine shadows flow  
Softly among gigantic trees  
Like tides of sleep about their knees.

Intense and strange the moon sweeps by  
Alone across the hollow sky.  
No cloud, no star, no gray-winged bird,  
Only her breathing sail unheard!

Cleanly her white bow cuts the dark.  
She cleaves the night with never a spark  
Of fiery spray from sun or star.  
I wonder who the sailors are?

## THE HOME COMING

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

When Hugh Mortimer left prison, he had a thoughtful sense of leaving behind him one of the great experiences of his life. In so far, that is, as one can ever leave experience behind.

This did not mean that he was sorry to go. No man is so abnormal and sentimental as to prefer to remain in prison. It was only that prison had given him something of value which he had never found anywhere else.

On the evening before his release, he sat alone in his little cell, reviewing the past year and a half. He could have sat in the assembly-room with the others, but he had grown fond of his cell.

He remembered the day when he had first entered it—dazed, stricken, humiliated, tortured by a double-edged doubt which was the most devastating sword that had ever rent him. Why had he come? Because, on the whole, everything weighed against everything else, he had not dared stay away. He was not sure, he did not see how anyone could be sure; but, since, whatever he did, he had to run some risk of disloyalty, it seemed to him better to run this particular risk than the other. If religion is going to mean anything to a man, it ought to mean everything.

No one had been more surprised than he at the sudden, passionate flaming forth of his Christian loyalty in the early summer of 1917. Of course it had begun to make its presence felt in 1914, and he had wondered about it more or less, in a troubled fashion. But he had not faced it, had not spoken about it to anyone, not even to Margaret Putnam, until America's entrance into the war had brought him to close grapples with it. Then he had had time only to grapple and make his swift decision. No wonder his friends were shocked. He was shocked, himself.

The love of Christ: it was that that had risen so unexpectedly from his heart, commanding him—the love of Christ

as the gospels portray Him, not as ecclesiastical tradition has represented Him. Hugh was a modest person enough, and by nature rather conservative; but when issues seemed to him really important, he always searched and weighed them for himself. Since August 1914, he had read the gospels through many times, and had never succeeded in coming to any other conclusion than that war is incompatible with Christianity. Other people differed from him. That was their affair. For him, there was but one simple meaning to the Sermon on the Mount and to the whole object lesson of Christ's life and death. War was not a Christlike way of dealing with the evils of the world.

But, since war was already precipitated, since here the world was in the thick of it, and the powers of darkness seemed to be contending all on one side: under these uncompromising circumstances, what ought one to do? That was the trouble, the staggering question which Hugh could not answer. In real agony he strove with it as long as the draft board would let him; then took the only course he dared.

His family behaved magnificently. They were gentlefolk, loving and trusting one another, standing loyally each one behind the other's sincerity. There had been some moments of shock, to be sure, of amazed incredulity, and then of expostulation and argument. They had found it hard to believe that Hugh, their son and brother, was going to refuse to serve his country, was going to be that popularly despised thing, a conscientious objector. But they had found it impossible to believe that he was anything but brave and sincere; and after they had reasoned and pleaded with him, they had said, "Very well. You must of course do as seems right to you. We will not make it any harder for you."

His younger brother was the only one who had not quite kept the latter promise. He had not been drafted, but had said at once that, since Hugh was not going, he must take his place. That had been bitter; it had almost overset Hugh's resolution. He had gone white beneath Danny's quiet eyes, and then had glanced at his mother despairingly. But she had understood and had come to the rescue. "Danny," she had said, "be fair, son. You know you would have enlisted anyway."

Margaret Putnam had been fine too. She and Hugh had been friends for years and had become engaged in the autumn of 1916. They were to have been married the following summer. He broke the news to her by letter, that seeming the method kindest to them both, and she did not reply for three days. He always wondered what happened during that period of suspense, and hoped she would tell him some day. But when her answering letter came, it was gentle and sympathetic. Of course, since he felt as he did, there was only one thing for him to do. "I'm sorry," she confessed. "I don't share your scruples, but we'll try not to think too much about that."

They had all been glad of his imprisonment.

"That's right," his father said. "If you hadn't been drafted, you might have gone overseas with the Y. M. C. A. and worked as hard as Danny. But, having been drafted and having refused, you ought to want to suffer the direct consequences."

"I do," Hugh replied, soberly.

A sense of suffering was, indeed, the first solace which his prison cell offered him, the beginning of its mystic ministrations. The judge who committed him and the keeper who received him did not share his family's interpretation of his conduct. Their scorn burned into him. Had he deserved it? He did not know. That was always the worst of his situation: he could never be sure that he was not making a crucial mistake. Only of his motive could he be sure. He knew that, with all his heart, as never before in his life, he wanted not to make a mistake. How much easier it would all have been if he could have gone to the battlefield with the Y. M. C. A.! Too easy, perhaps; not enough suffering. He wanted to suffer. But he also wanted to make someone the better or happier for his suffering, and what chance was there for that in his prison? He settled down to his aimless life with an acquiescent but heavy heart. Then it was that he began to feel the dawning of his great experience.

He could never describe it, could never even bring himself to try. Sometimes, writing to Margaret, he started to hint at it, but always swerved aside. He would have to wait and tell her about it later. It was clear and articulate enough, a light,

a voice; he saw and heard them perfectly. The light stole and grew, flooding his cell with radiance, hushing him into a silence which was full of peace. The voice said things like this—said them with long pauses in between:

"So I surprised you. But I've been waiting in your heart for years. You've always loved me more than anything else."

"No, I'm not going to tell you whether you've done right or not. It has never been my custom to tell everything."

"At least, you've made the biggest sacrifice you could find. That always counts for something."

"Service? Oh, well, we shall see. There are many kinds of service."

"I? Who am I? Why, what a question? After doing all this for me, just on the chance that I might like it, just because, at any rate, you had to do what I seemed least likely to regret. Christ. That doesn't satisfy you? I understand. It never satisfied me either. The Way. Does that suit you better? The Way to what? Ah, come and see!"

It was long before Hugh lost his sense of amazement at these utterances. How could he have gone all his life without hearing them before, since now they seemed so familiar? He could not understand. He only knew that henceforth the Way was the only way for his feet; and his prison cell did not prevent him from travelling fast and far. There was plenty of pain in his year and a half of imprisonment—to its final day he could never succeed in assuring himself that he had not made a mistake—but there was a wonderful, subdued glory in it too. His very uncertainty had its beneficence, for it kept him humble. He had done what he had to do, and he gradually learned to rest on that conclusion.

His family had been good about writing. Reading anxiously between the lines, of their frequent, newsy letters, he had not been able to detect any constraint or any shadow of reproach. He was still their Hugh, the loved and trusted partner of an unusually intimate family life. He loved them more deeply than ever for their sturdy, upstanding loyalty. Margaret's letters he could not judge in the light of any comparison; for, being lifelong neighbors, he and she had seldom

had occasion to write to each other. But they seemed frank and loving. The woman whom one has not yet made one's wife knows of course her own reserves.

And now he was going back to them all. The war was over, his release had come, tomorrow he would be free. His heart beat eagerly. Would they be changed? A year and a half of such intense living is a long time. He thought, as he looked in his shaving mirror, that he was changed a little himself. Surely he had once been not so gray about the temples. How would Margaret look? Ah, Margaret! His heart beat very fast indeed.

But, in the morning, before he left his cell, he kneeled down and hid his face in his hands. Then he went out softly and closed the door behind him.

He had notified his mother of the hour of his expected arrival in the Pennsylvania station; and when he did not find her waiting for him, a cloud came over the wonderful brightness of the incredibly spacious world in which he was free to roam. But he did not allow himself to be hurt. She had surely meant to come; she had been detained.

All the way up from the station, driving through the crowded streets in his taxi-cab, he looked about him with a zest which was so keen that it hurt. How good to be at large and in the midst of his fellows again, how good to be once more taking up the common life! The laughing glance of a newsboy, thrusting a paper in at his window, thrilled him with a sweetness of comradeship such as he had not felt in eighteen months. A policeman, waving him across a corner, gave him a drop of the very wine of fellowship. The baffling problem of war or peace was over, was over. He was going to forget it and fling himself heart and soul into the common interests of the common new day. The very word "common" was inexpressibly dear to him.

As he drew near his home street, he ceased watching the people on the sidewalks and gave his whole attention to the thought of the family circle waiting for him. After all, it was that common life which he had missed most sadly. Splendid as they had all been about accepting his painful divergence

of conviction, the situation had been hard for them. Oh, to ignore, to forget it all now, to think about nothing but the ninety-nine other sympathies which they had in common! It seemed to him that nothing could give him such rapture as to say, "Yes, isn't that so? Yes, of course, I agree with you utterly." Would Margaret be there? She also knew the hour of his arrival.

As he hurried up the steps of the house and let himself in at the door (he had kept his latchkey all this time), he was aware of an atmosphere of excitement about the familiar place. Something unusual had happened or was anticipated. Just for an instant, his heart leaped. If they were preparing festivity for someone, could it be—for him? Then he saw the military coat and hat on the hat-rack and he understood. Danny had come home from France.

Well, that was wonderful news. It explained everything—his mother's failure to meet him, the breathless air of the house, the soft, laughing tumult of voices which, on the opening of the library door upstairs, now came to him. Danny home! He took the flight of stairs in long strides.

At the library door he paused a moment and looked in. There they all were: his mother, tall and serene, with her gentle face which had aged a good deal; his father, also older, but glowing now with pride and happiness; his two pretty sisters, Danny, sturdy and sun-burned, handsomer than ever in his uniform; and Margaret—yes, there was Margaret. He could not speak, emotion choked him; but he held out his hands and stepped into their midst.

A swift, startled silence on their part would not have surprised him; in fact, he told himself afterwards that he had expected that. No one can walk in on a roomful of people without disconcerting them. But this voidlike, persistent hush! What was the matter? He became first frightened and then appalled. They were staring at him—him, Hugh, their own—as if he were a stranger: and no one moved to greet him. Then, flashingly, he understood. They had forgotten all about his return.

His mother was the first to recover herself. "Hugh!" She

ran forward with a soft rush which was not quite like her and folded her arms about him as if to atone for something. That was dear in her, but he did not like to have his mother anything but herself with him. His father came across the room and laid his hand on his shoulder. The girls and Danny and Margaret rallied around him.

People like the Mortimers lose no time in getting themselves in hand when, on some rare occasions, life has found them at a loss. Five minutes later, a stranger, looking in, would have thought them a harmonious family group, gathered about two beloved, recovered sons. But their initial silence had set echoes rolling which could not be ignored; and to poor Hugh it struck the keynote of a new and desolating situation.

He could not doubt that his family was glad to have him back. His mother, in particular, went out of her way to show him little attentions. Perhaps that was partly the trouble. He was not jealous of Danny. Hugh exonerated himself from this enormity as soon as, searching for explanations, he charged himself with it. On the contrary, Danny's limelight position, on this great day of his return, seemed to afford his brother precisely the best of all opportunities for making his way unobtrusively back into the heart of the family life. But even his recognition of this chance and his attempt to seize it, worked disastrously. "Come now, Danny!" he exclaimed at the end of the dreadful first five minutes of his return, "let's all sit down, and do you begin at the beginning and tell us all about it." Danny flushed, and across the other faces flashed a look of distress. For an instant it seemed as if the just routed silence might close in again. Then Danny met the issue frankly. "Why, old fellow, you don't want to hear what I've got to tell."

That was it. Once more Hugh had a swift rush of understanding; and this time, he reproached himself for his stupid lack of anticipation. Of course they must find it hard to believe that anyone who hated war enough to go to prison to avoid it, could want to hear about it. Yet he did want to, quite simply and—so it seemed to him—quite naturally. His heart responded like any other man's to the courage and sacri-

fice and adventure of it. He was thirstily eager for every word that Danny could speak. But he did not try to explain any of this to his family. The less discussion there was about him today, the better for everyone. He simply slid into a chair and leaned back and kept very still, hoping (strange, unhappy hope!) that he would be forgotten and that the great topic of the day would presently have full swing.

He was not disappointed. Little by little, Danny began to talk: and, almost at once, all eyes and thoughts centered in him. His father and mother sat straight in their chairs, hardly breathing in the intensity of their interest; his sisters leaned forward, their chins in their hands; and Margaret's big, grave, troubled eyes rested on him. Hugh was as engrossed as everyone else. He lost not a word of the narrative, and he responded enviously to the ardor of it. What a glorious experience to have let one's self go in such a great, common enthusiasm, rushing with thousands of one's fellows to a reckless destiny! How splendid, once for all, to have tested one's courage and endurance! How, beyond all telling, satisfying to have served one's country as it wanted to be served!

Yet, as he listened, his glance now and then strayed from the eager, young, confident face to the other faces that were bent upon it. They were all so dear, he could not for a moment forget them. He wanted to see what effect the story was having upon them. Pride was the dominating emotion in all their eyes (except Margaret's) particularly in the father's and mother's. They were achingly glad in their gallant boy. Hugh was glad, too. He rejoiced that life had crowned his parents' lot with such a high satisfaction. As he watched the light grow in his father's face, he forgot himself dangerously, and presently made the mistake of leaning forward and crying, "Oh, bully, Danny! That was simply great."

At once he could have bitten his tongue with vexation, for the horrid silence descended again like a thunder-clap. Everyone started. The boyish sparkle went out of Danny's face, leaving it first blank, then constrained and embarrassed. He looked at his brother uneasily. "How I've been running on!" he said. "I didn't realize."

Hugh was stricken. His own face went so white that his mother, once more making haste to recover herself, instinctively put out her hand towards him.

"Go on, Danny," she said, quietly. "You know perfectly well you can't run on too much for any of us."

But the spell was broken. Loyally, they all did their best to restore the flow of the narrative, plying Danny with questions. The constraint persisted, and Hugh soon felt that, instead of Danny, he had become the center of attention—as a boulder becomes a focal point when it obstructs the progress of a stream. What should he do? Again he glanced miserably at his mother.

"I've got to go and see about luncheon," she said; "and, as I don't want to lose anything, I advise you to stop talking and run all the new records through the Victrola."

After luncheon, Hugh took advantage of the excuse that he had forgotten to make any arrangements about his baggage, and went out of the house. But he did not stay long (his baggage be damned!), and, returning, he let himself in very softly and stole on tiptoe up to his room on the third floor. As he passed the library door, he smiled wanly at the sound of Danny's voice going on behind it—on and on, with now and then a swift, staccato interpellation by one of his listeners. All was well there. He had saved that situation.

His room received him gravely. It was full of familiar things and had evidently been well cared for in his absence. There were some flowers on the table. Taking a book from the bookcase, he sat down by the window and tried to read. But he could not follow the meaning of the printed page; his thoughts were all in the room downstairs, where Danny was telling his story and where the people he loved were listening. Had they forgotten him, Hugh, again? He supposed that he hoped so, but his desolation was hard to bear. Two or three times he got up and went to the head of the stairs; then shook his head and came back again.

It was almost dark before there came any pause in Danny's discourse and the library door opened. Hugh held his breath. Yes, someone, his mother, was coming out and was mounting the stairs.

"Hugh!" She stood in his doorway and peered in at him through the winter dusk. "You here? Why, I didn't hear you come back. Don't you want some tea?"

Her voice was very gentle and full of under and over tones which made him want to lay his head on her shoulder and cry like a child. But she did not enter the room, and he understood that she was not willing to recognize his misery or the cause of it.

"Come, dear," she repeated, smiling bravely at him, and turned away.

After tea, he walked home with Margaret. She was very pale.

"You're tired, aren't you?" he asked, gently.

"Yes," she replied, catching at the objective topic. "The doctor says I've worked too hard in my canteen and must have a rest. Mother and I are starting south next week."

"Tell me about your canteen," he suggested. "You haven't written much about it lately."

"Well, you see, I—you—" She shook her head, then made a resolute attempt to tell him about the work which had absorbed her for the last six months. But she did not succeed very well. The details which came from her halting lips were disjointed and perfunctory. Hugh winced.

"You *are* tired," he remarked finally, putting an end to the ordeal.

In the dim outer vestibule of her apartment house, he stood looking down thoughtfully into her face. It was then her turn to wince. But she need not have done so. The last thing he wanted was to recognize this—he did not name it, even to himself. He stooped and kissed her gravely, and she looked relieved. Not to have kissed her would have been a kind of recognition.

Yet, although he had not named it, he thought about it all the way home, walking slowly, with his head bent and his hands in his pockets. What did it mean? Their letters had given him no warning. Had the event been too much for them? Writing, they had been able to choose—and, in a way, compel—their own moods. But talking face to face was a

different matter. Then the chasm that yawned at their feet could not be ignored.

The chasm: thus, after all, he had named it. A year and a half ago he had stepped across a thread of a stream which had widened and deepened until it was now a torrent. All that he loved was on one side, and he was on the other. Their side was familiar and beloved to him; he had confidently expected to rejoin them there. But his side was—. For the first time he let himself realize that no one had asked him any questions during the day. His "Danny, tell me about it," had called forth no corresponding inquiry.

But how was he going to live in married intimacy with Margaret unless he could some time tell her about the light and the voice? How was his mother going to understand unless—? And his mother had always understood everything. Suddenly he was flashingly sure that the whole thing had been a mistake on his part. Yes, now, at last, he knew certainly that he had made a mistake. He ought to have kept with his kith and his kin, sharing their convictions and ardors and purposes. How triumphantly sure Danny was! How sure they all were! That was, perhaps, he thought fleetingly, why they seemed a little hard. But why should they not be right and he wrong? He must have been wrong. If he had his decision to make over again—

Then he paused in his headlong, unhappy meditation and hung poised a moment, while, far within him, the voice, silent now for two days, whispered, "Well?"

"Oh, God!" he responded, "it is anything but well."

"You did it for my sake, however," the voice continued, "and because you trusted me to know the Way. They trusted themselves and one another. That has made them feel very sure; but sureness isn't everything."

That comforted him a little. He went in to dinner; and all through the evening he sat in a corner of the library, holding his breath lest Danny should again remember that he was there.

## TO MY ECHO

FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I sing no more the brook-song, the tree-song?  
I sing no more the tune of the windy hills?  
I have forgotten, perhaps, the storm-song, the sea-song?  
How a red dawn dazzles, and how a blue moon thrills?

—Ah, but my songs! A little gay echo sings them.  
A little gay face comes laughing, stealing my flush of flame.  
I have forgotten no tunes, but the thrush or the thunder brings them  
Perfect and undismayed, for the little gay lips to tame.

I go no more a-dancing and a-glittering?  
I go no more in queer bright garments clad?  
I have forgotten, perhaps, the dreams that the moon sets fluttering,  
Silver and gold and pearl-plumed; delicate, moody, sad?

—Ah, but my dance!—A little gay shadow treads it.  
Green and azure and copper, a little shape leaps, bright-haired.  
I have forgotten no dream, but the star or the sunrise sheds it,  
Utterly young and fearless, with tremulous hot heart bared.

Why should I sing? and why should I dream and desire?  
Not one night will wait for my dream; not one day for my song.  
I am the speechless wood that laughs in the keen young fire.  
O little wayward fire! Burn gloriously! Burn long!

## THE FLEET OFF CASTLE GARDEN

December 25, 1918

DOROTHY HOMANS

Gray of the mist, gray of the sea,  
Gray of the smoke,  
And the wind-tossed snow.  
Gray of the sea-gulls  
As they cry  
To the gray bird-planes  
In the gray of the sky.

Gray of the mist,  
Gray of the sea,  
And the gray fleet rides home  
From a world that is free!

## A CHAPTER ON CHARITY

Being the Adventures of a Plain Citizen  
among the Newspaper People

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Most of my life has been passed in looking away from where the other person is pointing. Perhaps that is why, when I mention what I was looking at, somebody invariably says, "How awfully original! Now how did *that* come into your head?"

I mentioned the fact of my inability to assume the Cook's Tourist attitude to the Seductive Young Person who enticed me into New York the day after Christmas, to see 5283 Poor Children receive 47,387 toys. "Nonsense!" she said, shaking a very modish head at me, "perfect nonsense! It's your Point of View we want. Anything you feel like saying—*anything!*"

So then I began to tell her that she interested me a lot more than the army of boys and girls (all looking very much alike, and all occupied in tying together more presents than any one child could possibly stagger under), that filed monotonously around the walls of the Armory of the 69th Regiment.

You see, I had just met her, personally, and I had never met any of the boys and girls. And though that little fact seems to make no difference whatever to those marvelous people who write for daily newspapers as a business (they have all the—to me—remarkable capacity for feeling floods of emotion sweep over them apropos of any number of people, if the people are all in the same circumstances—they really have! I have seen them feeling the emotions and heard them expressing them,) it *does* make a difference to me. I simply cannot feel anything about 5,283 children. I tried, and tried hard, but in the language of a tall boy of fourteen with three brothers, who drew two tea-sets and a set of parlor-croquet because the skates and sleds were gone, there was "nothin' doin'."

So I told the Seductive Young Person this, and I recommended her to call it off, as far as I was concerned, and to get

one of the marvelous Newspaper People before-mentioned to write about the Children, because they had the feelings and they knew how. And again she said, "Nonsense!" You know all about Children. That's why we asked you."

"Isn't that what you write about—Children?" a Young Newspaper Man asked me sternly. They were four to one, and I felt as if I ought to produce certificates of some kind. But I wasn't really frightened, because there were so many policemen about. (Charity seems to require so many policemen!) So I looked him firmly in the eye and answered, "No. I don't write about Children: I write about children. Only about one at a time. Never about 5,283." And he, too, said "Nonsense!" In fact, all the Newspaper People I met said "Nonsense!" to me, at one time or another, or looked as if they wanted to. And this was odd, because everything that I said, then and afterwards, was sensible and obvious to a degree. Only it didn't seem to strike the Newspaper People because they were so busy with their feelings.

For instance: "Just look at their faces," said the oldest one to me (and he was barely forty; are there no Elderly Newspaper People? Or are the elderly ones uncharitable? Or are they old enough to have children, instead of feelings—about—children?)

"Look," said the oldest one, "at their faces. Doesn't it make you feel awfully sad to think that if it hadn't been for Us and Our Dinner for them yesterday, all this line of Children might have had only a—a crust, say, and a drink of water? That might have been their only Christmas!"

"A crust?" said I.

"A crust of bread," said he. Just as a young man in a magazine story might have said it.

And then I did what I always do: I looked away from their faces, where he pointed, to their feet, where he didn't.

"Look at those feet!" said I.

"Feet? feet?" said he.

"Yes," said I, "feet. I don't know how many pairs of children's shoes you ever purchased, but I have purchased many, from size 0, width B, up to size 9½, width E, and I know what

they cost. To my sorrow. The eight pairs of feet within the range of my eye are with absolutely no exception well shod. The soles are thick and whole, the uppers are not grey and rubbed, but black (and not fresh-polished, either), the buttons are all there and the laces are unbroken. If the parents who can provide their children with shoes like that feed them on crusts and water, all I can say is, they distribute their household expenses in a curiously disproportionate manner:"

"Well . . . well . . . I never thought of that," said he.

"It is surely quite obvious," said I.

"Why, you're awfully cynical, aren't you?" asked the Youngest Newspaper Man. "I thought you'd be sentimental."

"Did you? why?" said I.

"Well, er, you write about Children, you know," he said (of course, he was young—I think I mentioned it?) and so I tried to be easy with him. He was so attractive that it was easy to be easy with him, anyway.

"Yes," I said, "I *do* write about children, and I suppose if I stopped there, I *should* be sentimental about them. The people who stop there usually are. But you see, I *have* 'em. So I'm not."

"You have 'em?" said he.

"Children," said I.

"Ah, yes," said he, vaguely, "yes."

"But then," I added apologetically, "I have only three. And I had them one at a time. Never 5,283, and never—oh, never!—all together!"

"Well, I never thought that *you* would take that attitude," said he sadly, "*we* are usually supposed to be the—the *unsentimental sex*."

"Supposed by whom?" said I, pityingly.

"Why, by everybody, aren't we?" said he.

"Not by anybody I ever met," I assured him, kindly, "you are the only sex that I ever saw that has time to be sentimental."

Then I knew that he was going to say something about my original way of looking at things (I tell by their eyes) and I hastily forestalled him.

"O lots of people know that," I said, "really. Lots. Didn't you ever read Bernard Shaw?"

"I'm reading *Candida* and *Arms and the Man* for the third time," he cried, enthusiastically, "and, do you know I'd rather read them than see—"

"Of course. But *Caesar and Cleopatra* is the one for that," I began, and then, just as I really *was* getting interested, the older Newspaper Man came sternly up and shoved him away.

"Come, come," he said, "she isn't seeing the Children, and she's got the story to do, yet. You know, she's not used to having it in on time. Do you write your stuff quickly?"

"Oh, yes, very," I answered, pettishly, "that is, I don't know. Probably."

"Because we can do it in any kind of noise," he said, "and if you could, you could sit on that box, there—"

"O yes, write it on that box," cried the Young Newspaper Man.

But I didn't. I didn't, because if I had sat on that box with one of the Young Newspaper Men on either side (as they were kind enough to suggest) we should have been talking about Bernard Shaw and football—the young one "covered" football games beyond anything in that line in the city, the Seductive Young Person assured me—and a lot of things we knew something about. And we were there to talk about the Children.

Now came the Man who was Managing It All and fixed me with his eye.

"We weren't getting on at all," he said, firmly, "I can see that. I am sure you'll be interested, if you only get the right point of view. You can't help it. Now you come with me and I'll take you on a kind of sample trip and you imagine you're a Poor Person ("It's not necessary to strain my mind at all, for that" I suggested) and you stop with me at every table and get your check signed and a present, and then pass out and get your carfare, and then you'll see how it works."

"Y—yes," I said, feebly, "I'll see how it works," but I went slowly along in his wake, because I felt horribly bored. And all the Newspaper People were worried.

I wanted to talk to them like this:

"My dear people, is it possible that you don't realize that all the mechanism of giving 5,283 children 47,387 toys is perfectly obvious at a glance to anyone possessed of the faintest executive ability? Don't you realize that it couldn't be done any other way? Don't you realize that anybody who has been engaged for ten years in writing fiction can imagine this sample trip without leaving home? Do you suppose that I care how many dolls' sad-irons you bought for this occasion? (They all stuck lists of the 47,387 assorted gifts into my muff, at regular intervals, in the hope that it would work on my feelings.) All that interests me is why sad-irons are called sad, and just as I got into a really meaty discussion of this, you dragged me away! All that interests me in taking the trip with the Managing Man is the chance to talk to him,—and he won't! He is too busy shooing away the mothers and sisters of the Children and telling them (just as *they* begin to be interested) to go away now, because he is busy with this lady!"

"I supposed it would be like the poverty in Dickens, and it is merely a lot of young foreigners who have looked for Bread and Circuses for many generations; who have come to the country which makes a boast of having eliminated Bread and Circuses because of good wages and work for all; whose parents now have the Bread—and teach them to expect the Circuses into the bargain! If they're not really young Americans (and all that this implies) why should they be here? If they are really young Americans (and all that this implies) why should they stand in this line, replying meekly to the impertinent questions of Charitable People, and take your darned presents? When I was a Young American, I'd have seen you further, if you handed me a tin aeroplane and a tea set and told me to answer the kind lady and tell how much you had for dinner!"

But I didn't say it. I hinted at it, and one of the reporters said, darkly, "Why, you're quite a socialist, aren't you?" and so I stopped.

And, anyway, it would have sounded as if I hated to see children get Christmas presents, and that would be idiotic, wouldn't it? Of course I don't. But the fact remains that I

wasn't thrilled and I wasn't touched. And I haven't been, since.

The Seductive Young Person came running to me just as I was wondering why I wasn't thrilled and touched, seized me and drew me breathlessly toward a little Jewish girl with the usual good hat, coat and shoes and the usual healthy color.

"There!" she said, eagerly, "Listen to this one! Isn't this too pathetic! She says she will enjoy these presents because she doesn't get any, now. (Didn't you say so, little girl?) I asked her why, and she said she used to get them but now her father was dead, and so she didn't. (Isn't that so, little girl?)"

The little girl nodded cheerfully.

"Sure, lady," said she.

"There!" and her big hat-pins trembled, "there! Isn't that touching?"

"I suppose it is," I said, clammily, "of course, it *must* be. But I can see plainly that I should never have been worth much to a Newspaper. It doesn't seem to work on my feelings the right way, somehow. Of course, I know it's all wrong and that I ought to be sobbing all over the place, but—I'm not."

"Nonsense!" she said, placidly, "don't you want an aeroplane? or those darling tin ducks? I *must* have one! Wouldn't you love one? You may take one, I'm sure."

"I haven't any place to put it," I demurred, feebly.

"But don't you just *love* it?"

"No," I said, finally, "I don't. At the risk of seeming awfully cynical and socialistic and original and cold-hearted, I don't. I've seen so many of them, you see. I've been buying toys for many years, now, and I often go where they are sold. I don't get so wrought up over them. The same way with children."

"Oh, you are too absurd!" she said, pleasantly. "Just the same, children must be fun. I love little kiddies myself, you know. Really. But—I don't know—they must be . . ." (here she assumed the air of one evolving an epoch-making, speculative theory) "a—a great *responsibility*, don't you know!"

"I believe that has been suggested sometime, somewhere," I agreed. "There's a great deal to be said for the idea."

And then it flashed over me all at once. That was what made them so much alike, the Newspaper People, and so different from the rest of us—they all went about thinking in Greatest Common Denominators! Unless a thing was a Headline, so to speak, they couldn't read it. Everything was divided into compartments in their heads, labeled "Funny," "Pathetic," "Christmas," "Children," and if, in the familiar advertisement terms, you pressed a button, they did the rest. A well-trained, capable Newspaper Person would inevitably think the same thing, given certain conditions. No wonder everything in a newspaper sounds alike. It was as clear as glass to me, and I shall never again marvel why it is that I would quite as soon read the same paper every morning.

And so, though as a Charitable Observer I was a conspicuous failure, (my only suggestion being that a pretty young lady in a well-tailored broadcloth suit and at least six dollars' worth of elaborately arranged false puffs could hardly require very heavy subscriptions of china tea-sets from her affectionate fellow-citizens) the day was richly worth while from my point of view. It is not pleasant to feel oneself a sort of combination Scrooge-and-Marley, but it is delightful to realize that wherever there is a great city and a great daily newspaper in it, there will be Mississippis and Niagaras of sentiment, flowing as fast as printers' ink over all the dry places of this queer world of ours!

LINES WRITTEN IN HOLLOWAY GAOL, ENGLAND, 1912

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

Oh it is April and arbutus wakes  
To extasy!  
Anemone  
Hath blossoming starred her way round wooded lakes!

The nightingale that haunts the cypress groves  
Beneath Ravello's citron-scented steep  
Bids the slow dawn with music magical  
Draw near and smite with flame the azure deep—  
With flame transcendent smite the azure deep!

A robin from the yard at break of day  
Through barred windows no less joyously  
Summons the drowsy prisoner from sleep!  
While green above the stone-paved prison yard  
Spring's dauntless sentinel there set on guard  
Backward and forward exquisitely moves!

Oh it is April and arbutus wakes  
To extasy!  
Anemone  
Hath blossoming starred her way round wooded lakes!

The pigeons on Perugia's sky-kissed wall  
High-hung in the blue haze toward Tuscany  
In no more lyric accents plead their loves  
Than these soft-throated ones which sound their call  
Across the chimneied roofs of Holloway!  
While green above the stone-paved prison yard  
Spring's dauntless sentinel there set on guard  
Backward and forward exquisitely moves!

## THE PUPIL RETURNS TO HIS MASTER

FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

It is because they troubled me  
I am come back to you.  
They would not leave my eyelids free  
To stare at the noon's high blue.

They would not let my ears escape  
Their clack and clamoring.  
They would not let my dreams take shape  
To one clear lovely thing.

But they were kind; and hurting seems  
A childish hatefulness . . .  
All that I need now are my dreams,  
Quiet and comradeless . . .

Oh, I will work my hands to bone,  
And sew my lids with thorns,  
For you, who leave me all alone  
As the moon's polished horns!

Oh, I will serve you like a slave,—  
Because you know that I  
Must keep alone, alone, to save  
The soul you taught to fly!

## CHANGE

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

I know you, know your wise and lovely face,  
And I have felt your deft and supple hand  
Whose touch can make such difference in the planned  
Familiar ways of my soul's dwelling place.  
Love has great fear of you and likewise grief—  
Close-clinging grief that grudges earth her own;  
Breathe on them once and their dominion's flown  
For you are ageless and their span is brief.  
Oh, fairest of Time's daughters—potent Change—  
Life finds in you her wisest, gentlest friend.  
We mortals know not where to make an end,  
But you—with spells forever new and strange—  
Round off our joy into a sphered perfection  
To light the altered way with soft reflection.

## GLORY

ADA ELIZABETH HERRICK

September in Chantilly. Pink wild cherries in thorn hedges, thickets of golden broom, whirring russet pheasants, sparkle of waters, rustle of woods, and the faint, far tinkle of cowbells, where little Anotou, old Caspar's granddaughter, warded back the herd from the edge of the forest. A tang in the air, a sparkle as of wine—the golden wine of poplars overspanning the gay little Nonette, the red Burgundy of beechleaves where the forest rises steeply from the meadow.

But there was something in the air beside the wine of autumn, something besides its quickening pulse in the passers up and down the narrow street—a subdued excitation, a restless expectation that kept half the populace going and coming between market and inn and brought the other half to their doors, when a cart drew heavily out of the woods and came rattling, with speed accelerated, downhill into the village. What news?

From the inndoor, before which the cart stopped, came a great shout, "Vive la France!" The marketplace caught it up. And across the distance little Anotou, hearing, mounted a beechroot and shrilled, too, waving both sunburned arms. But as the shouts rang from one end to the other of the winding street, away up to the castle ruins at its head, silence fell on the group at the inndoor. Old Caspar was speaking. Faces with the mark of years and wisdom, beardless young faces, turned expectant.

"Sedan!" he said and brought his one hand—the other had gone in the emperor's service a half century before—down on the bench beside him with a crash that shook the stout oak. "War in full blast in France! This is where your plebiscite led to—to Sedan! But who saw it then? Who but the old soldiers voted 'No'? Yet why accuse anyone? The people voted, knowing 'Yes' to a Napoleon spelled 'war'. After all, war is no such terrible matter! Drums sound, troops parade,

the tricolor waves, the guns of the forts salute, the band crashes into the *Marseillaise*. Certainly the grand army has but to show itself to the Prussians and, behold!—panic, rout, spoils, victory, blood, glory, bah! . . . .

Ah, well, sons, you are young! War loves the young! Flags wave. Drums beat. The general rides by. The blood rushes to your hearts and foreheads. Eyes and spirits kindle. You think your brother, marching away in the dusty column, will come riding home, a colonel, a general, a marshal, even, of France. So dream the young! So dreamed Pierre Fournier and I that September day, full, like this of life's wine, when we, too, marched away from the marketplace into the forest. On the edge of the wood I looked back. The sun had gone under a cloud. Gray, gray wound the village street up to the war-ruined castle. Sombre as a widow in mourning looked Chantilly, for all the waving tricolor and the crowd in the street. At my own door I saw the gray head of my mother, close beside it the bright hair of Eloise, Pierre's sister, the arm of the daughter she had promised me to be to her around my mother's waist. Then I saw no more, for the smooth beech-trunks ran together before my eyes in a great stain of red. Pierre, I think, had not looked back at all. When I could see again through that mist in my eyes, his face was set straight before with a rapt look, as if he followed not so much the officer at the column's head as some distant beckoning spirit—la gloire, perhaps—so near to see, so far—ah, God!—to reach.

We had been trained for war, Pierre and I. We had sat in the cottage chimney-corner, storming over again with his father the castle yonder and following with him the little corporal over the Alps. A republican, Monsieur Fourier yet worshipped the emperor. The emperor would bind Europe together, a United States, himself life-president. That was what Monsieur Fournier wanted, so he convinced himself that was what the emperor wanted, too. A great picture—France stretching from the ocean to the Caucasus—perhaps to that other ocean, arbiter of the earth. A great picture! I have contemplated it in the fire on Monsieur Fournier's hearth, while his big voice boomed through the cottage like a heavy

gun. I have seen it in Pierre's eyes and the pretty sparkle of Eloise's, as she brought cakes and wine and put in a woman's word.

'Are not we French? Shall France have any boundary save the emperor's will? As for me, I shall marry a grand marshal—' here she smiled at me—a smile most bewitching, most tantalizing—'who is brother-in-law to another marshal of France, for our Pierre, too, must wear the cordon and carry a baton for the emperor. *Vive Napoleon! Vive Maréchals Cartier et Fournier! Vive la France!*' And she twirled on her heel a flutter of light skirts, curls, and laughter, holding the flagon high without spilling a drop.

'But Eloise,' I ventured, one night, the thought heavy on my heart, 'to do all this many thousand men must die.' But she turned on me her eyes' sparkle sharpened to a sword-flash, and stamped the little feet that had danced.

'It is glorious to die for one's country!' And Pierre took up her word, his face like one inspired.

'It is to live! As for me,' his rapt face lifted higher, his glance soared. He looked like Michael, the archangel, in the cathedral windows at Compiegne. Almost I could see him leading celestial armies, 'what is my life beside the glory of France?'

And Pierre's mother was as bad. She sent him away with a blessing on his head to slay the Prussians—or be slain by them! And Eloise tiptoed, smiling, before our door in the village street, bringing back the sunshine where she stood, cheering and waving the flag in her hand.

I talk of the Fourniers. But all France was the same. The villages we passed through were *en fete*. All bade us fight for the emperor. All save in Senlis. We were halted in the sunny cathedral square. An old priest came from a porch and gave us his blessing—

'Not for war—for peace! My sons, slay as few of your fellowmen as you can, yet save France and yourselves!' Whereon some conscripts cried out on him for a traitor, but he answered us mildly.

'No. I am a Christian.'

He was still standing there under the lime trees, when I looked back, in a halo of our dust. I carried his picture with that of my mother as we came out on the bleak champagne, whose sun-smitten, wind-withered pastures and fields of scanty crops looked as if the breath of war had already seared them. Over all the wind rushed and soughed with a sound indescribably mournful. Pierre lifted his head like a horse smelling powder.

'Listen, Caspar! That is how a little sounds in the distance, sweeping nearer, swelling, breaking in one grand tumult of sound!' I shuddered, the more as we were entering a wood. Thorn and acacia, oak, beech and hornbeam gloomed above our heads. Pale sprites of moonbeams glided between tree trunks. I felt the forest terror, I—forest-bred here in Chantilly! The shadows clutched my throat, darkened my eyes. My heart beat with the dull boom of a gun in my ears. Then the woods lightened to a scantier growth. Ahead twinkled the lights of outlying hamlets. Streets grew steeper, houses taller. Breathless, panting, we climbed into the market-square of Compiègne. Next morning we were sent post to Rheims. Here was bustle, excitement, the hot breath of war fanning the cheek. I forgot my terror. The martial music, the sound of guns that killed nothing lifted the heart. We were drilled here four weeks, then sent up the Rhine to Würtzburg, where we first saw the emperor. Along our front swept a whirlwind cavalcade. I caught but a glimpse, among the glittering uniforms and haughty looks of the staff, of a pale still face and a pair of eyes of the gray of steel and the blinding flash of it that singled me out. I shouted with the rest, '*Vive l'empereur!*' and for the moment wanted nothing but to die for him—for that single flash of his eyes! That night over the campfire I cooled somewhat, for every other man of the Tenth Hussars thought the glance was for him!

At Würtzburg we heard of the Prussian treachery. Berlin's troops were in Saxony, while still she talked peace. She had meant to take France by surprise, but we were first at the Rhine. Berlin was furious. She presumed to set a date for the emperor's retirement. All the army knew the emperor's reply.

'We will be punctual to the appointment. On the 8th, we shall be in Saxony!' All the army applauded his proclamation.

'If it is not Paris they would destroy, it is our allies' capitals. Soldiers, there is not one of you who would return to France by any other way than that of honor!'

So where there was fear before in my heart, as we neared the Prussians there was only rage. Moreover, to keep up my spirit, such a one as Pierre rode at my side, save that Jean Jacques talked less of dying for France than of going back home with honor, as the emperor had said. But first we must go to Berlin! I felt so, too, only I remembered the Uhlans, terrible horsemen, barred the way. They were there in the way when we first saw the Prussians on the plain before Saalfeld—a splendid, a terrible sight—so many banners, so many men, so many guns!—and the Uhlans wheeling in clouds on their flanks! Marshal Lannes, whom the emperor had sent ahead through the pass, had but half his own corps to fight a whole army, but he attacked.

There arose a melée,—the roar of guns from the heights behind, the answering thunder from the plain, the crackle of musketry, the clangor of steel meeting steel, the horrible outcry of war-crazed men meeting men. The Prussian infantry broke in disorder. Prince Louis should have retreated. Instead, he sent forward his cavalry. Our officers swept along our front, the marshal among them. We could see the orders glittering on his breast, the crimson sash of the Legion of Honor. A sickness came over me. I saw through the rolling smoke Eloise dancing in the firelight, the brimming flagon in her hand. We were to return with the cross, the red ribbon, the eagle-marshal of France! Ah, God! if that field were to be crossed, how many of us all would come back?—how many to Chantilly? Our general drew his sword.

'Tenth hussars! For France and the emperor! Forward! Charge!'

The bugles sounded. Behind us the infantry drums beat. *Ma foi!* I scarce heard them for the beating in my throat, steady, like the throb of a giant pulse. We charged. The

horses swallowed up the meadow. With a trample, crash and shrilling cry of man or beast or both made one, the shock came. The ground shook. The green meadow swam. The air rocked in waves, out of which looked the faces of men, blankly starting in the death agony, frozen with horror, fierce with blood-lust—or was it but the reflection of our own faces in war's mirror?—was it the beast in ourselves that glared into our furious eyes? I saw nothing more on that ride across the field and back—for at first the Uhlans forced us back—except, under my horse's hoofs, a little white flower like those in our meadows here in Chantilly. I swerved, not to trample it,—little French flower in a German field! *Mon Dieu!* thought I, if the flowers are sisters, in whatever field they grow, are not men brothers, French and German? *Nom de Dieu!* that they should kill one another! Something red lunged between my horse and Jean Jacques' and lay by the white flower—a red flower of battle. I had bent over with sabre unlifted, but I did not strike. No doubt I killed men in the frenzy of battle; but not that man! He stumbled to his feet. The red line swept by him.

We turned, then, and drove them. The shells whistled through our ranks like the wind over the champagne. Sabres clanged. Carbines cracked. Men and horses fell. We cared not. We drove them—sent them flying over the field into the marshes of the Schwartzza. A young officer, his uniform ablaze with decorations, tried to rally them. They were spurring to him by fives and tens, when Jean Jacques pointed him out.

'The Uhlans' general! He must be taken or die. Comrades, follow me!' With a shout, he spurred at them. We followed, we of Chantilly and a score or so more. We surrounded the general. We killed two of his aides. Handsome, high, disdainful, he fought with a smile on his face till he saw fight was useless, then put spurs to his horse and tried to escape by riding through us. His horse became entangled in a hedge. Jean Jacques rode up to him.

'General, surrender!' With that same high, disdainful smile, the general lunged at him with his sword. But the

sabre of a hussar is long. Blood gushing from his breast, Jean Jacques leaned over his horse's neck and drove the point home. The Prussian fell. A cry of horror rose from his followers. Dismounting, they gave up their swords and gathered round with bared heads. Our general came up. He spoke with the Prussians, then uncovered his own head. Surgeons hurried up and knelt by the Prussian general. No one looked at Jean Jacques!—he was only a hussar that had saved the French army! And this was glory! I tore the sleeve from my shirt and thrust it into the hero's wound to stanch the bleeding.

The surgeons rose.

'His Royal Highness is dead,' I heard one say. But Jean Jacques still breathed. I plucked the surgeon's sleeve. So, when they carried off the Prussian prince, they took up also the wounded French soldier. I had told the surgeon, others the general. The latter spoke to Jean Jacques.

'My brave fellow, you shall have the cross.'

My sons, it was terrible to see the light that broke over his convulsed face. I turned my own away. The cross! Ah, bah! so little for so much!

Four days later Jena was fought. A fearful battle! By the sound and glare of it, the bitter cost of it, Saalfeld was a skirmish. Multiply Saalfeld tenfold and you have faint conception of Jena. Multiply men, guns, the roar, the smoke hiding the sun, groans and shrieks, the quaking earth and rent air all the convulsion of battle. Then headlong flight, fierce pursuit! Add to this darkness settling over the plain—darkness lurid with bursting flames, here a flare, there a column of fire,—a horrible, demoniac sight, with soldiers black against the flames like so many fiends, running through the streets, pursued and pursuers. Darkness and firelight, bursting shells, panic and outcries, trample of horses, shots and thrusts in the streets. I went down under one of them, hot with rage at the devil who shot me. Black night came up and wiped out the glare and the rage. . .

When I came to myself, I lay on straw in a church. All around me were wounded. Some one spoke my name. It was

Jean Jacques. He lay on the straw beside me. He was dead all but his eyes. They still lived—to look on the cross!

'Is it thou, Caspar? Has the emperor come?'

And thereafter, every few minutes, he asked the same question, his voice each time weaker. I thanked God when I could answer,

'The emperor has come.'

It was night again. Lanterns twinkled like stars in the dimness of the place. Napoleon came down the aisle, officers and surgeons behind him. The whole groaning place held its breath after the first salute. All who could raised on elbow. The emperor came slowly, stopping here and there to give the cross. An orderly read the names from a list.

'Edouard Demorest of Chantilly, 10th Hussars, for gallantry at Saalfeld.'

'Louis Patnaude, of Chantilly, 27th Light, for capturing a flag at Jena.'

Then they came to Jean Jacques. After the name the officer read something else in a low tone. The emperor took snuff. Into the waiting eyes came a strained look. Jean Jacques struggled to speak, all the last life of him gone into the clutching hand. Yes, he put out his hand—he. Jean Jacques of Chantilly, hussar of the 9th, and seized that of the emperor of France, dragged him down.

'Sire,' he said thickly, 'the general would not surrender. He was rallying his troops. We were few, sire. I did not know him for the prince, yet, had I known, I should still have killed him, for France and victory. Sire, permit me to go back to France with honor, as you said.'

The emperor knelt on one knee. He spoke slowly, distinctly. His keen eyes, looking into those dying eyes, saw that his words must travel far.

'Listen, my friend! I have written France, "The first blow of the war has killed one of its authors." Think no more of the prince. For yourself—it seemed that still face could smile, for across it now played a warm radiance—"the cross!" He bent lower and himself pinned it on Jean Jacques' breast. The orderly read on.

'—respectfully recommended to your Imperial Majesty for promotion.'

The emperor shrugged.

'He needs no promotion,' he said and would have risen, but that Jean Jacques, still holding him, strove to rise, too, '*Vive l'empereur!*' struggling with the blood gurgling from his lips in one inarticulate, bubbling cry. Napoleon supported him. In that frightful hemorrhage, the wound in the breast, too, opened. The blood of the hussar gushed over the emperor's hand.

There was a smile on the blood-stained lips. More beautiful than ever were the beautiful eyes, their pupils dilated, the brown iris golden, over all a superhuman dazzle, as if, though fixed on the emperor's face, they saw an apparition beyond belief greater, more awe-inspiring—God, my sons? or la gloire! I say not, only I saw one bloodless hand touch the cross on the ensanguined breast as it should touch, in the supreme moment, the crucifix.

The Emperor Napoleon laid down his burden and rose, the pride of a leader of men in his flashing eyes.

'Brave boy!' he said. 'He has gone back to France with honor. Through him and all like him France will live forever!'

A surgeon's assistant brought a tin basin, with apology for its base metal, and the emperor washed his hands, quite naturally, as if he were rinsing off the stains of travel and not the blood of a man who had died for him. The assistant carried the basin to a window and threw out the water on a rosebush against the wall. The sight turned me sick. It seemed a terrible thing that the blood of Jean Jacques should have been brought from Chantilly to fertilize a German rosebush. I closed my eyes and heard as in a dream the emperor say,

'Take me to the next!' then my own name read out.

I had been near fainting. Surprise brought me back. When my eyes opened, they looked into the eyes of the emperor and I forgot all else in wonder. Piercing, those eyes, yet not sharp, kindly, almost gentle, with a pleasant light in them, one would say, of humor.

'What!' he said—'also of Chantilly? Are you all heroes in Chantilly?'

I raised my uninjured arm in salute.

'Sire, we are all Frenchmen!'

The emperor smiled and fastened the cross to my breast.

'Good! Caspar Cartier of Chantilly!' He turned to a surgeon. 'Can this man travel?'

'In a day or so. By easy stages. Yes, sire.'

'Then we will send him post to Chantilly.' He turned back to me. 'You shall carry the cross to Chantilly. And you shall say to your townsmen, "Thus the Emperor Napoleon honors the brave!"'

He passed, surgeons, officers, aides at salute. And as the square-set, gray-coated figure passed down the aisle, ghastly bandaged forms that were men struggled up from the straw, weak, gasping, choking voices cried '*Vive l'empereur!*' and hands raised in salute that fell back, some of them, in death. As for me, I could not see through my tears.

Thus the Emperor Napoleon honors the brave!' Aye, and thus he *did* honor them, for, at the door, he turned back and himself saluted,—he, the great emperor, a simple soldier's salute to the living heroes and the dead. Then, oh, the frantic acclamations, the tear-broken, joyful sobbing acclamations! '*Vive l'empereur!* ah, *Vive l'empereur!* *Vive la France!*'

Of the return to Chantilly, why should I speak? With a heart like lead in my breast I came out of the forest into the russet meadow. I looked at it out of a dream—a horrid dream of thunder, sulphurous flashes, rattle of musketry, clash of sabres, curses, groans, shrieks, and thick and ever thicker, the rolling, choking smoke.—A far cry from the budding youth in this peaceful meadow to its red flowering on the Saxon battlefield! At the market place a crowd had gathered.

Ahead pearl-gray, sunlit, peaceful, wound the village street. How rumor travels, no man knows, but she had preceded me through the forest. The emperor had decorated Chantilly. The village was to have the cross! I was lifted from the cart and borne to the church steps. Here was the mayor. I gave him the cross and my colonel's letter and repeated the emperor's message. The people went mad.

I pleaded my wound, my weakness, and turned from the rejoicing with a sick heart. It was not mine to tell them. It was all in the colonel's letter, which the mayor had begun to read. As I went towards my mother's cottage—I had missed her face in the throng—Eloise flitted from the edge of the crowd and caught my hand. She was more beautiful than ever, but her spirit was the same. A vivid, glorious being, aglow with passion, exalted with patriotism, she was herself Chantilly! She was France! Nay more! She was Victory incarnate!—or that elusive, beckoning spirit, Glory, for the lure of whose smile, for the light of whose eyes, I had seen men die.

'Ah, but Caspar,' she cried, 'war is glorious! Behold what France has done! What Chantilly! They say but for the men of Chantilly, for you and Pierre and the rest, we had lost Saalfeld, and had we lost Saalfeld, we should have lost Jena. Oh, men of Chantilly! Heroes of Chantilly! Your town salutes you!' And rising on tiptoe, she kissed the battlescar on my cheek. She was wonderful, yes but—God forgive me if I was less patriot than she!—behind her I saw the dim lights in the hospital at Jena and Jean Jacques fall back with a like smile on his lips.

'Ah, but,' I said, the vision heavy on my heart, 'there was one of us killed—one from Chantilly!'

Through that smile in her eyes came a quick gleam of pity, then they smiled again, proudly, contemptuously. The contempt was for me.

Thou wast ever a marjoy, Caspar! Certainly it is very sad, but since in war many thousand must die for France and the emperor, shall Chantilly grudge one of her sons? And since it is neither thou nor Pierre, and since thou hast come back wearing the cross, and Pierre—surely Pierre, too, won the cross?

I 'was ever a marjoy,' but I could at least tell her that. She gave me another kiss for my news and flitted away. She would miss none of war's glamor! She had not seen blood flow like water, nor that red water flung out of window—precious drops every one—on a German rosebush!

My mother sat on her hearth, her rosary between her fingers. When she saw me, she first thanked God, then she asked after Pierre.

An hour later, when the sun had set, I went to the Fourniers. Outside, in the square, bonfires were blazing, people cheering, children and young girls dancing and singing the Marseillaise. All doors stood open to the smoky air and the sounds of jubilation—all save one. What had come over the Fourniers that their door should be closed? What had come over them that the old revolutionist should crouch in the chimney-corner, his head on his hands? What had come over Madame that she should rage like a caged beast up and down, to and fro, between door and hearth, ever in the same spot, wringing her hands, tearing at her clothes as if she would rend them in strips to bind wounds nothing could stanch? And Eloise, why was she sitting here, sad, silent, when her voice was missed in the song, her light feet from the dance? Beautiful she was still—most beautiful, but it was no longer with the glamor, the pride, the insolence of victory. No longer was she Chantilly—Chantilly exulted without! No longer France! Glory incarnate! Like a woman she sat drooped at the table, little hands crushed together. Like a woman she wept!

Outside in the square were shouting and singing—Chantilly rejoicing. Bonfires blazed, their light flared—dull reflection of battle!—through the dark windows. Now and again a step came to the closed door, paused a minute, then passed. It was very sad, certainly. But since in a great battle thousands must die, should Chanilly, patriot mother of patriots, grudge *one* of her sons? And so, since the one was not Armand or Louis or Jean—

*'Vive l'empereur! Vive Napoleon!'*

At the sound Madame Fournier turned on her husband as if he had spoken, her voice risen from its moaning into a shriek.

'Talk no more to me of your emperor. There's blood on his hands!—your blood and mine! O Mother of God, who wast yet a real mother, who has known the feel of a baby's mouth, give him the manchild he prays for—give it him that he may feel the touch of its hands, the sweet wet of its lips, love the

light of its eyes, then snatch it away, most merciful Mother, as he has snatched ours away, we mothers of France! Long live the emperor!—to die were to forget! Long live the tyrant! the murderer! . . . . .

*'Vive l'empereur! Vive Napoleon! Vive la France!'*

### THE FEAST OF DEW

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

I ran into the early dew  
To breathe the fresh of day,  
And all at once was made so new,  
That I began to play.

And richly did I feed my soul  
On sustenance of flame.  
It shone like an archangelic bread  
And to the feast I came.

Oh, rosy light! Oh, golden sheen!  
More white than fiery snow  
It sweetly burned and smiled at me  
And would not let me go.

Into the bosom of my Lord  
With eagerness I flew,  
Playing my strange and lovely game,  
The innocence of the dew.

And in the presence of the Lord,  
All innocent play comes true.  
I knew He would delight to see  
My frolic in the dew.

He showed me how to make a crown,  
Of exquisite desire,  
Blossomed and leaved with living flame  
And garlandings of fire.

He laid a wreath of laughing lights  
Upon my happy brow,  
And then He smiled at me and said,  
"My child is shining now."

## TWO SONNETS

MARGUERITE DIXON CLARK

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### THE BEGINNING

Oh! did you ever dream it was like this—  
The love that sways the world and rules men's hearts?  
My dearest dreams have not had half the bliss  
Nor half the agony that through me darts.  
To think of you is happiness, I know;  
To see you brings a joy as keen as pain;  
And when you are not here I sorrow so  
And long and long for you to come again.  
But through my heart there creeps the haunting fear  
That this my joy is far too great to keep,  
Perhaps you cared only when I was near,  
And, unlike mine, your liking went not deep.  
Whate'er the gods of Hope and Fate may give,  
My soul cries out in triumph that I live!

### THE END

Now, when I think upon the dreary years  
To live without you, oh! how dull and gray  
The future seems! Too true were all the fears  
That filled me with foreboding on the day  
When we first parted. Then my heart foretold  
All of this anguish and despair and pain;  
How in my loneliness I should grow old  
If you and I could never meet again.  
Yet, for a fortnight, to the full I drained  
Life's cup of joy: I cannot ask for more.  
In that brief time love's radiance I gained  
To add to what had been a meagre store.  
How can I face the future with a frown  
I, who have worn Great Love's celestial crown?

## THE BINNEYS AND THE CAUSE OF WOMAN

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

When Leota Binney, after her long years of reluctant exile in India, returned to Circleville with a husband conveniently disabled by the tropic climate and a houseful of admittedly beautiful children, the only circumstance in the least conditioning the single-minded woman's utter ecstasy was the still unchallenged dominion among us of Mrs. Luther Balch.

At the other end of the world, harassed by missionary duties and by the tumultuous monotony of her motherhood, the orderly pattern of Circleville's social life had shone for her with the radiance of an earthly paradise. If she ever thought at all of her hereditary enemy, it was with the cheerful assumption that the widow must have capitulated to a newer age, as the ancient court house had capitulated, and even the United Presbyterian parish itself (although only after long and bitter resistance) in conceding to its stark ritual the secular element of organ music. But although solid brick and insubstantial dogma alike might crumble, that massive rectangular face, those resolute movements, those black, crisp, backward-streaming draperies that were Mrs. Balch, had proved themselves changeless.

It was a generation earlier that the quarrel of forgotten petty origin between the Balches and Leota's own people, the Sneads, had settled into a cold, passionless feud. Within its chill Leota had been born, and an unwilling personal share in the feud itself was, later on, a grim legacy from her parents. Once she had hoped that her marriage to the impeccable young missionary would automatically bridge the estrangement,—but meeting the widow immediately afterward, the broad pale plane of Mrs. Balch's countenance had so slightly, so almost imperceptibly shifted its angle in recognition of her change of state, that a more cordial relationship was obviously not to be looked for.

There was of course the compensation that since her return,

the wife of Wilbur Binney was herself a person to be considered. Cordially as she had hated them, her years in the Punjab had provided her with a definite and almost distinguished background, and with this and her social gifts,—small, it may be, but determinedly exercised—she was able to lead a fairly ample life of her own. She believed that she had, as people say, seen the world; she had traversed continents and seas; and the upshot of it was that she knew Circleville to transcend every other spot on earth. Then, too, there was one month in the year that she could entirely preempt for her own social rioting,—the month that included the Christmas holidays and that Mrs. Balch invariably spent in visiting her sister in Cincinnati, leaving an open field behind her.

But for this very respite there was to be exacted an unconjectured penalty. On returning to Circleville each January it was Mrs. Balch's custom to offer us some innovation of an undisturbing nature, thoughtfully selected from Cincinnati's richer culture and adapted to our provincial use. This year the nature of her contribution was not hastily divulged. Mrs. Balch was not impetuous. But on the Monday following her return fifteen women blindly, trustfully convened in her parlor to await the revelation. When they emerged some hours later, it was with a difference. They were no longer the relatively negligible individuals they had been before. They were the nucleus of what was later to become the Circleville Branch of the National Association of Women Opposed to Equal Suffrage.

But the membership of the new club, rapidly as it expanded, was not miscellaneously inclusive. It did not include Mrs. Wilbur Binney. So long as Mrs. Balch remained its arbiter, it never could include her. To certain of its members, this was no doubt an embarrassment. To Leota herself, it seemed that an intolerable complacent pity hid behind the lowered eyelids of every woman that she met. Through the servile vigilance of the *Circleville Evening Standard*, she was daily made aware of the inordinate extent to which Mrs. Balch's newly formed society foregathered. Wave by wave she was obliged to watch the anti-suffrage sea encroach upon her precious

territory, menacing indeed her very social existence, while crouched upon her lonely domestic rock, she rejected self-rescuing expedients as fast as she thought of them.

. . . . Then there came a Wednesday evening when Wilbur Binney, shortly after the family had finished its early supper, came into the sitting room and indifferently fingering the evening newspaper, regarded his wife with a half-disguised air of expectancy.

Leota perfectly understood the unspoken question. She was in fact prepared for it.

"I can't go tonight, Wilbur." Her voice was crisp and firm. "Ruby isn't well enough for me to leave her."

Leota had never been able to beguile her husband into regularly and tacitly exempting her from the weekly prayer-meeting which with us was a community institution. Tonight, as usual, Wilbur made no comment on her refusal, but turning not uncivilly away from her and opening his *Standard*, he presented a shoulder that her exacerbated vision saw as curiously unsympathetic. She brooded on its outline.

"I haven't heard you say anything about this new organization of ladies that's mentioned so often in the paper," Mr. Binney remarked presently.

"I don't belong to it." Leota felt her unreasonable irritation increasing. "It's your friend Mrs. Balch's society and of course she hasn't asked me to."

"Oh,—Mrs. Balch," her husband echoed without resentment. "Then it's probably temperance that these ladies are supporting."

"They don't support anything that I know of. They're an opposition society."

"And what do they oppose?" persisted Wilbur, tactlessly.

The stimulating power of irritation is very great. There flashed into Leota's brain a phrase that she had certainly never uttered, possibly never heard spoken, before in her life. It seemed to be an adequate reply and yet to have a reckless and shocking quality that mysteriously relieved her.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN!" she said, looking squarely at him; and she spoke in capitals.

"Votes—for *women!*!" The tone was indescribable. It was as though he had caught up the phrase with tongs.

"Why not?" She was growing delirious with revolt.

"He quite missed her mood. "Oh, that sort of agitation has come up, of course, from time to time," he pronounced calmly, "but I thought it had pretty well died out."

Mr. Binney followed the progress of the world through one "church paper," two missionary publications and the *Circleville Evening Standard*. However, he often remarked that he wished he had more time for general reading.

"Died out? Mrs. Balch doesn't seem to think so. And she's right. It isn't dying out. It's spreading. The next thing you know it will be here in Circleville."

Wilbur Binney looked his dull surprise.

"You don't believe me? Wait and see. And when it comes, *that's* the society I shall belong to!"

To these wild words the missionary offered a gentle remonstrance.

"My dear Leota, have you ever known a *good* woman who wanted to—to *vote*, as you say?"

"Do you call *me* good? I want to vote."

Wilbur Binney rose and carefully folded his paper. "I'm not afraid of your becoming entangled in that sort of thing, Leota," he said as he went out. "Fortunately, with the church and the children, your life is full."

Ruby, the next to the youngest Binney, who should have been put to bed an hour earlier, but who, with the aid of a rag doll, had been performing a small pantomimic drama in a corner of the room, now dropped her supple colleague and came slowly toward her mother.

"Wan-to-vote!" she declared, with the eager eyes and tentative smile of a child who suspects that it has scored a witticism.

"Darling, you shall!" In her excitement, Leota felt that she was stilling the clamor of the future.

Alone on the front porch nearly an hour later, Leota decided that she had arrived at the most exalted moment of her life. Contact with Wilbur's less flexible mind had supplied precisely the liberation that she needed. Mere patient taking thought

could never have propelled her, as his thwarting obtuseness had, to this intoxicating point of self-assertion and defiance, to this one conceivable escape from the tyrannies of Mrs. Balch. . . . Leota had determined to start a Woman's Suffrage Society.

It is true that she didn't know how. But there were ways of finding out. The busy, brusque young woman who had come over from Hill City the summer before to tutor Valentine in Latin was concerned, she knew, with just that sort of thing. For the first time Leota was aware of really having something to say to the disconcerting Barbara Hagenstecker. She would say it over the telephone in the morning. . . .

In starting her own movement Leota didn't think it necessary to be a shade more precipitate than Mrs. Balch had been. She was always, in fact superstitiously haunted by the image of that broad pale face, by the sable swing of those many cloaks and veils; and to depart radically from customs that had her enemy's formidable endorsement was at this stage simply not within her vision.

She therefore invited a carefully selected group "to meet" a woman with an unfamiliar name. The stranger's speech introducing suffrage to the women of Circleville was, as I gather from Leota's narrative, the most mild and disarming effort ever made in behalf of that celebrated cause. But the discreet agitator had carefully studied her audience before making it. And at the end she helped Mrs. Binney bribe her guests into joining what was temporarily to be called a Study Club. Various distinguished speakers had been secured for early dates; and it was delicately made known that to future meetings only members would be admitted.

Facing the many young Binneys at supper an hour later, Leota, although so little of an egoist, found herself wondering if, after all, her children hadn't rather a remarkable mother. With all her domestic handicaps, and in the very face of that tiresome missionary world to which she still nominally belonged, she, alone, had launched a woman's suffrage movement in Circleville.—Why, it was an incredible, perhaps even a magnificent thing!—and she had done it so skillfully as to avoid the lightest breath of protest.

For a perverse moment, she meditated announcing it, over the apple sauce. She pictured Wilbur's solemn unsuspecting face stiffening to meet the shock of revelation. . . . She fore-saw what distaste would mark the thin crumpled features of the president of the Missionary Society, should this dignitary later hear of it . . . And quite forgetting to finish her supper, she even allowed herself to vision, dimly, the majestic, black-winged onslaught of an outraged, a vengeful Mrs. Balch. . . .

But Mrs. Balch remained silent and inscrutable even after the *Evening Standard* had chronicled Leota's first veiled act of retaliation. And I shall have to record that Leota Binney, the social balance that she so greatly valued being happily re-stored, conducted mildly non-controversial meetings in the name of suffrage and seemed ignobly content that woman's progress should adapt its pace to hers.

But in this unheroic policy she reckoned without Miss Hagenstecker.

It had been inevitable from the beginning that Mrs. Binney should have to seek almost weekly reinforcement from the extraordinarily well-informed young woman in Hill City,—that competent and incorruptible guardian, as she now began to appear, of the inmost arcana of the suffrage cult.

So far, the official interviews had all been held in Miss Hagenstecker's own office. But one morning toward the end of May a car not too ostentatiously flying a rosette of yellow ribbon stopped at the Binneys' gate. Leota, recognizing from a window the boyish stride of the skirted figure that approached the door, came down to face her judge.

"Look here, Mrs. Binney." The young woman's manner was mercilessly direct. "I've been thinking about this suffrage work of yours."

"Oh yes, Miss Hagenstecker." All trace of expression floated out of Leota's face.

"What I want to ask you is whether your movement is spreading as it should. As I told you, I'm very glad to give my time to helping you,—but the results must justify us, mustn't they? Now, how about your labor people here?—are they interested? And your Negro quarter? Parlor suffrage

may do to start with, but you can't stop there, of course. You've got to have *publicity*. You've got to reach *people*. Strike out a little, can't you?"

Although Leota had never dreamed of going farther than parlor suffrage, she was roused by the contemptuous phrase. She asked for direction.

"Get up a public meeting," easily threw off Miss Hagenstecker.

"People wouldn't come," objected Leota, a little sulkily. "At least, the kind of people you're thinking of, wouldn't. Of course," she added, hastily, "there is always the Saturday evening crowd at the court house. You know the kind of thing—"

"But that's just what you want. Get a good speaker—"

"Will you speak to them?"

The bargain was arranged. Miss Hagenstecker agreed to make the speech as her last effort in behalf of the Circleville Suffrage Club on condition that Mrs. Binney arrange the meeting and attend to all the preliminaries.

It was a point of conscience with the Reverend Wilbur Binney always to believe himself "busy" and the close of the Theological Seminary's year was his most occupied season. So that on the Saturday appointed for Circleville's first public suffrage meeting he remained quite unconscious of his wife's rather stealthily conducted extra-domestic activities. He did not even notice the brisk promptness of the evening meal or the exceptionally hasty way in which the youngest Binneys were put to bed immediately after it. And when seven o'clock came, he left the house and earnestly strode up the street, a Bible under his arm, his hands filled with not altogether relevant documents, his dull, good, uncomprehending face set toward a church committee meeting.

But though Wilbur Binney never really became aware of it, it is precisely at this moment of the week that something happens to Circleville.

Summer Saturdays are long: and they misleadingly have no air of suspense, of approaching climax. But at sunset, nevertheless, the week-day Circleville emerges from its stereotyped

decorum, becomes fluid and gregarious and gay. The courthouse square, that in the daytime is dusty, sun-smitten, somnolent, becomes, with the first breath of evening, the centre of a vivid communal life. With no discoverable special stimulus, other than the happily not too frequent lights, and the screech of the phonograph at the entrance to the moving-picture house, a curious sense of expectancy now stirs the lightly gathering crowd. Bodies are everywhere restlessly in motion, faces are eager and responsive. Accidental neighbors cheerfully accept each other, caste distinctions are obscured, black men and white mingle without self-consciousness. Mere living becomes a bright adventure.

At rude torchlit booths, bordering one end of the courthouse lawn, housewives triumphantly bargain for not overfresh produce, remnants of the week's supply. Groups of boys and girls with the quick, greedy movements of honey-seeking insects, dart first toward the hot pop-corn wagon, then into the sweetly odorous darkness that surrounds the drug-store soda-fountain. At the most frequented corner, mounted on a chair set in an open cart, a seedy charlatan shouts the mythic virtues of the cure-all which at intervals, quite unmolested by the law, he steps down to sell to his charmed hearers at a dollar a bottle.

Always, as eight o'clock approaches, the electric lights are turned on at either side of the broad granite steps of the courthouse, revealing that these are shortly to serve as a rostrum. Within the semicircle of light thus formed, an audience casually drifts into compactness, while those in the outer shadow hold to their complete freedom of movement and attention.

It was at this point that Barbara Hagenstecker was to have arrived at the courthouse to deliver her speech on "Why Women Should Have the Vote."

But the granite steps stood empty under the electric glare. The assemblage that was held stationary by but the most fragile filament of interest, began to shift, to sway, to lose cohesiveness. Ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty. Entire groups indifferently detached themselves, withdrawing to zones of greater animation. Still no speaker came. . .

At half past eight there hurried together down the street three women, Leota Binney and two others. Deferring to their air of solemn haste, the crowd readily made way for their passage through the square. As they reached the foot of the steps, Miss Peters, of the School Board, the only one of the trio who was admittedly "used to speaking," left the others and mounted alone.

In her high, rather timid voice she explained that at the very last moment the advertised speaker had been kept away by the sudden critical illness of a member of her family. Miss Hagenstecker had expressed over the telephone her most urgent wish that even in her absence some sort of meeting should be held.

"We won't hold you long," declared Miss Peters, a little fearfully. "But we should like, for Miss Hagenstecker's sake, to get from you some expression of interest in this subject she was to have discussed. Would anyone care to state any view,—or to—or to ask any questions?"

Miss Peters' exterior betrayed all too plainly how little she coveted the privilege of answering questions on this dangerous theme. Manifestly acting under a sense of duty alone, it was also plain that not even duty would long constrain her.

Suddenly the spectacled young secretary from the Y. M. C. A. office rose to his feet in rather a brisk way. He said he had understood that in the states where women already voted, a great many domestic disagreements had arisen. He thought it was important to know the truth about this.

Miss Peters writhed with embarrassment. "That is a difficult question," she feebly hesitated. "I don't think the case can be what you suggest. At all events, there are certainly no statistics—"

As she wavered, she was interrupted by a tall countryman with a dark, sulky face.

"I guess we don't care to hear much about those women out West." The voice was loud, the intonation carried an unexpected menace. "I guess we can get on pretty well here without that kind of agitation. We don't need to have anybody come stirring us up."

The man had secured a bewildered attention. He paused, stretching his long arm and extended forefinger toward the centre of the audience.

"The best woman I ever knew was my mother. She had eleven children and she took care of us and worked for us till the day she died. I think tonight of that good woman and I remember that *she* never voted. She never wanted to vote. She wouldn't have voted if she could. *She didn't have time.*"

The speaker had the air of having produced a telling climax. His unsophisticated hearers looked at each other in helpless uncertainty. He talked on, with a harsh persistence. Some strange accident seemed to have made him a complete repository of the coarser and ruder weapons of those forces to which the redoubtable Mrs. Balch had more delicately allied herself. "So if there are any women in this town today who want to vote, I guess they're the kind we can get along without. We've all seen them." He sneered. "The kind of women that have dirty houses. The kind that are too lazy to cook their husbands' dinners. *The kind that haven't any children!* Do I care how good a speech a woman can make if she hasn't any children? Do I care how educated she is if she has children and neglects them? Why, those women aren't women at all! They just litter up the earth!"

It was the man's powerful, driving emphasis, no doubt, rather than his uncouth phrases, that secured for him at last a faint applause. But once under way, and meeting no spirit of opposition, the applause steadily increased. It became wildly cumulative. Whistles, shrill calls, rough scuffling of feet on the asphalt pavement, became part of the swelling riot of sound. Miss Peters, flushed, frightened, utterly without control, yet doing her best to remember that even a nominal chairman ought not to scuttle off into the safe darkness, stood feebly clutching a stone pillar. It had plainly become the intention of the crowd to smother the voice of woman. How could any resistance of hers avail?

But it is resistance, of a certain order, that chances to be the most striking attribute of Leota Binney, that outwardly timid and conforming creature. And at this desperate mo-

ment something that seemed to be a flaming wind, as she afterwards described it, seized her and lifted her from her feet. She mounted on it, and in an instant she was by Miss Peters' side. She breathed it, and she felt a wild unassailable strength.

As the small colorless woman in a pale blue shirtwaist steadily faced the crowd, the tumult subsided a little. The sulky man sat down.

"I want you to listen to *me* for a moment," she said, and was surprised at the cool composure of her own voice.

"We came here to ask you to think about woman suffrage but if you're going to catechize us first,—why, we're willing. We came to invite you to ask questions. If it's personal questions that you want to ask, why don't you begin?"

"Or perhaps I can tell you without the questions. We *are* good housekeepers. And I can assure the gentleman who doesn't know us that we can all cook and cook well and that our husbands never have to wait for their dinners." A slight applause sounded from the front rows.

"But that isn't all." Leota's voice grew clearer. "There's this question of children." Somehow she knew that she had hit upon a vein of sound inspiration. "Now I suppose I'm responsible for this meeting. I'm interested in the cause and I want to interest others in it. But it isn't because I haven't anything else to do,—it isn't because I haven't any children!" She paused and smiled into the faces that had suddenly become attentive. "I suppose everybody in Circleville knows better than that!"

Apparently everybody did. For a perceptible ripple of understanding passed over the audience.

"Everybody here must know my children," she repeated.

Visualizing that long, orderly, gradually diminishing line of little blond Binneys,—as one so often saw them in public—proved an agreeable exercise. The laughter that broke out was hearty, sympathetic, encouraging. Her audience was with her, whether she was for suffrage or not. She hastened to make her point.

"Now if I—with all my cares,—with all my young children,—can take the time and the strength to look into this important subject,—can't the rest of you,—and won't you?"

"I want to say, too, that those children are all going to grow up to be suffragists, every one of them. I'm going to see to it that they do!"

Further reassured by applause, she went on. It wasn't of course a perfectly candid appeal, but oratory has always its reserves. The danger removed of having to furnish exact replies to definite questions, and none of her audience having any disposition to keep her within limits of relevance, she proved entirely equal to her opportunity.

But for all her courage and adroitness, for all the applause that she so triumphantly recalls, for all her long and ingenious defiance of Mrs. Balch and the anti-suffrage society, it wasn't Leota Binney herself who captured Circleville for suffrage.

. . . . . It was, of course, the little Binneys.

#### TO A WISE AND BEAUTIFUL BABY

DOROTHY HOMANS

He has eyes blue as  
Grape hyacinths  
That come in Spring  
And grow within the wood's dark shade;  
Glowing bright as the wing  
Of any blue jay ever made.

He has eyes blue as grape hyacinths.

His hair is bright as  
Daffodils  
That nod and dip  
In April rain,  
And when the sun comes out  
Again  
They seem to sing  
With yellow joy.

His hair is bright as daffodils.

His mouth is solemn,  
Sweetly so.  
He listens when the black winds blow.  
Wisely he nods,  
When in the room  
Flickering Bright Fire licks the gloom.  
The mystery behind the wind and fire  
Is crystal clear to him.

That's why his mouth is solemn, sweetly so.

He lives within a strange  
Bright world  
Of orange balls and furry things,  
Of elves and fairies with thin wings  
Spun of the light  
Of rain at night.

He lives within a strange bright world.

He is as lovely as the Spring  
When the brown earth is blossoming.  
I cannot give him more than that,—  
Him who has the magic gift of youth  
Undimmed by fears or stinging ruth.  
May youth stay with him through the years,  
So I may always of him sing.

"He is as lovely as the Spring  
When the brown earth is blossoming."

## I GO A-DREAMING

GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

"It serves me right," I said to myself, as I shuffled along the brightly lit streets in those awful knit slippers which Mary is always pleading with me about. I have rescued them more than once from the wastebasket. They were blue with ribbons to match when Sibyl knit them for me ten years ago. I don't know what color you would call them now. In arguing the matter with Mary, I have cautioned her not to get wasteful ideas, pointed out their comfort, and promised that I would never wear them except in my own room and not then until every one else had gone to bed.

Yet now, scurrying along the crowded streets, already late, as I knew, for my appointment, I blamed myself bitterly that I had not kept faith with her about them. It was not only the slippers however. If only I had not taken out my hairpins when I lay down! Was there *no* way I could put up my thin grey braid? A safety pin even would be something: . . . . no . . . . nothing. No help at all anywhere. If I had been young, if my hair had been thick and long and brown,—I sighed drearily and hurried on, hoping against hope that some miracle might put me straight before I arrived at the church.

Even the hair and slippers did not seem quite so dreadful as the grease-spot on the front of my gown. I knew I had spilt some camphorated oil on it when I was cleaning the medicine closet, but really I had no idea the spot was so immense. I tried to gather the folds of my skirt over it so that it would be hidden, but that only brought to light the tear I had got from a nail in the attic when I was looking for moths.

I might have pleaded that I had been working very hard in the difficult corners of the house and had a right to dress in horrid old comfortable things if I wished, but I did not so plead. Had I not broken my promise to my daughter? I knew that I was being punished.

"It serves me right," I scolded as I swept along to my des-

tination, "for allowing myself to look this way—ever! I ought to be setting Mary an example of neatness. What would she say if she saw me now?"

Panting, weak-kneed, I had arrived before the magnificent arched entrance of the church. There was no crowd about the doors. Everybody was inside waiting—for me. The organ was playing in that soft expectant way, and as I wavered on the threshold I could see the backs of the heads of the huge audience! The auditorium was packed. Waiting for me!

Down the long red stretch of aisle I saw the platform and the pulpit with the man in it who was holding my audience for me. He had a singularly pallid, wrinkled face and enormous black eyes. His hair was thinly curly on top and his collar was too large. Still, I humbly thought, he was better dressed for his part than I was. I was about, however reluctantly, to put what face I could on the matter, and walk up the aisle to my place.

"Not that way," hissed a voice in my ear, "you have to enter from the back."

I did not distinctly see this person, but he hustled me with great decision to an inconspicuous door which led to a long. . . immensely long passage that led round about the auditorium secretly. . . and indeed spun out and out beyond all reason until I began to hope that I might escape and everything turn into something else before ever we got anywhere, or at least that I might be able to change those slippers and find a hairpin, as I felt I would surely be able to do if I could only put my mind to it hard enough. But my guide gave me no chance, and the managers of the thing, whoever they were, had no intention of being diverted from their original plan. The organ still played softly, expectantly, . . . I stood in the doorway that opened onto the platform.

The pale man in the pulpit glared at me over his shoulder and motioned "Now!" with his lips; my guide propelled me, the organ ceased, and I stood in my appointed place.

If only my slippers wouldn't come off!

And now, what the mischief was I going to say? Something . . . my ever-ready conscience . . told me that I had

been given plenty of time in which to prepare, only I had put it off and put it off until *now!*

And if I did not begin to speak pretty soon, they would notice how . . . to put it mildly . . . how *carelessly* I was dressed. Evidently my only hope not to disgrace Mary was to make such a splendid speech that they would forget to criticize my personal appearance. It was certainly a desperate situation. I struck an attitude of oratorical thought, while studying under lowered brows that pink blur of faces speckled all over with the dark sparkling of eyes. After all, I said to myself courageously, dress wasn't everything. It was intellect that counted . . . intellect and—bluff. I raised my head with the same haughty, noble, inspired expression I have so often seen in other orators, more happily garbed, and presumably better prepared.

"Music," I began, "is a definite language,—as definite as English or French or any other that is used to express the details of daily material affairs. But just as you cannot, by music, indicate bread and butter, or politics, or any financial matters, so you cannot by such words as I am using now, discuss those subjects which are made clear by music."

Yes I did. I put it just that way to them. I thought then I was doing pretty well, and I think so still. They liked it too. They applauded, bless them! whoever they were. As to my attire, they never seemed to notice that anything was wrong at all. Thinking it over later on, I came to the conclusion that such little accidents are so common over there that they are accustomed to courteously overlook them as something that might happen to anybody. As to me, I was evidently such a famous and popular person that they were glad to have me on any terms. There was a whole lot more of my speech, and of course it is the best of it that I can't remember. You will have to take my word for it and my account of the enthusiasm with which it was received. But I can give you the gist of the peroration pretty well. I was gesticulating gracefully, I remember, and the tears of violent oratory were on my cheeks:

"By music I do not mean the music of the great masters only, but also the singing of a robin at sunset. I mean the

sound of the wind in the dry grass, the crash of thunder, the long roar of the ocean and sometimes there is a note of it even in harsh and poorly played instruments. All these things may speak as clearly the thing that only music knows, as ever a violin in the hands of a Rementi.

"What is this thing which is discussed only in music?"

(There seemed to be tremendous, world-shaking significance in this question.)

"We talk of love-songs and martial music and hymns, but that is our interpretation only. In our hearts we know that love-songs, barring the words sung to them, are really no such matter; that the music which accompanies our soldiers' marching feet is a far greater thing than rhythm and harmony, and that never yet could a hymn be made orthodox, whether in Latin or any modern language."

Things were beginning to thrill and waver. I knew from this what was about to happen. It always does when you get really interested in anything in that place. I knew it would be my last chance of addressing that agreeable audience, for only in rare instances, having once left those places and their inhabitants can you ever find your way back to any particular spot again.

"*What, then,*" I cried again, "*is that thing of which music, and music only, is the expression?*"

But they were whirled like a mist before the breeze. The pallid man who had been sitting humbly at my right melted away. As darkness folded me in I heard a trumpet in whose note all the soul of music seemed to be gathered up and poured forth.

It was, I knew, that matchless trumpet from the *Idylls of the King* that summoned Arthur from Aylmesbury.

"*Far-off a solitary trumpet blew . . .*"

It blew once more . . . it creaked . . . and there was a spatter of rain at my window like the clapping of innumerable fairy hands.

Before getting up to shut the window and latch the squeaking door, I determinedly lay still and rehearsed that speech of mine, for you know if you move once after waking you forget it all. It is a quaint law, but so it is.

It seemed very much on the whole like a conversation Sibyl and I had had a few days before while we had tea together after hearing Elman. Still, I thought, even so, I had done pretty well, considering all the circumstances.

As I got up, I stumbled over the wastebasket. When I had picked up all the scraps I put in the slippers too. I thought it would please Mary to find them there in the morning.

## RED, WHITE AND HORIZON BLUE

MARGARET FARRAND

July 4, 1918.

It is glorious weather outside but the great Gare du Nord is gray, the long platform is gray and the troop train, one of the longest trains I ever saw, is gray—but, the French canteen ladies have decorated it, sprays of little pink rambler roses stuck into the doors of all the carriages because it is a *jour de fête*, the American *fête* if you please. The French ladies are serving coffee and bread and bully beef as they always do, and cigarettes. Distributing the cigarettes is a problem; there are not nearly packages enough to go round. An energetic young girl with a very smart *coif* orders the whole train load *en voiture*, (they obey her like lambs,) then fills her blue apron with packages and walks down the train tossing a package into each compartment so that they shall be divided as evenly as possible.

Then my turn comes. I am to distribute little paper stars and stripes, *a la part de la Croix Rouge Americaine*, to this train-load of French troops going back to the front. I get two American soldiers who are waiting for their train to help me and start down the line.

The poilus love them. They come crowding up begging for them. Those who come late run down the platform to get theirs. They ask for them for their *copains* if they are not in the carriages when we go by. Some of them even think they are for sale, pull out their purse and are tremendously surprised and delighted when we assure them they are a

*cadeau.* They stick them in their caps and in their button-holes and in the car windows. One of them says, "I will put it with Ninette and Rintintin." There is half an hour perhaps before the train pulls out and many of them come and talk with me. They want to know how it is that I can understand them when I am an American. All those who can say, "Thank you," in English, say it with gusto. They laugh and joke and act as if they were going on a picnic instead of to the firing line. It isn't because they don't know what it means. They are middle-aged men, most of them, and have been in it from the beginning. They have been at home on *permission* and now they are on their way back. They tell me, many of them, how they have fought with or near the Americans and what splendid soldiers they are.

At last the station employees, and they have little American flags in their hats too, shout all aboard, and the train pulls slowly out. We stand at the head of the platform, the American boys and I, with the flags that are left in our hands.

I think I shall see it always, that long train with little pink roses nodding in every carriage door and hundreds and hundreds of blue poilus leaning out above them, waving little American flags and shouting, "Vive l'Amerique!" "On les aura!" "Au revoir! Au revoir! Au revoir"—I wish we had a good-bye as beautifully brave as that—laughing, shouting, the ones who have talked with you giving you special nods and smiles. They want any flags we have left to distribute *en route*, so we hold up bunches to them and they grab for them as you do for rings on a merry-go-round, laughing if they get them and harder if they don't. When our hands are empty we just wave and smile and watch until they are out of sight, calling "Au revoir!" and trying to believe it.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

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### FOUNDATION STONES

CONSTANCE WINSOR McLAUGHLIN

Now that Smith is making the transition from faculty to student government and conditions are somewhat in a state of flux, now is the time to examine many matters besides the ink in the library and the grass on the campus. From seven in the morning till quarter of ten at night we may be unconscious of "Social Customs and Regulations" if, in that stretch of time, we do not wish to leave the beaten path of recitation-room-home—"Libe". But ordinarily, we are all encountering these regulations constantly. When they do not interfere with our plans we accept them without a thought. It is when our glorious schemes are checked in mid-air that we frowningly realize the stern reality of college rules. It is then, for the first time, that we examine the rules in the endeavor to see the reason beneath the ink. Individually then, we seek the justification for what often appears needless. As individuals, we must investigate, too often only to admit ruefully to ourselves that the necessity of the rule eludes our understanding. If we protest, it is with feeble voice, one two-thousandth of the volume necessary to bring about change. Why does not the college as a body give serious thought to the rules under which it lives?

The rules are handed out pamphlet-wise at the beginning of the year. There are no explanations, advice, or instructions other than the simple edict; Read. Now anyone who has survived the year of official government circulars has learned

carefully to omit reading pamphlets. The habit is hard to break. But if one does read, what of the vague rulings and ambiguous phrasings? No elucidations are forthcoming. Naturally, therefore, every student feels entitled to interpret for herself as best she can. Any mistake she may make is apparent only after it is too late. Experience may be an excellent teacher, but it is scarcely of the modern school of the ounce of prevention.

What follows? Any Sophomore can tell you: "Sin brings punishment." Any Freshman can form the equation: "Punishment—Demerit." Neither Junior nor Senior can interpret further, whether by psychological analysis or historical research. The scheme of things simply decrees that if you break a rule, you automatically receive a demerit. It doesn't matter whether you erred intentionally or whether "*vis major*" interfered. Failure to get a course card into the office by six o'clock of the appointed day receives the same award as a grave social misdemeanor. There are no petty distinctions of degree or kind of punishment. There is no difference between grand and petty larceny as long as you are a thief. The guillotine falls alike on the just and unjust. Does this seem like a modern penal code for a modern institution?

Beyond question, there would be far fewer cases for punishment were there not only interpretations of the actual meanings of the rules, but also explanations of the cause for the existence of some. Any girl of the intelligence to stay in college can readily see that community, or rather, corporate life entails restrictions and responsibilities that separate existence does not demand. Now though to girls coming from narrow boarding-schools, college seems to be a place of unbounded freedom, to those who are fresh from the bosoms of trusting families the rules seem numerous, irksome and sometimes utterly insufferable. For these latter, at least, it would be only fair to set forth reasons. The need of certain rules is obvious; of others, it is plain after enlightening discussion; of others, investigation soon shows it is non-existent. The first two classes of rules would then be obeyed unquestioningly by all save a few of the half-baked boarding-school type and the nat-

ural criminals. The third class would speedily cease to be rules at all.

As for dealing with the occasional transgressor, a more scientific method than the demerit system cannot be far to find. From hazy memories of Sociology 26, we recall the basic fact that the purpose of punishment is reform. Can we not apply some of our knowledge? As a college, then, let us launch ourselves forth into student government with the solid foundation of reasonable, explained rules and an effective penal code.

### YELLOW

HELEN HOYT

A tawny shadow came into my room;  
It knew the dust that sleeps on golden-rod,  
Sweet-fern, sun-drenched by heavy August noons,  
Pine needles, warm and brown, and very old,  
Beech leaves in autumn, copper-smooth and still,  
That painter's-brush which makes our fields so gay,  
Bold tiger lilies in some grassy ditch,  
Cowslips in marshy fields, and bumble-bees—  
The awkward kind black-winged and very soft—  
Too big for columbine and weak-stemmed flowers.  
All yellow things, and gold and brown it knew.

A lazy shadow came into my room  
And crawled beneath my old carved table where  
It lies in warm dream; but if I am still  
Oh, very still, and half in dream myself  
Sometimes it's roused by some young lyric wind  
Come through my window from the out-of-doors,  
And then the shadow stirs and sings a song  
So reminiscent of a sun-made world  
Dusty, sky-sheltered—rich and wild and free—  
That I forget this room and what is here;  
I even can forget this ceaseless me!

## NYELLA ON EDUCATION

EDITH HILL BAYLES

On the very tip-top of Blackberry Hill, the best-loved of my many well-loved West Virginia mountains, there is a little flat space where tangled grass and creeping laurel grow, and a great old oak spreads a kindly shade. There I have spent many hours, many happy days, of my long, lazy, happy summers, sometimes reading, and sometimes "just thinking," as I watched the clouds drift slowly over and past the still green hills.

Sometimes Nyella joined me—Nyella whose father, old Tom Dickerson, owned the hill and the log cabin at the foot of it, and raised corn and chickens and children with impartial indifference—and then, what talks we had! Nyella was ten years old, and full of wisdom. Nothing in the universe was too weighty or too deep for her to have an opinion on—even if the subject was dismissed merely with a careless shrug of the shoulders and "I reckon as how I caint lay much stock in that!"

We talked of many things—serious topics such as religion, loyalty, democracy, honor, and 'woman's place in the home.' In general, Nyella's views were very liberal—as liberal as Nyella's limited outlook permitted them to be.

One day, early in September, we were sitting quite silent, watching a placid old cow go ploshing leisurely through the creek in the hollow, when suddenly the ridiculous little train that goes twice a day through that part of the mountains—and makes a distance of thirty miles in four hours—came puffing around a curve and disappeared into the black mouth of a tunnel in a whirl of gray smoke.

"Two weeks from today," I mused. "I'll be going away on that train—".

Nyella looked up suddenly.

"Goin' away! Whur?"

I replied that I was going away to school.

"To school!" said Nyella, in amazement, "why, we got a

school hyar! I go thar, an' my sis went thar; *she* (proudly) went thu' the fo'th grade. Hev you been thu' the fo'th grade?"

I said that I had been through the fourth grade; and that I was going away because I had been through all the grades of the camp school, and some more. Nyella still looked puzzled.

"Wherefo' you aimin' to go to school any mo', then? Ain't you *thu'?*"

I attempted to explain higher education to her—high school and college—but she could not understand.

"Wherefo' you *want* to stiddy any mo'?" she said.

I spoke of the desire for learning something of the world about us. Nyella was still unconvinced.

"I don't see no *good* in sich larnin', anyhow," she said, "Ef you kin write an' read, you don't need no mo', and my mammy caint even do that—what *good* is it?"

I said that learning brought happiness and satisfaction. Here Nyella laughed me to scorn.

"Huh! I reckon you ain't no happier nor my mammy—even if she caint read nor write," she said, triumphantly.

"No," I replied, sadly, "not happier, perhaps, but—". I hesitated. To point out to Nyella that there was a difference in our standards of living would be to wound her keenly. Mountaineer pride admits no superiority of man over man. You may be 'richer', or 'the boss', officially, but you are never any 'better'. So I let the conversation languish, and Nyella gloated openly.

Two weeks later I went away—never to return to my beloved Blackberry Hill, and Nyella. Often, however,—as often as I watch clouds drift past still hills—I remember our conversations, and ponder the meaning of 'happiness'. Which of us, after all, really is the happier—Nyella who misses nothing in life, because she knows of nothing, or I who know how much there is to miss, and am always striving, and afraid?

## MARCH UNREST

ELEANOR CHILTON

Why am I so expectant?  
Why does my heart flutter with a pain—  
And thrill—and thrill again?  
I fear that I may miss it.  
I am always searching for the brief colored moment,  
Yet fearful to have it come  
Lest I should be watching, and dreaming of it  
Too intently to live it—too adoringly to feel it;  
Fearful lest Time may steal it!  
And I am sad, even before it has come,  
To think that it may be the last—  
That next year I may pass this moment loved so long  
This breath of flower-set song.  
With eyes that do not see,  
With heart, now seething and teeming with wonder—  
With quiet breathing.  
Why am I so expectant?  
Because it is coming—this moment I love  
With a buzz, and a humming, a drone—and a breath  
That is sweet with earth—with a green-shod step;  
A tiny ghost of a fragrance fair—with eyes half-open, like the buds,  
And a wistful breeze—like floating hair—  
It will steal upon me unaware—  
Following a night with a blurry moon—  
Swimming in rain-clouds—softly—soon!  
But it will come,  
And I shall seek the woods, and walk alone  
And I shall see for one brief instant  
What men sing as lasting long  
Men are wrong!  
I shall see spring as long as it lasts—  
As long as a sigh,  
As long as a kiss,  
As long as one swing of a robin's wing,  
I shall see Spring.  
And a glimpse, breath-taking.  
Of what Love means—  
Of what Hope means—  
Of what Beauty is!  
I shall see Spring for one brief moment!  
And that is why I am waiting—  
Hoping and fearing, with wide-open eyes  
Lest I miss Spring.

## FIVE AND TWENTY YEARS, AND STILL TO GO

MARY A. JORDAN

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY was never a matter of course. It mattered little that Yale had a *Review* and Harvard a *Lampoon*. It mattered still less, seemingly, that the students of Smith College possessed executive ability of high order and literary talent that was crying in a wilderness of club papers and group societies for expression in print. Lions were in the path of the courageous students who petitioned for a college magazine. The lions became tediously familiar, if not harmless, under the clear designation of President Seelye. They were: dependence on local support by advertising, a low level of humor and personality, morbid sentiment in prose and verse, and "smartness." The time came, however, when a group of ardent spirits discovered that these beasts were not more fierce than real. By doing without advertising and trusting to the direct appeal of the magazine to subscribers, the worst of the first could be stopped. Personality and jokes could be omitted. A sane view of life and morals could be cultivated, instead of contrary tendencies, and encouraged where it seemed likely to be worsted in the struggle with eccentricity and horrors for horrors' sake. On these terms, the desired magazine was permitted.

The work of the editors was both puzzling and difficult in the early years of experiment. For it cannot be denied that they had a critical audience, and almost no public. There was hypersensitiveness on the part of nearly every part of the college organization to anything but praise in history, or criticism, and great unwillingness to serve as "copy" except in fiction and local color of the most flattering idealism. There were careful guides among the local clergy who protested that the diction of eighteenth century drama did not become a young woman, and that the name of Oscar Wilde was not printed or pronounced by decent people. Fortunately at these crises, our sane innocence was upheld by the President who

knew his own policy by its fruits; and editors, contributors, and the ever-responsible English Department forged ahead through difficulties of omission as well as of commission. The college, and even the editors, admired and appreciated bricks, but they took straw for grantd. It was thought that anybody could write plain, straightforward opinions, and that a fair proportion of the students had "natural talent." Business editors and managers were to collect "Monthly dues" at set times, of course, but the real duty of all the department-heads was to originate policy, and to supply critical judgment for the disposition of material. More than one board of editors barely survived the shock of its disillusion. In general, they were heroic. They all learned, in time, that it is only in the Apocrypha that one looks for heaven-sent angels' food able to nurture everyman's delight, and agreeing to every taste, even in college-made literature or manna. Each group of editors had a natural desire to accomplish something for the College in the abatement of evils, or the advancement of some important principle of good living or possibly of good thinking. But it was difficult to lay in a supply of tact and firmness adequate to the task. Tradition was likely to be rigid when handed down from one Board to its successor. There were more warnings than encouragements from the departing ones. With the succession of elections, years and college generations, there came the inevitable lover of perfection who will be satisfied with nothing less, and who confronts strength with weakness even in the thing he has already condemned wholesale.

Well is the Head Editor acquainted with the heyday subscriber, who has given up reading the MONTHLY because it has deteriorated so badly. The proof-reading is so careless, and there is nobody now who writes like—naming somebody, of course, who wrote before the heyday one stopped reading. Certain strong-siding champions of the MONTHLY happen to remember that when "she" wrote, somebody always had to red-ink her copy for spelling and punctuation, and that the work of several "shes" since the admired and cited one has secured commendation from this very critic when it appeared in the *Yale Review* or the *Atlantic*. Nor must it be forgotten

that the supply of writers from the *MONTHLY* has had no more and no less of ebb and flow than masks the rhythm of human expression always and everywhere. The sceptic may go to the files, and count, tabulate, and compare. He will find that the prospects for the year 1919-1920 are excellent, and in certain features hark back to a year when the heyday critic was still reading and commending.

The *MONTHLY*, then, has had its moments of depression; its characteristic weakness, perhaps? Certainly. Typographically, it has never prevailed. The causes, the occasions and the reasons are no part of this story. Rather, let the nature of the original aims, exclusions and ideals of the editor-adventurers be cited again for praise. From the first Board to the one now in office, the *MONTHLY* has kept the faith, expressed in the quaint phrasing: "Who faulteth not, liveth not; who mendeth faults is commended: The Printer hath faulted a little; it may be the Author oversighted more. Thy paine (Reader) is the leaste; Then erre not thou most by misconstruing or by sharpe censuring; lest thou be more uncharitable than either of them hath been heedlesse; God amend and guide us all."

## IN THE BEGINNING

BERTHA WATTERS TILDSLEY

"For years the question as to the advisability of having a paper has been the subject of many a classroom debate and of many a discussion on the campus. Girl after girl has gone through college eager as a freshman for a college journal, indifferent as a senior. But after a time the desire grew stronger, and continued when freshman and sophomore days were over. Last year it had become so strong that the question came up in the several class meetings. After much discussion, it was unanimously decided that the student body as a whole desired a paper." So reads the editorial in the first number of the *SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY*, in October 1893.

Going back still farther, nearly thirty years ago, '94 as

freshmen still vividly recollect their keen disappointment on learning that there was no college paper at Smith. How were we to come into touch with college traditions? How were we to know what the other girls cared enough for to write about? Down in the flat lands of Jersey, Jesse Lynch Williams and Booth Tarkington were making the *Nassau Literary Magazine* famous with their college sketches. It seemed such a pity that up in the New England hills, with Tom and Holyoke, overlooking the campus, a Hockanum ferry to cross and a Paradise to drift on, there should be no college paper to stimulate college sketches at Smith.

One of the freshman essay subjects that autumn was the Children's Crusade. When it came time to discuss it with instructor or classmate, we were far more interested in discussing a crusade of our own, that of starting a college paper. The upperclassmen were never very responsive to our enthusiasm. Perhaps enthusiasms are more readily inspired from above. But '95 was a valiant support. In fact, '95 was said to believe that the starting of the paper would probably fall to her. However, in September of '93, one morning after Chapel, Miss Jordan handed to '94 a list on which were the names of the seven students who were to be the first editors of the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY.

Frances Marsh Bancroft, in writing "From the Inside" in that first November issue, says:

"The first issue of THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY was to go on sale November seventh at half-past two; but sometime before the hour, a dozen girls or more had gathered outside the office window and were pleading for just one peep at the paper. We gave them two or three of our sample copies and then withdrew from sight to read the remaining ones unobserved. Of course each editor cut the leaves of her own department first. That was quite natural. Each editor, also, sighed as she counted the typographical errors in her own columns . . . . Then, as I had already read most of the other articles both in manuscript and proof, I found myself more interested in the group outside the window. There were several contributors in the rapidly gathering crowd. I could not help admiring

their self-control. For they modestly read everybody's article before their own. They had no retreat in which to hide their egoism. The comments on the MONTHLY were varied and, at first, largely about the cover. That was prudent, for the editors had stopped reading and were listening at the window. The sight of four girls over one copy, while a fifth got what she could from the page upside down, made us feel exultant. There was an inarticulate murmur of approval as they turned the sheets. We watched and listened and were happy."

The paper at once brought faculty and students closer together. One professor was overheard eulogizing the work of a student he had left unnoticed in his classes. One writer's work was compared with that of Miss Wilkins. Some poetry was said to compare favorably with Shelley's. The MONTHLY also brought the classes closer together; through its pages the seniors soon discovered that the best poetry in college was coming from the freshman class. The happiest of all their experiences for the editors were those famous suppers in Miss Jordan's room. There, upon the appearance of a new MONTHLY, work was criticised, plans discussed, and ideas so stimulated that the editors went out eager to get to work on the next number.

And now the Twenty-fifth June number of the MONTHLY is in print. As volume follows volume, the generations of those who have read and contributed to the SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY watch with greatest interest the new generations making Alma Mater still more fair, still more dear to her daughters and daughters' daughters.

## EDITORIAL

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We have often wondered why the human race, although making such momentous occasions of the laying of its numerous first corner stones, never pauses upon its impetuous way to lay second corner stones. Surely its institutions, thus formally launched upon the process of construction, do not travel continuously forward in monotonous straight lines, nor continuously around in still more monotonous circles. Of course, we are aware that playwrights and poets babble occasionally of milestones, but the suggestion of such landmarks conjures up a mental picture of endless railroad tracks, which meet nothing anywhere except themselves at infinity. Corner stones, on the other hand, involve foundations, the piling up of permanent structures, and, when one tier is completed, we have only to lay another. Nor is perfection as easily obtainable as it might appear. The prevailing styles of architecture are constantly varying and while one generation may prefer mansard roofs and cupolas, the next will revert to red brick and colonial pillars.

We take this particular opportunity to free our minds upon this subject, because this June the *MONTHLY* is laying a second corner stone and, true to the above stated policy, it is celebrating. We are turning the corner of a century and as we turn, it is easy to cast our eyes backward upon the neatly cemented handiwork of our predecessors. We are proud to carry on such an institution. And now, under the inspiring and enthusiastic guidance of Bertha Watters Tildsley of the class of 1894, she who broke ground for the laying of the initial corner stone, we have made an effort to ask as many as possible of the former contributors to the *MONTHLY* to lend a hand in the laying of this, our second corner stone. We take great pleasure in presenting to the undergraduate and graduate students of Smith College, to the members of the Faculty, to the Alumnæ and to all other interested persons of the outside world, the result of the prompt and willing response to our request for assistance. We wish to express to our contributors our sincere appreciation of their ready coöperation and assure them that their suggestions and criticism will always be of the greatest value to us in our work.

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Contributions may be left in the MONTHLY box, outside Room 11, Seelye Hall. Articles designed for literary departments for a particular issue must be submitted by the nineteenth of the month preceding.

Tables of Contents for the year 1915-1916 will be sent upon request.













